

The fiddler's drunk and he can't play, (2)
Just one more drink, he'll stay that way!
I stopped by the old race track, (2)
I bet and lost and can't go back.
Oh, I'm my mama's darling child, (2)
My papa says I'm far too wild.
I'll dance straight up the golden stair, (2)
I'll meet you all when you get there.

No. 1194

MY FAIREY AND MY FOREY

also known as

Have You Any Bread and Wine?

This is a game song, and the game is played the same as Roman Soldiers (see in MB). According to Linscott, who recovered a version of this in New England, the song is "probably derived from a carol of St. Mary's men (monks), ..." that "was sung in Shetland by guisers, who went from house to house on New Year's day to collect provisions for a feat."

"Guisers" are more popularly known as "mmmers." Twice each year, at Easter and Christmas, mummers traveled about in masks, playing and singing.

REFERENCES

Babcock, 261

Linscott, 40

Newell, 248-249

My Fairey and My Forey

Have you any bread and wine,
My Fairey and my Forey?
Have you any bread and wine,
To match the golden storey?

Yes, we have some bread and wine, etc.
To match the golden storey.

May we have a pint of it?, etc.

Yes, you may have a pint of it, etc.

May we have a gallon of it?, etc.

A Gallon you shall not have, etc.

We are King George's fighting men, etc.

Are you ready for a fight?, etc.

Yes, we are ready for a fight, etc.

No. 1195

MY FAIR LADY
also known as

Hark! the Robbers The Robbers See the Robbers

This is an American variation of an English game song. According to Gomme, the game "probably...dates from the period of the prevalence of highway robbery." As time passed, the game took on other characteristics and gradually lost its original meaning altogether.

It may even be true, as Gomme pointed out, that this is an altered form of the game London Bridge, for "the refrain My Fair Lady occurs in both games." The tune, of course, is exactly that of London Bridge.

For other versions, see: Brown, I, 148 & Gomme, I, 198.

My Fair Lady

Tune: London Bridge

See the robbers coming through,
Coming through, coming through,
See the robbers coming through,
My fair lady.

What's the robbers done for you?, etc.

They have stole my watch and chain, etc.

Off to prison they must go, etc.

Will their money set them free?, etc.

Two thin dimes will set them free, etc.

We are broke and cannot pay, etc.

Then to prison you must go, etc.

No. 1196

MY FAMILY I

also known as

Father's a Dewer of Dykes

My Daddy's a Delver of

Dykes

My Father's a Hedger and

Ditcher

My Father Was Hung for

Sheep-Stealing

My Mother Was Burned for

a Witch

My Sister She Works In a

Laundry

Nobody's Coming to Marry

Me

O, Dear, What Will Become

of Me?

Slighted Nancy

There's Naebody Comes to

Marry Me

This is an English song that spawned many versions in England, Scotland, Ireland and, finally, in the United States. Although the occupations of the families differ from version to version, the story generally remains the same. The version below is Irish in tone.

The American versions have been separated from the English, and identified as My Family I and II.

REFERENCES

Dick, 414-415	Jour (AFL), XXIX, 187
Dixon, 398	Kennedy, 502
Ford (VSBS), I, 229-230	MacColl & Seeger, 162
Greig, No. 18	Ritchie, 103-104
Herd, II, 81-83	Silverman, II, 199
	Thomson (OC), I, 69-71

My Family I

My faither was hung for sheep-stealing,
And my mither was burned for a witch;
And my sister's a bawdy-house keeper,
And mysel' I'm a son-of-a-bitch.

Chorus

Come twine-a-me ine-a-me idle,
Come twine-a-me ine-a-me aye;
Come twine-a-me ine-a-me idle,
To me birse to my rossety-bye.

For I hae a root like a cuddy
And ballocks like mountains o' brass;
I could take all the whores in Ireland
And rattle my things as they pass.

For I am a cobbler in Dublin,
And I live at the back of the muck;
I learn five shillin's ev'ry mornin'
For learnin' young ladies tae buck.

For I'm just a hedger and ditcher;
I'm up to my bottom in snow,
And the de'l took a-hold o' my pintle
And swore he'd never let go!

No. 1197

MY FAMILY II

also known as

Me Father's a Lawyer in England	The Poor Tailor's High Relations
My God, How the Money Rolls In!	See How the Money Rolls In

This is an American adaptation of the preceding song,
My Family I. Version A has been entirely Americanized,
but version B still retains much of its English character.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 456-457; IV, 244	Lomax (FSNA), 134-135 Sandburg (AS), 381
Gardner (BSSM), 435-436	

My Family IITune: Bring Back My Bonnie To Me

My mother's an apple pie baker,
My father makes synthetic gin,
My sister makes love for a living—
My God, how the money rolls in!

Chorus

Rolls in, rolls in,
See how the money rolls in;
Rolls in, rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in!

My mother ran off with a salesman,
My father died drinking his gin,
My sister's in love with a fairy—
My God, what a mess we are in!

Are in, are in,
See what a mess we are in;

Are in, are in, are in,
My God, what a mess we are in!

My brother's a preacher in Boston,
He saves young women from sin;
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar—
My God, how the money rolls in!

Rolls in, rolls in, etc.

VERSION B

Me father's a lawyer in England,
Me mother's a justice of peace,
Me sister's a shaker and an apple pie
baker;
She makes 'em of tallow and grease.

Chorus

To me fang, to me fang, fang o leary,
To me fang, to me fang, fang o lay!
To me hoot tee toot, hoot tee toot, larry,
To me whack fal dee diddle al a day. (2)

Me father is a hedger and ditcher,
Me mother does nothing but spin;
Me sister is a shaker and apple pie baker,
O how the money comes in.

Me wife she is dirty and nasty,
She's lousy and itchy and black;
She is a devil for fighting and scolding,
Her tongue goes clickety-clack.

No. 1198

MY GOOD LORD'S BEEN HERE

also known as

Gwineter Git Down an' Pray My Good Lord's Done Been

My Good Lord Has Been Here Here

When My Good Lord Was Here

Spiritual from the slave-era, and one of those brought to public attention by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Brewer, 162

Pike, 217, 258

Kennedy (M-2), 28-29

White, 116

Marsh (SJS), 177

Work (ANSS), 132

My Good Lord's Been Here

O brothers, where were you, (3)

When my good Lord was here?

Chorus

My Good Lord's been here,

been here, been here,

My good Lord's been here,

And he's blessed my soul and gone.

O Christians, where were you, (3)

When my good Lord was here?

O mourners, where were you, (3)

When my good Lord was here?

O sinners, where were you, (3)

When my good Lord was here?

No. 1199

MY GOVERNMENT CLAIM

also known as

Bee County	Hurrah for Greer County
Greer County	Hurrah for Lane County
Greer County Bachelor	The Lane County Bachelor
Greer County Song	Starving to Death on My
Hooray for Greer County!	Government Claim

Various claims have been made regarding the origin of this melodic ditty. The tune is a rewroking of an old jig tune, The Irish Washer-woman (see in MB). Without a doubt, the words are American. Just which American wrote the words is unknown. The song can be traced to the Homestead Bill, passed during the Civil War, under which a man could obtain a 160-acre government claim for practically nothing. This goes a long way toward proving the text is typically American. Where else would a person be ungracious enough to complain about living conditions on land obtained for free?

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 314-316	Lomax (CS-1919), 278-279
Clark (CS), 71	Lomax (CS-1938), 407-408
Coleman, 32	Lomax (PB), 111
Combs (FSKH), 32-33	Malone (FB), 146-149
Fife, 58-61	McMullen, 133-135
Glass (SW), 34-35	Moore (BFSS), 282-285
Hull (CB), 52-53	Pound, 178-180
Ives (SA), 164-165	Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 14
Kennedy (TAB), 213-215	Randolph, II, 190-191
Koch (2), 10	Sandburg (AS), 120-122
Lingenfelter, 457-459	Silverman, I, 12
Lomax (ABFS), 434	Thede, 156-157
	Warner, 91

My Government Claim

My name is Frank Bowler, a bachelor I am,
I'm keepin' myself on an elegant plan;
You'll find me out West in the county of Lane—
I'm starving to death on my government claim!

Chorus

But hurrah for Lane county! the land of the free,
the home of the grasshopper, bedbug and flea;
I'll sing loud her praises and boast of her fame
While starving to death on my government claim.

My house it is built of the national soil,
The walls are erected according to Hoyle;
The roof needs repair, but its level and plain,
And I always get wet when it happens to rain.

My clothes are all ragged, my language is rough,
My head is casehardened, both solid and tough;
The dough it is scattered all over the room,
And the floor would get scared at the sigh of a broom!

My dishes are dirty and some in the bed
Covered with sorghum and government bread;
But I have a good time and live at my ease
On common sop-sorghum, old bacon and grease!

Chorus

But hurrah for Lane county, the land of the West,
Where the farmers and laborers are always at rest;
Where you've nothing to do but sweetly remain
And starve like a man on your government claim.

How happy am I when I crawl into bed
And a rattlesnake rattles his tail at my head,
And a gay little centipede, void of all fear,
Crawls over my pillow and into my ear.

And this nice little bedbug, so cheerful and bright,
Keeps me a-scratching full half of the night;
And the gay little flea, with toes sharp as a tack,
Plays "why don't you catch me?" all over my back.

Chorus

But hurrah for Lane county, where blizzards arise,
Where the winds never cease and the flea never dies;
Where the sun is so hot if in it you remain,
'Twill burn you quite black on your government claim!

How happy I am on my government claim,
Where I've nothing to lose and nothing to gain,
Nothing to eat and nothing to wear,
Nothing from nothing is honest and square.

But here I am stuck, and here I must stay,
My money's all gone and I can't get away;
There's nothing will make a man hard and profane
Like starving to death on a government claim.

Chorus

Then come to Lane county, there's room for you all,
Where the winds never cease and the rains never fall;
Come join in the chorus and boast of her fame,
While starving to death on your government claim.

Now don't get discouraged, ye poor hungry men,
We're all here free as a pig in a pen;
Just stick to your homestead and battle your fleas,
And pray to your Maker to send you a breeze.

Now a word to claim-holders who are bound for to stay,
You may chew your hardtack till you're toothless and
gray,

But not for me, I'll no longer remain
And starve like a dog on my government claim!

Farewell to Lane county, farewell to the West,
I'll travel back East to the girl I love best;
I'll stop in Missouri and get me a wife,
And live on corn dodgers the rest of my life!

No. 1200

MY HOME IS OVER JORDAN

Revivalist spiritual with a tune and text that have been used in other songs, usually as a chorus. An example is Wings of Morning in Jackson (SFS), 190.

REFERENCES

Hillman (1872), 390 Jackson (SFS), 171 White, 437

My Home Is Over Jordan

My home is over Jordan,
My home is over Jordan,
My home is over Jordan,
Where pleasures never die.

Where the wicked cease from troubling,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Where the Saviour waits to greet us,
Where the Saviour waits to greet us,
Where the Saviour waits to greet us,
While the angels sing this song.

No. 1201

MY LOG CABIN HOME

California gold-miners sang this and other songs by J. A. (Old Put) Stone, who published this particular piece in his Original California Songster.

For another version, see Dwyer, 97-98.

My Log Cabin Home

Tune: My Old Kentucky Home

The tall pines wave, and the winds loudly roar,
No matter, keep digging away!
The wild flowers blossom round the log cabin door,
Where we sit after mining all the day.
A few more days and our mining all will end,
the canyon so rich will be dry;
The tools on the bank shall be left for a friend,
Then, my log cabin home, goodbye.

Chorus

Mine no more, Oh, never no more, but play!
We will always remember the log cabin home,
The log cabin home far away.

We'll hunt no more for the grizzly in the nook,
The diggers we'll soon leave behind;
We'll drink no more from the clear crystal brook,
As around the log cabin it winds.
The old oak tree, under which the cabin stands,
All shady at noon where we lie;
A fond look at the old oak so grand,
The, my log cabin home, goodbye.

Nc. 1202

MY LONG TAIL BLUE

also known as

Sugar Hill

This is one of the earliest blackface minstrel songs, and the very first about the Negro dandy. George Washington Dixon, who sang it on stage as early as 1827, claimed authorship. The tune, of course, is that of Jenny's Babee, and older Scottish song.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 65

Brown, III, 502

Levy, 300

Nathan, 170

Songster (38), 149-150

Williams (FSUT), 218

My Long Tail Blue

I've come to town to see you all;
I ask you how d'ye do?
I'll sing a song not very long
About my long tail blue.

Chorus

Oh! for the long tail blue!
Oh! for the long tail blue!

Some darkies has but one ol' coat,
But you see I's got two;
I wears my jacket all the week,
And Sunday my long tail blue.

If you want to win a lady's heart,
I'll tell you what to do:
Go down to a tiptop tailor shop
And buy you a long tail blue.

No. 1203

MY LOVE IS A RIDER

also known as

The Broncho Buster

Bucking Bronco

The Cowboy's Hat

The Cowgirl

Johnny Ringo

My Lover's a Rider

Who wrote this song? Almost every collector who published a version ascribes authorship to a different person. Both Larkin and Thorp said it was written by Belle Starr. Based upon many years of research on the lives and careers of Western-type outlaws, I say it is highly unlikely that Belle Starr wrote My Love Is A Rider or any other song. Both Dobie and Lomax credit a man named Hatch with writing the words, and Dobie's Hatch said another "cowboy named Billie Davis" composed the tune. This may be true, but it would take more than these reports to firmly convince me.

For an interesting variation, see My Lover's a Rider in Fife, 166 and Hull, 57. For a song which begins the same but is an entirely different song, see The Cowgirl in Lee (TTGC), 205 and in Lomax (CS-1919), 251.

Several stanzas of the song below are in Stewart Edward White's story The Rawhide, McClure's Magazine, Dec. 24, 1904, pp. 175-176.

For a parody, see Beware of a Cowboy Who Wears a White Hat, or The Cowboy With the White Hat in the Hobo News, folio 28 and Thorp & Fife, p. 128.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL-1933), 157-158

Arkansas, 29-30

Barnes (CHS), 15-16, 122

Big, 89-90

Blue Grass, 32-33

Buck Jones, 5

Caldwell (GB0), 45-46

Clark (CS), 7

Cowboy, 16

Cowboy Tom, 33

Davis (TTS), 10	Lone Ranger, 33
Dobie (MBS), 170-172	Luther, 210-211
Fife, 165-166	Ohrlin, 34-35
Fife (FAC), III, 270, 592	Randolph, II, 228-230
Frey, 82-83	Rogers (FCS), 46-47
Hendren, 542	Silverman, I, 43
Larkin (1931), 58-60	Sing, 62-63
Larkin (1963), 46-47	Sires, 40-41
Laws (NAB), 140	Thorp (1904), 26-27
Lee (CSB), 42-43	Thorp (1921), 14-15
Lingenfelter, 401	Thorp & Fife, 121-132
Lomax (ABFS), 417-418	Treasure, 22
Lomax (CS-1919), 367-368	White (AN), 321-322, 325
Lomax (CS-1938), 267-268	
Lomax (FSNA), 210-211	

My Love Is A Rider

My love is a rider, wild bronchos he breaks,
But he promised to quit it just for my sake;
He ties up one foot and the saddle puts on,
With a swing and a jump he is mounted and gone.

Chorus

Whoopie tydee-i ay-o-i-ee-dle-ee-ay-i-ee-oh,
Whoopie-ti-ay, and a fiddle-ee I ay oh.

The first time I met him was early last spring,
He was riding a bronco, a high-headed thing,
He tipped me a wink as he gaily did go,
For he wished me to notice his bucking bronco.

The next time I saw him was early last fall,
He was swinging the ladies at Tomlinson's ball;
We laughed and we talked as we danced to and fro,
And he promised he'd never ride another bronco.

He made me some presents, among them a ring;
The return that I made him was a far better thing.
'Twas a young maiden's heart I would have you all know,
He won it by riding his bucking bronco.

Now listen you maidens where ever you reside,
Never heed the cowboy who swings the rawhide:
He'll court you and pet you and leave you and go
Up the trail in the spring on his bucking bronco.

No. 1204

MY MARY ANN

also known as

Fare You Well, My Own Mary Ann My Martha Ann
Mary Ann The Yankee Girl's Song

Barney Williams wrote this as a comedy song for his wife to sing. He based it on The True Lover's Farewell (see in MB), a popular ballad adapted from an English broadside of the 17th century.

My Mary Ann was published in 1856, at Baltimore, Md., under the title My Mary Ann, The Yankee Girl's Song. The sheet music credits read: Words by Barney Williams, music by M. Tyte.

It was published again as Our Mary Ann, in a folio collection of songs sung by Mrs. W. J. Florence, Songs of the Florences, New York, 1860, p. 12. It is also in Bryant's Programme and Songs, II, No. 4, New York, 1859, p. 7; The General Lee Song Book, p. 36; and The Shilling Song Book, 1860, p. 39.

Not related to this is a song of a similar title, the popular calypso piece Marian, or Mary Ann.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 355

Chapple (HS), 246

Fowke (FSC), 142

Jour (AFL), XXXI, 175

Lomax (FSNA), 145-146

Sedley, 131

Songster (177), 61

My Mary Ann

Oh, fare thee well, my own true love,
Oh, fare thee well, my dear!
For the ship is waiting, the wind blows high,
And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann.
And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann.

Oh, don't you see that little dove?
Like me, he's feeling blue.
He is mourning the loss of his own true love,
As I mourn now for you, my dear Mary Ann. (2)

A lobster boiling in the pot,
A blue fish on the hook,
They are suffering long, but it's nothing like
The ache I bear for you, my dear Mary Ann. (2)

Oh, had I but a flask of gin,
With sugar here for two,
And a great big bowl to mix it in,
I'd pour a drink for you, my dear Mary Ann. (2)

Oh, if I had a pair of wings,
I know just what I'd do;
I would fly away from this lonely place
And search till I found you, my dear Mary Ann. (2)

No. 1205

MY MOTHER TOLD ME

also known as

My Mammy Told Me

This is what is known as "a rounder" song, a term bestowed upon such songs by saloon singers. The version below was obtained from Criswell (of Criswell Predicts) in Hollywood, Ca. He said he learned the song during his childhood years in Indiana. I have seen only one other version in a folk song collection, and that is in Brown, V, 225-226.

My Mother Told Me

My mother told me a long time ago,
Never to marry no man I know;
He will take all your money
And he'll take all your clothes,
And when he's gonna leave you,
The Lord only knows.

There's only one thing I can't understand,
And that's a no good rambling man;
He will take all your loving
And keep you on your toes,
But when he's gonna leave you,
The Lord only knows.

No. 1206

MY OLD BEAVER CAP

also known as

The Beaver Cap

Although the words probably had something to do with the song's original popularity, this piece is around today because of its catchy tune.

The text is patterned after that ancient folk favorite,
The Darby Ram (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 435

Moore (BFSS), 375

Henry (SSSA), 32

Randolph, III, 45

My Old Beaver Cap

O when I was a great big lad,
I never wore a hat, sir;
The greatest friend I ever had
Was my old beaver cap, sir.

La tul da rol, la tul da ray,
La tul da rol da day.

I thought so much of my old cap,
I wore the thing to bed, sir;
And every morn when I woke up
I popped it on my head, sir.

I went to town the other day,
And hoped to buy a hat, sir;
And while away a kitten made
A bed of my old cap, sir.

Another time my mommy had
A hen that made a nest, sir;
And made it in my beaver cap,
The thing I love the best, sir.

I took them eggs out, one by one,
You bet I had some fun, sir;
I threw them at my mommy's head,
And really made her run, sir.

But when my Pa came home that night,
He really made me jump, sir;

And with my good old beaver cap,
Put blisters on my rump, sir!

No. 1207

MY OLD GRANNY

also known as

Die an Old Maid	My Grandma Lives on Yonder
Grandma's Advice	Little Green
Grandma's Song	My Grandma's Advice
Grandma Would Have Died	My Grandmother Lived on Yon-
an Old Maid	der Little Green
Little Johnny Green	

As Cox (FSS) pointed out in his headnotes, this song probably derives from an 18th century song called Die An Old Maid. Cox also found a version of this song in The Virginia Centinel and Gazette, March 2, 1795 and in The Lover's Harmony, No. 17, p. 134, London, 1840. Obviously, the tune was taken from Zip Coon (see in MB), which was taken in turn from the Irish song, The Old Rose Tree, or The Rose Tree in Full Bearing. Other popular folk songs set to the same tune in this Master Book are Natchez Under the Hill and Turkey in the Straw.

REFERENCES

Allsopp, II, 209	Davis (FSV), 176
Brewster (BSI), 243-245	Eddy, 300-301
Brown, II, 467-469; IV, 250-252	Ford (TMA), 316-317
Chapple (HS), 302-303	Gardner (FSH), 206-207
Creighton (MFS), 36	Grigg (1832), 95
Cox (FSS), 469	Haynes, I, 115
Cox (TBFS), 101	Hubbard, 161-162
	Jackson (WSSU), 166

Jour (AFL), XXXII, 498-499; XXXV, 401-402; XXXIX, 157-158	Pound (SFSN), XXII, No. 20 Randolph, I, 383-384 Richardson (AMS), 46 Scarborough (SC), 374, 457 Shoemaker (MMP), 58 Spaeth (WSM), 160 Stout, 21-22 Williams (FSUT), 74
Levy, 337	
Linscott, 243-245	
Luther, 166	
Mackenzie, 379, 408	
Morris, 363-364	

My Old Granny

My old granny lived on yonder little green,
As fine an old lady as ever was seen;
She often taught and instructed me with care,
Of all false young men to beware.

Ti di um dum dum dum, di di di di air,
Of all false young men to beware.

These false young men will flatter and deceive,
So, dear daughter, you must not believe;
They'll flatter, they'll coax, and before you're aware,
They will leave you and no longer care.

The first came a-courtin' was little Johnny Green,
As fine a young man as ever was seen;
But the words of my granny ran thro' my head,
And I could not hear one word he said.

The next one to court me was young Jimmy Brown,
And he was the handsomest man in town;
With such a wonderful love I couldn't be afraid—
It's better to marry than die an old maid.

Said I, to myself, there's some mistake!
What a silly fuss these old folks make!
If boys and girls had all been afraid,
Then Granny herself would have died an old maid!

No. 1208

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

also known as

Old Kentucky Home

Source Song. Words and music by Stephen Foster. As with many other Foster songs, the tune of this one was borrowed by other songwriters. For example, see My Log Cabin Home elsewhere in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 112-113	Lloyd, 88-89
Carmer (SRA), 92-93	Luther, 151
Chamberlain, 232-233	Mackenzie (SH), 40-41
Chapple (HS), 162	Most (PCS), 56-57
Downes (1940), 134-136;	Oberndorfer, 97
(1943), 164-166	Silverman, I, 146
Elson, 36-38	Songs (15), 18
Gilbert (100), 106-107	Staton, 68-69
Johnson (FS), 64-66	Wier (SWWS), 210-211
	Wier (YAM), III, 67

My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, and bright.
By'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

No. 1209

MY OLD SWEETHEART

also known as

Tru Love From the Eastern Shore

The only other version of this song I have seen in print is in Sharp, II, 264. However, The Parting Lovers in Fuson, 75-76 may be nothing more than a variation of this song.

My Old Sweetheart

My old sweetheart, now fare you well!
You did me wrong, as time will tell.
If on this earth we could not agree,
I'd never treat you as you treat me.

It's time to mourn, to cry and weep;
I'm satisfied I'll never sleep.
You turned away and broke my poor heart;
You promised me that we'd never part.

My old sweetheart, from yonder shore
Come view my grief forever more;
When one sad day you see my grave,
Think of the true love you did not save.

My old sweetheart, it's now farewell;
You slighted me, I wish you well;
But know this truth before you depart,
You're leaving me with a broken heart.

No. 1210

MY ONE TRUE LOVE

also known as

Banishment	The Lover's Song
Dearest Dear	My Dearest Dear
I Love You Well	My Dearest Fair
The Lover's Lament	The Time Has Come, My Dearest Dear

This is obviously a compounded song, but who put it together, and when, is not known. It is made-up of texts lifted from other songs, such as The True Lover's Farewell and Turtle Dove.

English versions ante-date American versions, although some American versions have been traced as far back as the Civil War.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 484-486	Randolph, IV, 262-266
Campbell & Sharp, No. 77	Sandburg (AS), 126-127
Henry (FSSH), 269-270	Scarborough (SC), 314, 440
Jour AFL), XXXIX, 146	Sharp, II, 13, 116 F

My One True Love

My one true love the time is near
When you and I must part,
And you'll never know the grief and woe
Of my poor troubled heart.

Don't cry, my love, you'll break my heart;
Just smile and say goodbye.
You know the best of friends must someday part,
And so must you and I.

My mother dear is hard to leave,
My father's on my mind;
But for your sake I'll go with you
And leave them both behind.

I wish your breast was made of glass,
That I might there behold;
I'd write your name in secret, dear,
In letters of bright gold.

O, you are like some turtle dove
That flies from tree to tree;
It flies away and mourns for its true love,
The same as you and me.

When you are on some distant shore,
So far across the sea,
How little will you know the grief and woe
That you are causing me.

No. 1211

MYRA BELLE LEE

also known as

Billy Came Over the Main	The False Lover
White Ocean	False Sir John
The Cage of Ivory and Gold	The Gates of Ivory
The Castle By the Sea	Go Steal to Me Your
The Courting of Armalee	Father's Gold
The Dapple Grey	The Gowans Sae Gay
The Daughter of Old England	He Followed Me Up, He
Doors of Ivory	Followed Me Down
The Errant Knight	The King's Daughter
The False-Hearted Knight	The King's Daughter Fair
The False Knight Outwitted	The King's Seven Daughters

King William's Son
The Knight of the North-
land
Lady Isabel
Lady Isabel and the Elf-
knight
Lady Ishebl and Her Parrot
Le Méchant Guillon
Little Golden
A Man in the Land
May Collin
May Colven, or Colvin
Miss Mary's Parrot
My Colleen
My Pretty Cold Rain
My Pretty Colinn
The Ocean Wave
The Old Beau
The Outlandish Knight
Polly and William
The Prating Parrot
Pretty Cold Rain

The Pretty Colin, or Collee
The Pretty Golden Queen
The Pretty Gold Leaf
Pretty Nancy
Pretty Polly
Pretty Polly Ann
The Salt Water Sea
The Seven Daughters
The Seven Kings' Daughters
The Seven Sisters
The Seventh King's Daughter
The Six Fair Maids
The Six Kings' Daughters
Sweet Nellie
Sweet William
The Water o Wearie's Well
The Wicked Knight
Willie Came Over the Main
White Ocean
Willie Came Over the Ocean
Willie Came Over the Sea
Willow Tree

This song is known to practically all European countries with ballad traditions. Anglo-American versions of the song are not as lengthy as those in other places and languages. Generally, the American versions are minus the supernatural character of the lover. Aside from this, however, all versions are basically the same story. The parrot of some versions, including A below, poses some reference problems, usually in connection with the parrot in most all known versions of Loving Henry (see in MB). There are three versions below, the first being American, the second being English, and the third being French with translation. The differences between these three versions

are sufficient to show at least some of what happens to a ballad story as it travels from one century to another and from country to country.

REFERENCES

- Anderson (AESB), 65
Arnold, 54-55
Baring-Gould (EFSS), 26-27
Barbeau (FFC), 22-29
Barry (BBM), 14-34
Belden (BS), 5-16
Bell (APBS), 61
Best, 8
Brewster (BSI), 31-36
Broadwood (ECS), 164-165
Bronson, I, 39-100
Brown, II, 15-26; IV, 4-8
Brown (BLNC), 9
Buchan (ABS), I, 22; II, 45
Bulletin (FSSN), I, 3-4
Bulletin (VFS), Nos 2 & 4, 6-12
Burne, 548, 652
Campbell & Sharp, No. 2
Chappell (FSRA), 12
Child, I, 22-62
Coffin, 32-35
Cox (FSS), 3-17, 521
Cox (TBFS), 5-8
Davis (MTBV), 16-25
Davis (TBV), 62-85, 549-551
Dean-Smith, 97
Dixon (1846), 74
Dobie (TBE), 138-140
Ebsworth (RB), III, 449; VII, 383-384
Eddy, 6-13
Fauset (FLNS), 109
Flanders, I, 82-123
Flanders (BMNE), 4-7, 109-111, 129-131
Flanders (VFSB), 190-192
Friedman, 10-13
Gainer, 6-7
Gardner (BSSM), 29-31
Greenleaf, 3-6
Greig, II, art. 106
Greig & Duncan, No. 225
Greig & Keith, 2
Henry (FSSH), 32-36
Herd, I, 153
Herd MSS, I, 166-168
Houseman, 94-95
Hubbard, 1-4
Hudson (FSM), 61-66
Jour (AFL), XVIII, 132; XIX, 232; XXII, 65; XXIII, 375; XXIV, 333; XXVII, 90; XXIX, 156; XXX, 286; XXXV, 338; XLII, 254; XLVIII, 305; XLIX, 213
Jour (FSS), I, 246; II, 282; IV, 116-123
Karpeles, 23-24
Kidson (TT), 27, 172
Kinsley, 49-51

Korson (PSL), 30-32	Ritchie (FS), 8-9
Leach (BB), 53-59	Roberts (IP), 8-12
Leisy (SPS), 38-39	Sandburg (AS), 60-61
Lomax (FSNA), 18-19	Sanders, 117-120
MacColl & Seeger, 50-57	Scarborough (NFS), 43-45
Mackenzie, 3-8, 391	Scarborough (SC), 126-128
Mackenzie (QB), 93-95	Sharp, I, 5-13
Manny, 202-203	Sharp (100), 29-31
Moore (BFSS), 12-15	Sharpe (BB), 45
Morris, 237-241	Shearin (BBCM), 3
Motherwell, I, 67	Shearin (SKFS), 7
Muir, 135, 181	Silverman, I, 211
Niles (BB), 24-30	Smith (SCB), 97-100
Owens (TFS), 6-10	Smith (SM), III, 92
Peacock, I, 206-207	Stokoe, 130-131
Perrow, XXVIII, 148	Treat, 16
Pub (TFLS), X, 138-140	Whiting (TBB), 119-112
Quiller-Couch, 43, 47	Williams (EFS), 80
Randolph, I, 41-47	Williams (FSUT), 159
Randolph (OMF), 216	Wyman (LT), 82-87

Myra Belle Lee (Version A)

O listen to me and a tale I will tell;
Just listen awhile to me.
I'll tell you about young Willie Bell,
Who courted Myra Belle Lee, Lee, Lee,
Who courted Myra Belle Lee.

Young Willie came over the ocean so wide,
Young Willie he sailed the sea;
He came ashore and crossed the hills,
And called on Myra Belle Lee, etc.

He followed her up and he followed her down,
He followed her all the day;

She had never thought of loving him,
But she did not tell him nay, etc.

Go bring me a bag of your father's old gold,
And some of your mother's fee;
I will marry you on yonder shore
And take you o'er the sea, etc.

She brought him a bag of her's old gold,
And some of her mother's fee;
She then took him to her father's barn,
The horses for him to see, etc.

Fair Myra Belle mounted the brownie bay,
He mounted the dapple gray;
Then into the lonesome woods they rode
Before the break of day, etc.

They galloped all over the distant hills,
Your Willie and Myra Belle Lee;
They rode and they rode all through the night,
Until they came to the sea, etc.

"Stand down, stand down," young Willie then said,
"For soon it will be day.
It's six pretty maids that I've drowned here,
The seventh maid now must pay, etc."

"O hold your tongue!" said Myra Belle Lee,
"O hold your tongue!" said she,
"You said we'd ride to yonder shore
And there you'd marry me, etc. "

"Take off, take off your fine clothing,
Remove them all," said he;
"They're too costly and they're far too fine
To rot in yonder sea, etc. "

"O turn your body all around and about,
And look away," said she;

"I'll never allow the likes of you
My naked charms to see, etc."

He turned his body all around and about,
As pleased as he could be;
She clasped him all in her arms so white
And plunged him into the sea, etc.

"Lie there! Lie there! you villain," she cried,
"Lie there instead of me!
It's six pretty maids that you've drowned here,
The seventh one shall go free, etc."

Fair Myra Belle leaped on the brownie bay
And led the dapple gray;
And straight she rode to her father's house
Before the breaking of day, etc.

"Don't speak! Don't speak! you sweet Polly bird!
Don't ever tell tales on me!
I'll make you a cage of glittering gold,
Instead of the greenwood tree, etc.

VERSION B

An Outlandish knight from the North lands came,
And he came a-wooing to me;
He promised he'd take me to the North lands,
And there he'd marry me.

"Come, fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stand thirty and three."

She fetched him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee,

And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
He on the dapple gray;
They rode till they came unto the sea-side
Three hours before it was day.

"Light off, light off thy milkwhite steed,
And deliver it unto me;
Six pretty maids have I drowned here,
And you the seventh will be!

"Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks it looks too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea."

"If I must pull off my silken gown,
Pray, turn thy back on me;
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked woman should see."

He turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green;
She caught him round the middle so small,
And tumbled him into the stream.

He dropped high, and he dropped low,
Until he came to the side:
"Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,
And I will make you my bride."

"Lie there, lie there, thou false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me;
Six pretty maids hast thou drowned here,
And the seventh has drowned thee."

Le Méchant Guillon (French)

"Allonsy, bell', nous promener
Tout le long de la mer coulante,
Alloney, bell', nous promener,
En attendant le déjeuner."

Mais quand ils fur'nt dedans le bois;
"Mon beau Guillon, que j'ai done soif!
-"Tu ne mangeras ni boiras
Avant d'y voir couler ton sand."

Mais quand ils fur'nt sortis du bois,
Le beau galant dit à la belle:
-"Tu coucheras dans la rivièr'
Ou seize femmes sont noye's.

"Car c'est ice, bell' Jeanneton,
Qu'll faudra t'y déshabiller."
La belle ôta son blanc jupon
Pour aller voir la mer au fond.

Quand ell' s'y fut déshabillé',
Le beau galant s'approcha d'elle;
C'est pour tirer son bas du pied.
Dedans la mer ell' la poussé.

Dedans la mer à s'y noyer
Une branche il a-t attrapée.
La belle a pris son grand couteau,
A coupé la branche à fleur d'eau.

"Tends-moi la main, bell' Jeanneton!"-
"Pêche, Guillon, pêche poissons!
Si tu en prends, n'en mangerons;
A nos parents en porterons."

-"Ne veux-tu pas, bell' Jeanneton,
Que j'aïlle revoir mon père?
-"Non! non! Guillon, méchant garçon!
Va-t'en donc voir la mer au fond."

"Comment vont tous ces gens parler
En te voyant arriver seule?"

"Ils apprendront la vérité,
Mais que tu voulais m'y noyer."

"Qui dans le bois te conduira?"-

"C'est ton cheval, mon beau Guillon!
A grand tourment nous emmena,
A pas lents me ramènera."

"Voici, la bell', voici les clefs
De mon château, de mes richesses."

"Je n'en ai que fair' de château,
Ni de château, ni de Guillon!"

"Retourne-t'en, bell' Jeanneton,
Tout droit au logis de mon père.
Tu lui diras que je suis mort;
Bell' Jeanneton n'a pas de tort."

-----ENGLISH TRANSLATION-----

From: Barbeau (FFC), 22-29

"Beautiful girl, come walk with me
Along the length of the rolling sea.
Come, beautiful girl, and walk with me,
Breakfast still will waiting be."

When they were come within the wood:
"My handsome Guillon, I'm athirst."
"You shall not eat, you shall not drink,
You'll see your own blood flowing first."

"Here it is, fair Jeanneton,
That I will have you to undress."
The maid took off her petticoat
To go to the sea-floor's wilderness.

And when the maiden was undressed,
The handsome knight fell on his knee

To pull her stocking from her feet,
Quick she pushed him into the sea.

To stay his drowning under the wave,
He seized a bough that drooped below;
She took her knife and cut it off
At the level of the water's flow.

"Give me your hand, sweet Jeanneton!"

"Fish, Guillon! There's many a fish.

Catch a few and let us eat,
And bring our folks a savory dish!"

"And will you not, sweet Jeanneton,
My father I should see again?"

"No, no, Guillon, you're a wicked knight!
Go down deep to the watery plain."

"But what will your people say to you,
When it's all alone they see you come?"

"The truth is what they will learn from me;
Who tried to drown me will ne'er come home."

"And who's to take you through the wood?"

"It is your horse, my handsome knight.

Slow will be his homeward steps
Who brought us here in galloping flight."

"Beautiful girl, here are the keys
Of castle and treasure, silver and gold."

"Of castle and treasure, silver and gold
No more than of lying knight I hold."

"Return, my beautiful Jeanneton,
To my father's mansion straightaway;
And you shall tell him I am dead
And Jeanneton's not wronged today."

No. 1212

MY SARAH JANE

also known as

Rockabout My Saro Jane

Saro Jane

Many musicians and singers with whom I worked during the 1930s and 40s played and sang this song. Lomax obtained a version from Dave Macon, the banjo pickin', fatback eatin', tune racin' star of Nashville's Grand Ole Opry.

When I asked Uncle Dave where he first heard the song, he told me he couldn't remember.

For an obvious adaptation, see Come Along, My Julie Ann in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 747-748

Leisy, 281

Lomax (FSNA), 528-529

Lomax (USA), 151-153

Okun, 139-141

Silber (HSB), 48

Silverman, I, 368

My Sarah Jane

I got a wife, five little children.
Gonna take a trip on the Big MacMillan.
Oh, Sarah! Talk about my Sarah Jane.

Chorus

Talk about my Sarah Jane,
Talk about my Sarah Jane,
Got nothin' to do but hang around with you,
Talk about my Sarah Jane.

I got no money but I'll get some.
Gotta have the rent when the landlord come!
Oh, Sarah! Talk about my Sarah Jane.

No. 1213

MY SHIP IS ON THE OCEAN

also known as

Poor Sinner, Fare You Well

A slave spiritual that was also a campground spiritual sung by whites. Version below is from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Johnson (SBNS), 150-151

Marsh (SJS), 165

Jubilee (PS), 27

Pike, 205, 247

My Ship Is On The Ocean

I'm going away to see the good old Daniel,

I'm going away to see my Lord.

Chorus

My ship is on the ocean, (3)

Poor sinner, fare you well.

I'm going to see the weeping Mary,

I'm going away to see my Lord.

Don't you want to live in that bright glory?

I'm going away to see my Lord.

No. 1214

MY SWEETHEART'S THE MULE IN THE MINES

This is a parody from coal miners, adapted from the nursery song The Man in the Moon.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 127

Bertail, 107

Botkin (AFL), 864
Emrich (CBF), 21
Korson (MMP), 122-123

Lomax (FSNA), 131
Luther, 273
Perkins, II, 10
Silverman, II, 194

My Sweetheart's the Mule in the Mines

My sweetheart's the mule in the mines,
I never require reins or lines;
On the buckboard I sit,
Chew tobacco and spit
All over my sweetheart's behind.

Way down where the sun never shines,
My sweetheart and I work in the mines;
And she don't mind one bit wherever I spit
All over her pretty behind.

No. 1215

MY SWEET HONEY LAMB

also known as

The Best Old Feller in the World	Kind Old Husband
The Good Old Man	My Good Old Man

This is an old Irish-English dialogue song. Whatever popularity it still has in the United States is due, probably, to Burl Ives and several other professional folk singers. It has also been reported as a game-song, but I've not seen a description of the game.

REFERENCES

Best, 21
Brown, II, 463-465
Davis (FSV), 164
Harbison, 155-156

Jour (WFSS), I, 81
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 317
Lomax (OSC), 128-129
Lomax (PB), 46

McIntosh (FSSG), 33-35

Reeves (EC), 125

Moore (BFSS), 220-223

Ritchie (SFC), 13-15

Randolph, III, 171-174

Sedley, 214-215

Reeves, 115-117

Sharp, II, 338-339

My Sweet Honey Lamb

Where are you goin', my good old man?

Where are you goin', my sweet honey lamb?

-(Spoken): Huntin'.And when will you come home, etc. ?

-Saturday.

And what will you want for your supper, etc. ?

-Scrambled eggs.

And how many eggs can you eat, etc. ?

-Three dozen.

Three dozen eggs will kill you, etc.

-Don't care.

Where will I bury your body, etc. ?

-Behind the barn.

And what would you do if I didn't, etc. ?

-Haint you.

A "haint" caint haint a "haint," my good old man.

A "haint" caint haint a "haint," my sweet honey lamb.

-HMMMMMMMM.....

No. 1216

NANCY

Also known as

Charming Nancy

Lovely Nancy

The Dreams of Lovely
NancyThe Streams of Lovely
Nancy

Versions of this song have been collected in Canada, but none seem to have shown up in any of the American collections of traditional material. Nancy is, however, one of the more popular female names in folk song on both sides of the Atlantic.

The ballad's history is discussed extensively in Jour (FSS), IV, 310-319 by Broadwood & Gilchrist. Broadside versions were issued by Catnach, Pitts, Such, and others, and some of these are printed in Jour (FSS), I, 122; III, 53 and VII, 59. A variation entitled NELLIE is given in Creighton (MFS), 79 and, another, entitled FAREWELL, SWEET MARY is given in Cox (FSS), 433

This ballad is generally referred to by American collectors in their notes to versions of the old English ballad, The Poor Stranger, or Sweet Europe, but this does not establish a relationship between the two ballads.

The version given below came from Fred Kirby, an old-time country singer, Charlotte, N. C., in 1938.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (SW), No. 93 | Reeves (EC), 251-253 |
| Creighton (MFS), 79 | Sharp (SS), VII, 16-18 |
| Karpeles, 205-207 | Williams (EFS), 98 |
| Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 375 | |

Nancy

The dreams of lovely Nancy divide in three parts,
Where young men and maidens go to seek their
sweethearts.

The drinking of whiskey makes my poor heart ache,
The noise in the valley caused the rocks for to
break.

A sailor and his true love were walking along,
He said to the maiden, "I'll sing you a song.
It's a false-hearted woman that caused me to say,
Fare you well, lovely Nancy, I am going away."

"I'll go to some nunnery and there I'll abide,
And never get married," the young maiden cried.
"I'll never get married! no wedding for me
Until my dear Jimmy comes home from the sea."

I went to my captain and fell on my knees,
I begged him to let me go back to her, please.
He answered me quickly, "The truth I must tell:
Your love is unfaithful and bids you farewell."

I'll build me a castle, and build it to stand;
I'll build it by the ocean on some lonely strand.
I'll build it of ivory and diamonds so bright,
To single poor sailors on a dark stormy night.

No. 1217

NANCY DAWSON
also known as

Dawson's Hornpipe

Miss Dawson's hornpipe

Source song. The tune was named in honor of Nancy
Dawson, who, according to Chappell (OEPM), II, 186
and (PMOT), II, 718-720, "was celebrated dancer in

the reign of George II. One of her portraits is at the Garrick Club; and there are four different prints of her, one of which, by Spooner, is in Dr. Burney's Collection of Theatrical Portraits in the British Museum..." Nancy Dawson died on May 27, 1767.

The tune became extremely popular during Miss Dawson's career as a dancer, because it was the music she always danced to. It has been printed in many collections as a country-dance, both in England and America. It is best known in this country as the children's game song, Mulberry Bush, a version of which is given elsewhere in this Master Book. Other well-known game songs sung to the tune are All Down To Sleep, The Farmer in the Field and On a Cold and Frosty Morning, or Nuts in May.

Nancy Dawson

Of all the girls around this town—
The black, the fair, the red, the brown—
That dance and prance it up and down,
There's none like Nancy Dawson.

See how she comes to give surprise
With joy and pleasure in her eyes;
To give delight she always tries,—
There's none like Nancy Dawson.

Her easy mien, her shape so neat,
She foots, she trips, she looks so sweet;
Her every motion's so complete,—
I'd die for Nancy Dawson.

No. 1218

NANCY HANKS

This is the only song I have ever seen about Abraham Lincoln's mother. It is from Abe, the Rail Splitter, a musical narrative by Dickson Hall and Gary Romero, and is given here by permission of the composers.

Nancy Hanks

When Nancy Hanks was twenty-three

Young Thomas Lincoln said:

"Oh, Nancy, if you'll marry me,

This summer we'll be wed."

The two were wed one day in June,

And from their marriage came

A daughter first and then a son—

Abe Lincoln was his name.

When Nancy Hanks was thirty-one,

Young Thomas he did say:

"We'll take our daughter and our son

And journey far away."

She did not smile, she did not cry,

But she prepared to go;

They left the old Kentucky hills

And crossed the Ohio.

When Nancy Hanks was thirty-four

There came a day of dread,

For death came knocking at her door

And Nancy Hanks was dead.

Tho' Nancy's gone she still lives on

In hist'ry's hall of fame—

She gave this earth a child of worth:

Abe Lincoln was his name.

No. 1219NAPOLEON I

also known as

Boney

John François

Boney Was a Warrior

John Franswar

Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821) is one of those internationally known individuals celebrated by name in history books, novels and songs. Only four of the songs are given in this Master Book, and the first is traditional as a shanty and as country dance and fiddle tune.

According to Hayet, the English borrowed their versions of this halyard shanty from the French song, which begins:

C'est Jean-François de Nantes,

Oue! Oue! Oue!

According to Colcord, however, it happened the other way around: the French borrowed from the English. I leave the accuracy of the opposing claims to any one who is interested enough to make a determination. The tune became popular on its own, in rural America, as a dance and fiddle piece. A version of the shanty appeared in Harper's Monthly, July 1882, 283, 285. For an interesting song about Napoleon recovered from traditional sources in Canada, see Napoleon's Farewell to Paris in Creighton (SBNS), 148; Greenleaf, 167, and Peacock, III, 1009. For earlier versions, reproduced from broadsides and entitled Bonaparte's Farewell, see: Jour (FSS), I, 14; II, 183; Songster (10), 165; Wehman (ISB-1887), 112.

REFERENCES

Adams, 315	Reeves (EC), 62
Bone, 42	Robinson, 124
Bullen & Arnold, 26	Sampson, 42
Coclcord, 40-41	Sharp (EFC-2), 54
Davis (SSC), 49-49	Shay (ASSC), 29
Doerflinger, 6-7	Shay (IMWS), 29
Harlow (C), 27-28	Silverman, II, 262
Hugill (1), 445-446	Smith (BOS), 32
Hugill (2), 194-195	Smith (MW), 37, 53
King, 4	Terry, I, 54
Masefield (SG), 351	Whall (SSS), 96
Meloney, 13	Williams (SC), 80

Napoleon I

Boney was a warrior, Away ay-yah!

A warrior and a tarrier, John Franswor!

Boney fought the Prushians, Away ay-yah!

The Prushians and the Rushians, John
Franswor!

Moscow was a-blazing, Away ay-yah!

The warfare was a-raging, John Franswor!

Boney went to Elba, Oh! Away ay-yah!

And then he struck another blow, John Franswor!

Boney fought at Waterloo, Away ay-yah!

A foolish thing for him to do, John Franswor!

O they shipped him off again, Away ay-yah!

Abcard the Billy Ruffian, John Franswor!

Boney broke his heart and died, Away ay-yah!

They say his widow never cried, John Franswor!

No. 1220

NAPOLEON II

also known as

Bonaparte on St. Helena	Buonaparte
Bonaparte's Exile	The Isle of St. Helena
Bone Part	Lonely Louisa
Boney	Napoleon Bonaparte
Boney's Defeat	Napoleon's Exile

Versions of this ballad have been reported from traditional sources all over the English-speaking world.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 146-147	Jour (AFL), XIV, 140;
Brown, II, 385; IV, 214	XXXV, 358
Chappell (FSRA), 186-187	Jour (FSS), II, 88-89
Eddy, 220	McCurry, 159
Flanders (VFSB), 111-112	Scott (BA), 102-104
Greenleaf, 168-169	Sharp, II, 245
Jackson (WSSU), 182	

Napoleon II

Oh! Boney he had gone from the wars of all fighting;
 He has gone to the place where he takes no delight in,
 And there he may sit down and tell the scenes that
 he has seen of,
 While forlorn, he does mourn on the Island of St.
 Helena.

Now no more in the clouds he'll be seen in such
 splendor,
 Nor go on with his crowds like the Great Alexander;
 But the young king of Rome and the Prince of Gabona
 Said he'd bring his father home from the Island
 of St. Helena.

No. 1221

NAPOLEON III

also known as

Bonaparte's Retreat

Bonyparte

This is an instrumental tune celebration of Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo; it came into being shortly after his defeat and second exile. During the 1950s, the tune was borrowed for a country-pop song (Bonaparte's Retreat) by Pee-Wee King and Redd Stewart. For other instremental dance versions of this tune, see: Ford (TMA), 129; Lomax (OSC), 54; Thede, 36.

Napoleon III -Tune without words. See mucis section, TUNES.

No. 1222

NAPOLEON IV

also known as

The Green Linnet

Lady Bonaparte's Lamentation

Irish Ode to Napoleon

Mrs. Boney's Lamentation

This song (set to the Irish tune, Villeagan Dubh O!) is not as well known in America as are the first three, but it has been reported here from trational sources. For another song dealing with the same subject, see: The Grand Conversation of Napoleon in Barry (MWS), 90.

REFERENCES

Bulletin (FSSN), I, 9-10

Peacock, II, 458-459

Joyce (OIFMS), 175

Songster (100), 45

Napoleon IV

Curiosity caused a young native of Erin
To view the gay banks of the Rhine;
When an Empress he saw—and the robes she
was wearing

All over with diamonds did shine.
A goddess of splendor was never yet seen
Who'd equal this fair one so mild and serene;
In soft murmers she said, "My sweet linnet so
green,

When you're gone I'll never see you no more.

"The cold stormy Alps you freely went over,
Which nature placed there in your way;
Marengo Salone around you did hover,
And Paris rejoiced the next day.
It grieves me the hardship you did undergo,
Over mountains you travelled all covered
with snow;

The balance of power your courage laid low,—
Are you gone? Will I ne'er see you more?

"The crowned heads of Europe, when you were
in splendor,
Fain would have had you to submit;
But the Goddess of Freedom soon bid them sur-
render,

And lowered their standard of wit.
Like ravens for blood their wild passions
did burn,

The orphans they slew and caused widows to
mourn;

They say my linnet is gone and will ne'er return.
Is he gone? Will I ne'er see him more?

"At famed Waterloo where thousands lay sprawling
On every field, high or low,
Fame on her trumpet true Frenchmen were calling,
Fresh laurels to place on her brow.
Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old age building around you did fall,
And the Spaniards their fleet in the harbor
did call.
Are you gone? Will I ne'er see you no more?

No. 1223

NATCHEZ UNDER THE HILL

also known as

Natchez on the Hill

This is a classic folk melody with a long tradition. It apparently began in Ireland as The Old Rose Tree, or The Rose Tree in Full Bearing. In the American South, that Irish reel became a popular jig tune. The number of texts set to it, or to a close variation of it, is quite high and at least two of these became nationwide hits. The first was a minstrel piece, ZIP COON (see elsewhere in MB), and the second, still popular, was TURKEY IN THE STRAW (also given elsewhere in MB). The second piece served as the melodic base for dozens of songs, including: ALL BOUND ROUND WITH A WOOLEN STRING, ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK, THE DUMMY LINE, MY OLD GRANNY, THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER, or THERE WAS A LITTLE HEN, TOUGH LUCK and WE'LL ALL PULL THROUGH. English variations are THE HAYMAKER'S DANCE and OLD MOTHER OXFORD. In Scotland, we find THE GLASGOW HORNPIPE and THE POST OFFICE. For additional information, see headnotes to TURKEY IN THE STRAW and ZIP COON elsewhere in this Master Book.

Versions of this tune appear in many commercial folios and song-books issued by the various music publishing companies. For other versions from traditional sources, see: Chase (AFTS), 208 and Ford (TMA), 56.

Natchez Under the Hill mo. See music under, TUNES.

No. 1224

NATURAL HISTORY I

also known as

What Are Little Babies

What Are We Made Of?

Made Of?

What Folks Are Made Of?

What Are Little Boys, or

Girls Made Of?

This old song generally shows up in a fragmented form. In various versions it takes into account boys, girls, adults and, sometimes, occupations and professions. The fragmented versions are those used to amuse young children and as a nursery song. A version was used in the motion picture, BEDTIME FOR BONZO (early 1950s), which starred Ronald Reagan, Dianna Lynn and Walter Slezak. Miss Lynn sang the song as a lullaby to the chimp, Bonzo.

Jackson (ESUS), 162 and Loesser, 98 give an obvious adaptation, ANALIZATION, which begins:

What are mortals made of?

By analization I've tried all the nation,

Define each gradation, in every station,

With Sir Humphry's best new chemical test,

And found what mortals are made of.

The song originated in England. The exact date of its origin is not known, but versions were in print by

the middle of the 19th century.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 133	Moorat, 28
Brown, III, 193	Rimbault (NR), 72-73
Davis (FSV), 193	Rimbault (ONR), 16
Halliwell (NRE), 119	Sharp, II, 334-335
Jour (AFL), XXXI, 92	Wier (YAM), I, 69
Lomax (ABFS), 303-304	

Natural History I

What are we made of, made of?

Oh, what are we made of?

This and that, both lean and fat,

And that's what we are made of.

What's little babies made of, made of?

Oh, what are babies made of?

Cry and suck and petted up,

And that's what babies are made of.

What are boys made of, made of?

Oh, what are boys made of?

Pigs and snails and puppy tails,

And that's what boys are made of.

What are girls made of, made of?

Oh, what are girls made of?

Sugar, spice, and all things nice,

And that's what girls are made of.

What are old folks made of, made of?

Oh, what are old folks made of?

Moans and groans and aching bones,

And that's what old folks are made of.

No. 1225

NATURAL HISTORY II

also known as

Song of all Nations

This is a form of the above song that was recovered from a traditional source in Canada, see: Creighton (FSNB), 171-172.

Natural History II

I'll sing you a song of all nations,
Complete with a few reservations.
If some are left out you'll find them
no doubt
In a different classification.

Can you tell me what an Irishman's made of?
Can you tell me what an Irishman's made of?
His shamrock so green and a jug of poteen—
And that's what an Irishman's made of!

Can you tell me what a Scotsman's made of? (2)
His bagpipes to squeal and a bowl of oatmeal—
And that's what a Scotsman's made of!

Can you tell me what an Englishman's made of? (2)
His tight-legged pants and his half and half—
And that's what an Englishman's made of!

And what is a Frenchman made of? (2)
He'll loop the loop and dive in pea soup, etc.

And what is a Dutchman made of? (2)
His limburgher cheese and big wooden shoes, etc.

And what are old men made of? (2)
Chills and sprains and rhematic pains, etc.

And what are old ladies made of? (2)
O bonnet and shawl and youth to recall, etc.

What are the big boys made of? (2)
Drink and fight and stay out all night, etc.

What are the big girls made of? (2)
Powder and paint and laced to a faint, etc.

No. 1226

THE NEEDLE'S EYE

also known as

Cat After Mouse	Thread My Grandmother's Needle
Threading the Needle	Thread the Needle

Game song. Widely known in England and France, where it is thought to be a relic of some ancient rite. In England it represents a game called Cat After Mouse. According to Gomme, the game is played in a similar way wherever it is encountered. Many traditional versions and variants have been recovered from various parts of the United States.

REFERENCES

Beckwith (FGJ), 38	Hamilton, 297-298
Bertail, 75	Hofer (CSG), 17
Brown, I, 108; V, 54	Hudson (FSM), 291-292
Burne, 321	Jour (AFL), XXVII, 297;
Cox (SG), 206-208	XLII, 228; XLIV, 18;
Folklore Record, III, 170	XLIX, 247
Forbush, 72-73	Linscott, 43-44
Gardner (FSH), 234	McDowell (FDT), 62-63
Gardner (SPPG), 115-116	McIntosh (FSSG), 94
Gomme, I, 64; II, 228	Newell, 91-92, 241

Northall, 397	Randolph, III, 351-352
Owens (ST), 9	Shearin (SKFS), 37
Piper (SPPG), 263	Warnick, 165
Pub (TFLS), I, 23	Wolford, 72
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 217	

The Needle's Eye (version A)

The needle's eye that doth supply
The thread that runs so truly;
There's many a lass that I let pass,
Because I wanted you.
Because I wanted you, because I wanted you.
With a bow so neat, and a kiss so sweet,
We do intend, before we end,
To have this couple meet.

Version B

Thread my grandmother's needle,
Thread my grandmother's needle.
It is too dark, we cannot see
To thread my grandmother's needle.

No. 1227

NEGRO FOLK SONGS

Racial conflict, which has always been a major problem in America, is readily apparent in folk song. Any one paying attention can see and hear the differences that exist between songs sung by black and white Americans, especially when the older, more traditional songs are considered.

Generally speaking, ballad-makers have been white; and white people have been little inclined to celebrate events of people whose pigmentation differed from their own. For example, they have been extremely quiet about their part in conflicts with blacks. They were even more silent about the Chinese. Of course, the Chinese did not sing about their sufferings at the hands of white people. The blacks did. However, the blacks tended to voice their problems as a whole rather than those of any one individual.

There may have been songs about the conflicts between whites and blacks that were written by white people, but I have not seen them. The reason, perhaps, is because a ballad-maker would not have a sympathetic audience for such songs. Yet the white man's conflict with the Indians was treated often in songs. In thinking about the reason, I came to the conclusion that it was because the Indian was not a humble adversary—he fought back. Whatever the explanation, ballads dealing with Indian conflicts are fairly easy to come by. And they were created by white people, not Indians. The Indians apparently did not make ballads about their conflicts with the white man from their point of view. In this respect, the black people were different: they made their own songs, and by the thousands.

The folk songs of all people are expressions of their environment and way of life, including their attitudes and beliefs. For these reasons the folk songs of American blacks have a definite character. Exactly when that character was first assumed is, however, almost impossible to determine. There are two important reasons for this:

1. No successful attempts were made to collect the songs of black Americans prior to 1840, and

2. early letters and texts describing
the singing of blacks in America
were not carefully preserved.

Unlike the folk songs of white people, those of blacks have not experienced a long, unhindered growth. The period of growth is course limited to the time black people have spent in America, roughly 300 years. The astonishing fact is that Negro song in America could, in so short a time, develop and retain its unique racial character and, at the same time, become so prolific. Brought here as slaves, introduced into an alien culture—a culture they were constantly modifying and being modified by—the blacks had little control over their own lives and environment. Add to this the fact that they were assembled from many tribes and many places, that their customs, habits, languages, and types of music were diverse, and you will realize how remarkable it is that they have developed such an identifiable body of song.

Unlike whites, the blacks did not arrive on these shores with a uniform type of song. Whatever uniformity we find on a national scale today was developed here, in America. Unfortunately, we do not know to any great extent what black people actually think of their folk music. Very blacks entered the field of folklore. With one or two exceptions, all the major collections were compiled by white people. I have sometimes wondered what a black person would have collected for publication. Perhaps the same songs, perhaps not—we will never know. I am certain, however, that the editorial comments would have been quite different from those in the white collections. It is very easy to see that the black people the white people talk about in their theoretical discussions has little to do with the blacks who walk, eat, wear

shirts, go to work, listen to the radio and watch television.

There are a great variety of Negro folk songs. We have the blues, the field hollers, the spirituals, the work songs, and the entertainment pieces that come in various forms and styles. There are obvious similarities between white gospel hymns and black spirituals, and such similarities cannot (and should not) be ignored. For it is preposterous to assume that blacks, or any other group, could live in an environment rich in song and not be influenced by it. This probably explains the traces of white gospel songs in black spirituals, which make-up the largest number of Negro folk songs. But this means only that musically sensitive slaves made many obvious, conscious attempts to reproduce the songs they heard around them. Yet the black spirituals are quite different from the gospel songs of the whites; and this difference is probably of African origin. We certainly know that the "call and response chant" retained in many Negro songs is of African origin. Another type of Negro song with an Afro-American character is the "blues"—and there is no evidence to show that it was copied from any other kind of music. (For additional comments on this song-form, see the article: THE BLUES elsewhere in this Master Book.)

The "blues" differ radically from the spirituals, for they are solo and individual whereas the spirituals are choral and communal. Spirituals were created in church; blues arose from everyday life. The latter are intensely worldly, the former are intensely religious. Spirituals were performed without instrumental accompaniment, something unthinkable when we look at the blues. From the standpoint of

from, melodic variety and emotional expressiveness, the spiritual is the most highly developed of the Negro folk songs. (For additional comments about spirituals, see the article: RELIGIOUS SONGS elsewhere in this Master Book).

The work songs of the Negro form a clear reflection of life during Reconstruction days. These work songs portray vividly the conditions under which blacks found themselves living and working. And, like sailors, black laborers usually sang while working. (For additional comment, see the article: OCCUPATIONAL AND WORK SONGS elsewhere in this Master Book).

Black Americans also had their share of "social" songs—the songs used for dancing and which were generally sung by musicians. Unlike spirituals and work songs, the social songs were primarily instrumental. All Negro songs had one thing in common: improvisation. Not only did improvisation play an important part in all Negro folk songs, it was also an art developed very highly by successful black performers. If we listen carefully to authentic performances of these social songs, or to the folk blues, we learn that, while the singer and accompanist are in perfect accord, each succeeding verse of the song is a variation of the music of the first—an employment of different idioms. The larger the supply, the more complex the idioms, the more interesting is the performance. These idioms are both vocal and instrumental.

The social songs, which can be almost anything, can hardly be considered as rich and distinctive in melodic content as are the spirituals and the blues. On the other hand, the improvised accompaniment may show harmonic feeling superior to that of the

spirituals and a development in rhythmic figures comparable only to that revealed in the blues. But all types of Negro folk song are represented in this Master Book, though each type is merely a percentage of the total.

No. 1228

NEW RIVER SHORE

also known as

By the Red River Shore	I Can Love Sally
Farewell to Girls	The Low River Shore
The Greenbrier Shore	On the Red River Shore
The Green Brier Shore	The Red River Shore

This song originated in England. Given below are two Americanized versions, with the second (B) being a cowboy adaptation of the first (A). Both versions were recovered from traditional sources.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 286-287; IV, 158	Lomax (CS-1938), 181-183
Bulletin (TFS), VI, 158	Lomax (FSNA), 398-399
Carmer (SRA), 175-176	Mackenzie, 137-138
Compleat, 105	Mackenzie (QB), 161-162
Dobie (BSFF), 158-159	Moore (API), 180-181
Fife, 160-161	Owens (TFS), 56-57
Hubbard, 176-177	Patterson (SRR), 36-37
Lomax (ABFS), 412	Sharp, II, 188
	Shearin (SKFS), 27

New River Shore (version A)

O I'm a happy lover, and I can love strong;
I can love an old sweetheart till another
comes along.

I hug them and kiss them and I set them at
ease,

Then I'll turn my back on them and love whom
I please.

In old North Carolina, where I lived long ago,
I met a fair damsel and she set my heart aglow;
I loved her more dearly than any girl before,
Together we strolled along the New River
Shore.

It grieved my heart to leave her, and it
always will;

She told me that she loved me and I know
she loves me still.

But her dear old father he barred me from
their door,

And robbed me of my pleasure on New River
Shore.

I lifted up my broadsword and it glittered
all 'round;

And soon there was seven all stretched out
on the ground.

Some bleeding, some dying, all wounded full
sore,

All to regain my true love on New River
Shore.

O how hard is the fortune of all womankind,
They're always controlled and forever con-
fined;

Controlled by their parents until they are
wives,

And then slaves to their husbands the rest
of their lives.

Version B
(Red River Shore)

At the foot of yon mountain where often lay snow,
The greatest creation, where soft wind doth blow,
There lived a fair maiden, she's the one I adore;
She's the woman I'll marry on the Red River
Shore.

I said, "Pretty fair miss, can you fancy me?
I don't have a fortune." "Nor do I," said she.
"You're tall and you're handsome and it's you
I adore,
And it's you I will marry on the Red River
Shore."

But the moment her father he happened to hear,
He swore he would part me from my darling
dear;
I jumped on my bronco and away I did ride,
And I left my poor darling on the Red River
side.

She wrote me a letter, a letter so kind,
She wrote it to tell me "I'm losing my mind!
Come back to me, darling, you're the one I
adore—
You're the one I will marry on the Red River
Shore."

So I saddled my bronco and away I did ride,
To marry my true lover on Red River side;

Her father learned of it and with seven
or more,
He rode out to stop me on the Red River
Shore.

I pulled my six-shooter, spun around and
around,
Till six men were wounded and seven were
down.
Not even an army kept me from her door,
And I'll marry my darling on the Red River
Shore.

No. 1229

NEW RIVER TRAIN

also known as

Darlin'	Leaving on the New
Darling, You Can't Love	River Train
But One	That New River Train
I'm Leaving on That New	You Can't Love But One
River Train	You Can't Love Two

I learned this song from my father, when I was only
nine years old. All the "country" performers I ever
met were familiar with the song and most of them
sang it.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 137; V, 74	Lomax (PB), 54
Davis (FSV), 249	Roberts (IP), 241-242
Leisy, 239	Seeger (6), 74
Lomax (ABFS), 158-159	Silverman, II, 148

New River Train

Darlin', remember what you said.
O darlin', remember what you said.
O remember what you said,
You would rather see me dead
Than leavin' on that New River Train.

Chorus

Leavin' on that New River Train,
I'm leavin' on that New River Train;
You have caused me so much pain
That my tears fall down like rain,
And I'm leavin' on that New River Train.

Darlin', you know you can't love two!
O darlin', you know you can't love two!
O you know you can't love two
And still have a love that's true.
O darlin', you can't love two!

Darlin', just look at what you've done!
O darlin', just look at what you've done!
You've been havin' lots of fun
Foolin' 'round with more than one!
O darlin', just look at what you've done!

No. 1230

THE NIGHTINGALE I

also known as

As I Was Walking	The Nightingale Sings
The Banks of Champlain	One Morning in May
The Banks of Low Lee	One Morning, One Morning
The Bold Grenadier	in May
The Brave Volunteer	See the Waters A-gliding
I Was Out Walking	The Soldier and His Lady

Soldier's Rare Musik and
Maid's Recreation.
The Troubled Soldier

The Water's Gliding
The Wild Rippling
Water

The double-entendre theme of this song is an ancient one in folklore and poetry. In balladry the theme has been in use since the 17th century. The tune is extremely melodic and invariably popular wherever it is found. Of English origin, the song has been widely known in America since the Civil War. Some editors have designated it as a Confederate piece, but others identify it as a Union song. In many areas it is known only as a dance and fiddle tune.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (SW), No. 15 | Jour (FSS), VIII, 194 |
| Belden (BS), 239-244 | Joyce (OIFMS), No. 78 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 125 | Karpeles, 232-233 |
| Brown, III, 24; V, 11-15 | Karpeles (EFS), I, 645 |
| Bulletin (TFS), V, 34-35 | Kennedy, 414-415 |
| Cambiaire, 92 | Laws, P 14, 255 |
| Cazden, II, 92-93 | Leach (BB), 744-745 |
| Cazden (MD), 92-93 | Lomax (CS-1938), 183-184 |
| Combs (FSKH), 20-21 | Lomax (FSNA), 382-383 |
| Cox (TBFS), 94 | MacColl & Seeger, 170 |
| Cox (TBWV), 78-82 | Moore (BFSS), 211-212 |
| Dobie (MBS), 167 | Morris, 360-361 |
| Ebsworth (RB), IX, 170 | Niles (SHF), 22-23 |
| Eddy, 230-231 | Owens (TFS), 60-61 |
| Fife, 6-7 | Peacock, II, 594-595 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 164-165 | Quarterly (SFL), VIII,
171-172 |
| Gainer, 122-123 | Randolph, I, 266-269 |
| Harbison, 154-155 | Reeves, 85-86 |
| Henry (FSSH), 200 | Ritchie (FS), 46-47 |
| Jour (AFL), VI, 5-6 | |

Sandburg (AS), 136-138
Scarborough (SC), 310-311,
438-439
Sedley, 16-17

Sharp, II, 192-194
Thomas (DD), 112-113
Wells, 222
Wyman (LT), 68-71

The Nightingale I

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
I spied a young couple a wending their way;
One was a lady, a lady so fair,
The other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

"Oh, where are you going?" said the lady so
fair;

"Where are you going, my brave volunteer?"
I'm goin' yonder, to Lattimore Spring,
To see the waters glide and hear the
Nightingale sing.

Now they had not been there but an hour or two,
When from his knapsack a fiddle he drew.
He played a tune that made the hills ring.
The lady cried, "Hark! I hear the Nightingale
sing!"

"Oh, sir," said the lady, "will you marry me?"
"Oh, no," said the soldier, "that never can be.
I've got a wife and we've children twice three.
Two wives in the army are too many for me!"

Now all you young maids take warning from me,
Don't waste your affections on a soldier too
free;

He may leave you by some mountain spring,
To see the waters glide and hear the Nightingale
sing.

No. 1231THE NIGHTINGALE II

also known as

Lost in the Nightingale

This is a song about a ship, not a bird, and it originated in England, possibly dating from the late 18th century. I've seen no copies or references that date earlier than the first quarter of the 19th century. But the possibility of the song's origin in the 18th century is determined by the fact that the text tells of a time when "press gangs" and songs about them were quite common. These "press gang" songs, as Kidson tells us in Sailor Songs, Jour (FSS), I, 41: "In nearly every case, the story is to the effect that a farmer's son in love with a squire's daughter is, by the father's contrivance, pressed for sea..."

REFERENCES

Barrett, 47	Korson (PSL), 49
Doerflinger, 304	Marsh (NB), 107
Kidson (FSNC), 40	Songster (57), 122
Kidson (TT), 61	Songster (126), 107

The Nightingale II

Come hear the truth that I declare
About a maid in deep dispair,
With a loving heart that nearly failed
When her love sailed in the Nightingale.

My parents were of high degree,
My true love not so rich as me,
So the press gang came and did not fail
To press my love in the Nightingale.

As I that night so quietly lay,
 A form appeared and these words did say:
 "Tell your parents it's time to quail;
 Your love is lost in the Nightingale."

I then awoke in awful fright,
 And saw the time was twelve at night;
 And I saw his ghost so cold and pale,
 Just as he'd drowned in the Nightingale.

These words he spoke with heavy sighs:
 "In deep water my body lies,
 To become the prey of shark or whale
 With my shipmates of the Nightingale."

No. 1232

NINE HUNDRED MILES

also known as

I Hate to Hear that Lone-	I'm Nine Hundred Miles
some Whistle Blow	from My Home

One of the rash of railroad songs that appeared following the expansion of railways in America, which took place after the Civil War. According to Botkin, this song is related to the old mountain banjo tune Old Reuben's Train (elsewhere in MB). The more popular version extant today is one adapted and arranged by John and Alan Lomax and Woody Guthrie. The version below is one I learned as a boy in North Carolina. See and compare: Odum (NWS), 66.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 27	Lomax (USA), 254-255
Botkin (RFL), 464-465	Okun, 190-191
Brown, III, 264-265	Roberts (IP), 220-221
Edwards (CHSB), 113	Silber (HSB), 29
Leisy, 240-241	Silverman, II, 365

Nine Hundred Miles

I'm on this lonesome train with tears in my eyes,
Tryin' once again to reach my home;
If it turns out alright, I'll be there tomorrow
night,

Lord, I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
Lord! I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

This ol' train I'm ridin' on is fifteen coaches
long,

Rollin' down the track to take me home;
Most mournful of all is that lonesome whistle
call,

For I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
Lord! I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

No. 1233

NINETY-NINE BLUE BOTTLES

also known as

Forty-nine Bottles

Forty-nine 'Possums

Age of this social song is uncertain, but if a Randolph contributor is correct it dates back to the 1860s or early 1870s. A version in The Most Popular College Songs, 1906, informs us that it was popular among college students at the turn of the century. It is supposed that the "blue bottles" in the text are "blue bottle" flies.

REFERENCES

Armitage, I, 70

Shay (PF-1), 41

Brown, III, 226

Shay (PF-3), 17

Chamberlain, 129

Songs (15), 85

Most (PCS), 37

Wier (SWWS), 158

Randolph, III, 210

Ninety-Nine Blue Bottles

Ninety-nine blue bottles a-hanging on the wall.
Take one blue bottle away from them all,
Leaves ninety-eight blue bottles a-hanging on
the wall.

Ninety-eight blue bottles a-hanging on the wall.
Take one blue bottle away from them all,
Leaves ninety-seven blue bottles a-hanging on
the wall.

Ninety-seven blue bottles, etc.
Ninety-six blue bottles, etc.
Ninety-five blue bottles, etc. *

*And so on, and on, until there are no blue bottles
"a-hanging on the wall," or until the singer is out
of breath or patience.

No. 1234

NIPPIN' ROUND
also known as
Sacramento Gals

This is a California "gold rush" era parody on the
eastern stage song, Bobbin' Around (see elsewhere
in MB). The text of the parody was written by J.
A. Stone (Old Put), who published it in Put's
Golden Songster, San Francisco, 1858.

Nippin' Round Tune: Bobbin' Around

They're pretty girls, I must confess,
Nippin' round, around, around;
And Lordy-mercy, how they dress
As they go nippin' round.

Upon the street they can be found, etc.
Their bustles lift them off the ground, etc.

There's many a gal from Arkansaw, etc.
Who well remembers hollering "haw", etc.

Their faces covered with paint and chalk, etc.
Their hoops take up the whole sidewalk, etc.

They're here and there, like Santa Ana, etc.
As fresh and mellow as a ripe banana, etc.

But of all the gals I ever see, etc.
It's Sacramento gals for me, etc.

No. 1235

NOAH AND THE WINE

A drinking song, and one that predates the Revolution; it comes down to us from the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, now New York City, and was translated into English for the Holland Society of New York by Miss Maude Fortescue. Both text and tune, as given here, were taken from the Holland Society's Year Book, 1890-1891, p. 97.

Noah and the Wine

When Noah bid the ark farewell,
And pensive sat to think a spell,
An unknown figure met his eyes—
Perchance a herald from the skies—
Who said, "Since you have done your best,
The Gods will grant you one request."
Who said, "Since you have done your best,
The Gods will grant you one request."

"My dearest, Sir," good Noah said,
"The water here affects my head,
Because the sinners, great or small,
Were in it drowned, both one and all;
And so my wish will be, I think,
To have some other—better drink."

His wish was granted in a trice;
The wine was sent from paradise,
With lessons how to make it grow,
And counsel good for him to know.
And Noah, filled with grateful mirth,
Bowed down, delighted, to the earth.

Against this you can nothing say,
He took his wine in pious way;
Like upright Dutchmen later born,
To the honor of Heaven he drained
his horn.

And after the deluge, it appears,
He lived three hundred and fifty years.

So each of you can plainly see
That wine is good for you and me,
And also that a righteous man
Ne'er mixes water in his can,
Because the sinners, great and small,
Therein were drowned, both one and all.

No. 1236

NOAH'S ARK I
also known as

One More Ribber for to Cross
One More River to Cross

There's One More
River to Cross

This is a 19th century "revival" song. There are many
different versions in circulation, both in printed

form and on phonograph records.

This song is not related to the campground spiritual, One More River to Cross, or Victoria, which is in Jackson (SFS), 226.

REFERENCES

Best, 155	Oberndorfer, 125
Brown, III, 530	Randolph, II, 379-382
Chamberlain, 123	Scarborough (NFS), 181
Lewis, 95	Wehman (GOTS), III, 31
Loesser, 120-121	White, 141-143
Luther, 257	Winn (2), 42-43
Most (PCS), 39	

Noah's Ark I

Old Noah built himself an ark,
There's one more river to cross!
He built that ark of hick'ry bark,
There's one more river to cross!

Chorus

One more river to cross! One more river to cross!
Way over yonder in Jordan, there's one more river
to cross!

The animals went in two by two, etc.
The elephant and the kangaroo, etc.

When Noah found he had no sail, etc.
He up and used his old coat tail, etc.

While Noah talked of this and that, etc.
The ark got stuck on Ararat, etc.

Old Noah had himself a spree, etc.
He banish Ham to Afrikee, etc.

Another verse may come your way, etc.
But I've said all I have to say, etc.

No. 1237

NOAH'S ARK II

also known as

Noah Built the Ark

Old Uncle Noah

In this particular form of the Biblical story of Noah and the flood, we have an obvious intent to parody the form of the foregoing song and Noah's Ark III. The text was set to the secular tune, When Johnny Comes Marching Home (see in MB). Song was popular among and probably kept alive by college students. There are several variations in print that were collected from traditional sources, and some of them are related through subject matter only. Examples: Brown, III, 601-606 has a Noah's Ark aka Gideon's Band, which begins:

Do you belong to Gideon's Band?
Do you belong to Gideon's Band?
Here's my heart and here's my hand,—
Do you belong to Gideon's Band?

Old Noah did build an ark,
Old Noah did build an ark,
Out of hickory sticks and poplar
bark.

Both Scarborough (NFS), 22-223 and Seeger (1), 128-129 print versions of a "hammer song", Norah, which begins:

Norah was a hundred and twenty years
buildin' the ark of God,
And ev'ry time his hammer ring,
Norah cried, "Amen!"

Well, who build de ark? Norah build it.
Who build de ark? Norah build it.
Who build de ark? Norah build it,
Cut his timber down.

Other versions of the same piece are in Creighton (FSNB), 164-165 and White, 99-100. For yet another hymn, Noah Built the Ark, see: Thomas (BMMK), 212. Sharp, II, 216 gives a one stanza piece, No-e in the Ark, but gives no information concerning it in his notes. For yet another approach to the same theme, see Niles (SMM), 137.

REFERENCES

Eddy, 191

Oberndorfer, 105

Hubbard, 339-340

White, 100

Noah's Ark II Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Old man Noah he built an ark,
Hurrah, hurrah!
He built it like a patriarch,
Hurrah, hurrah!
With pitch he made it dry and dark,
And covered it over with hick'ry bark,
And they all felt better that day
When Noah came marching in.

When Noah began the ark to cram,
Hurrah, hurrah!
With help from Japthez, Shem and Ham,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The animals walked in two by two,
The horse, the cow, and the kangaroo,
And they all felt jolly and gay
When Noah came marching in.

In came dogs and cats, wolves and bats,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Mosquitoes, and beetles, and mice and rats,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The hipopotamus and the flea,
The elephant and the bumblebee,
And they all were happy and gay
When Noah came marching in.

Well, all these animals had a wife,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And they led Noah a terrible life,
Hurrah, hurrah!
One day he said, with the crack of his
 whip,
If you don't behave I'll scuttle the ship,
And they all felt sadder that day
When Noah came marching in.

No. 1238

NOAH'S ARK III

also known as

Ol' Ark's A-Moverin' Old Ark's A-Moverin' an' I'm
 Along goin' Home
 The Ole Ark

This form of the Biblical story is probably wider known today than the previous songs, Noah's Ark I & II. This one, too, has spawned several adaptations, including Keep the Ark A-Movin' in Korson (PSL), 61, which begins:

Now, fathers, if you're willing,
We'll keep the ark a-moving,
And we'll pass over Jurdan by and by.
Soldiers in WWI sang a parody that is given in

Niles (SS), 80-81, which begins:

Sol' my mammy down at New Orleans,
Now we got to cook our own ham and
greens.

Oh, de ole ark's a-moverin', a-moverin',
a-moverin', etc.

The spiritual given below is available in countless
song folios, phonograph recordings and takes.

REFERENCES

Benziger, 94	Odum (NHS), 129
Best, 151	Scarborough (NFS), 28
Dett, 58	Silverman, II, 83
Johnson (SBNS), 25	Thomas (BMMK), 213
Leisy (SPS), 203	Whitman, 199
Lomax (FSNA), 475	Work (ANSS), 175
Oberndorfer, 29	Work (FSAN), 73

Noah's Ark III

How long a time did the water fall?
Forty days and nights, that's all!
Old ark she reel, old ark she rock,
And then she landed on a mountain top.

Chorus

The old ark's a-moverin', a-moverin', a-moverin',
The old ark's a-moverin' by the spirit of God!
The old ark's a-moverin', a-moverin', a-moverin',
The old ark's a-moverin', and praise the Lord.

Old Noah's sons, on the deck one day,
Stood and talked and lost their way;
For as they spoke of this and that,
The ark got stuck on Ararat!

No. 1239

NOBODY CARES ABOUT ME

also known as

Free Little Bird

I Wish I Was a Little

I'm As Free a Little Bird

Bird

As I Can Be

Nobody Cares for Me

Songs of the "I wish I were a bird" variety are quite numerous in folklore. Sometimes it is difficult to determine whether or not they are related. There are many version extant of this particular song, and no one is in the position to state with any certainty which came first. Therefore, it should be stated here that the works referred to below contain differing variants and versions, and that some of them have only the theme in common. It should be noted also that the airs to which the various texts are set bear little resemblance to one another.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), No. 92

Jour (FSS), I, 25

Belden (BS), 489

Randolph, IV, 188

Christie, I, 223

Sandburg (AS), 338

Fuson, 110

Seeger (3), 120

Jour (AFL), XXII, 240

Nobody Cares About Me

Oh, I wish I were a little bird,
I would fly to the top of a tree
And sing my sad and sorrowful song:
Nobody cares about me.

I wish I was a little fish,
I would swim all around in the sea
And sing my sad and sorrowful song:
Nobody cares about me.

But since I am a little girl (boy),
 And a woman (man) soon I'll be,
 I'll sit alone and sing my song:
 Nobody cares about me.

No. 1240

NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS

also known as

Nobody Knows the Trouble	Nobody Knows the Trouble
I See	I've seen
Nobody Knows the Trouble	Oh, Nobody Knows the
I've Had	Trouble I See

This is a campground "revival" song that was adapted by slaves in the South. Two versions are given below, and A appears to be older than B. I say appears because the only evidence is in the fact that A was printed first. References are given for both versions.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 55, 102	Krehbiel, 96
Arnett, 110	Leisy, 242
Best, 153	Lloyd, 137
Brewer, 164	Lomax (PB), 80
Brown, III, 655	Mackenzie (SH), 106
Chambers (TNS), 65	Marsh (SJS), 125
Gainer, 211	Pike, 165, 207
Jackson (WNS), 159	Silverman, II, 102
Johnson (BANS), 140	Whitman, 76
Johnson (SBNS), 34	Work (FSAN), 50, 57
Jubilee (PS), 9	

Nobody Knows But Jesus (Version A)

Brothers, will you pray for me? (3)
And help me to drive old Satan away?

Chorus

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows but Jesus.

Sisters, will you pray for me? (3)
And help me to drive old Satan Away?

Sinners, I will pray for you (3)
And help you to drive old Satan away.

Jesus, will you pity me? (3)
And help me to drive my troubles away?

Version B

For other versions of this form, see: Agay (1), 54;
Agay (2), 179; Dett, 232; Greenway, 97; Ives (SA),
292; Jubilee (PS), 22; Krehbiel, 75; Leisy (IAS),
141; Leisy (SPS), 205; Luther, 220; Oberndorfer, 25;
Wier (YAM), III, 76.

Some times I'm up, some times I'm down, Oh, yes,
Lord!

Some times I'm almost to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord!

Chorus

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, nobody knows but
Jesus!

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, Glory Hallelujah!

Although I smile where e'er I go, Oh, yes, Lord!
I've had my troubles here below, Oh, yes, Lord!

I never will forget that day, Oh, yes, Lord!
When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh, yes, Lord!

No. 1241

NO DYING THERE

also known as

I'm So Glad

Mid-19th century spiritual, and one of those featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Similar spiritual, I'm So Glad, is in Jubilee (PS), 18 and Work (ANSS), 142. The version below is also in Marsh (SJS), 155 and Pike, 195, 237.

No Dying There

I'll tell you how I found the Lord,
No dying there!
With a hung down head and aching heart,
No dying there!

Chorus

I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad there's no dying there!

I hope I'll meet my mother there,
No dying there!
She used to join me in prayer,
No dying there!

I hope I'll meet my father there, etc.

I hope I'll meet my brother there, etc.

I hope I'll meet my sister there, etc.

I know I'll meet my Saviour there, etc.

No. 1242NO HIDING PLACE I

also known as

Dere's No Hidin' Place	Sinners Will Call For the
No Hiding Place Down	Rocks and the Mountains
There	There's No Hiding Place Down
Rocks and Mountain	There
Sinner Man	Where Shall I Be?

The "sinner man" with "no hiding place" is a staple theme in religious songs, and especially in the spiritual types. This particular spiritual comes down to us in several versions. For an amusing adaptation, or parody, given in this Master Book, see: No Hiding Place II. Also see and compare the slave spiritual, No Hiding Place in Parrish, 151.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 655-656; V, 381-383	Roberts (SBS), 140-141 Silber (HSB), 47
Jackson (ASWS), 13	Silverman, II, 109
Johnson (BANS), 74-75	White, 121-122
Parrish, I, 143, 151	Whitman, 143
	Work (ANSS), 149

No Hiding Place I

Went to the rocks for to hide my face,
Rocks cried out, "No hiding place!
There's no hiding place down here!
There's no hiding place down here!

Sinner-man sits on the gates of hell,
Gates flew open and in he fell!
There's no hiding place down there! (2)

Boatman, boatman, row on one side;
Can't get to heaven against the tide.
There's no hiding place down here! (2)

Sinner-man, sinner-man, better repent!
God's gonna call you to his judgment!
There's no hiding place up there! (2)

No. 1243

NO HIDING PLACE II

also known as

Sinner Man

Sister Emmy Lou

Sister Lucy

This is obviously a secular parody of No Hiding Place I,
which is just about all I know about it. Except, of course,
that it seemed to have been popular among college students.
See: Best, 150.

No Hiding Place II

Sister Emmy Lou wears a low-necked dress,
Low-necked dress,
Sister Emmy Lou wears a low-necked dress,
Low-necked dress,
Sister Emmy Lou wears a low-necked dress—
And much too low I must confess!
There's no hiding place down there!

Chorus

No hiding place down there! Hallelujah, brothers!
No hiding place down there! Praise the Lord!
Oh, I went to the rocks to hide my face,
The rocks cried out "No hiding place!
There's no hiding place down there."

Sister Julie Ann has a wooden leg, wooden leg (2)
Sister Julie Ann has a wooden leg,
She hangs her garter on a peg,
There's no hiding place down there!

Sister Jennifer's teeth are made of zinc, made of zinc, (2)
Sister Jennifer's teeth are made of zinc,
She cleans them in the kitchen sink,
There's no hiding place down there!

No. 1244

NO IRISH NEED APPLY

This is a social hatred song that, like others of its type, expressed the attitude of the times. The version here is from Greenway, 41.

No Irish Need Apply

I'm a decent boy just landed
From the town of Ballyfad;
I want a situation, yes,
And I want it very bad,
I have seen employment advertised,
"It's just the thing," says I,
But the dirty spalpeen ended
With "No Irish Need Apply."

"Whoa," says I, "that's an insult,
But to get the place I'll try,"
So I went to see the blackguard
With his "No Irish Need Apply."
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan,

But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

I started out to find the house,
I got it mighty soon;
There I found the old chap seated,
He was reading the Tribune.
I told him what I came for,
And in a rage he did fly;
"No," he says, "You are a Paddy,
And no Irish need apply."

Then I gets my dander rising
And I'd like to black his yee,
To tell an Irish gentleman
"No Irish need apply."
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

I couldn't stand it longer
So a hold of him I took,
And gave him such a welting
As he'd get at Donnybrook.
He hollered, "Milia murther,"
And to get away did try,
And swore he'd never write again
"No Irish need apply."

Well, he made a big apology,
I told him then goodbye,
Saying, "When next you want a beating,
Write "No Irish need apply."
Some do count it a misfortune,
To be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

No. 1245

NO MAN CAN HINDER HIM

also known as

No Man Can Hinder Me

Ride On. King Jesus

This mid-19th century spiritual is still being performed by professional entertainers. There are similar spirituals in circulation, and some may be related through text or tune or both, but this one is the most popular. For similar songs, see: He is King of Kings in Work (FSAN), 68; Ride On, Conquering King in Parrish, 182; and Ride On, Jesus in Dett, 148. Two versions (A & B) are given below.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 11, 40

Marsh (SJS), 168

Arnold, 184-185

Pike, 208, 250

Chambers (TNS), 111-115

Work (ANSS), 49

No Man Can Hinder Him (Version A)

King Jesus rides on a milk-white horse,
No man can hinder him!
The River of Jordan he did cross,
No man can hinder him!

Chorus

Ride on, King Jesus! No man can hinder him!
Ride on, King Jesus! No man can hinder him!

Now if you hope for a home with God, etc.
That Gospel Highway it must be trod, etc.

They nailed my Lord Jesus on a tree, etc.
He cleansed my soul and set me free, etc.

VERSION B

I was but young when I begun,
No man can hinder me!
But now my race is almost run,
No man can hinder me!

Chorus

Ride on, King Jesus, no man can hinder me!
Ride on, King Jesus, no man can hinder me!

I walk the straight and narrow way, etc.
I'll face my Lord on Judgment Day, etc.

King Jesus rides on a milk-white hoss, etc.
The river of Jordan he did cross, etc.

No. 1246

NO MORE ARMY

also known as

I Don't Want No More Army

This is a cleaned-up version of a soldier song from World War I. For a similar piece sung by black soldiers, see I Don't Want Any More France in Niles (SS), 69-71.

For versions of the song below, see Dolph, 10-11 and Loesser, 174.

No More Army

The officers live on top of the hill,
We live down in the slop and swill—
I don't want no more army!
Lordy, how I want to go home!

We've got a kitchen on four wheels,
Just a-warming beans for our meals—
I don't want no more army, etc.

I've learned a lot, more or less,
And I know why they call it "mess"—
I don't want no more army, etc.

We work for the lieutenant, and then,
The captain makes us do it over again—
I don't want no more army, etc.

The officers they don't work a bit;
I wonder how they get away with it?
I don't want no more army, etc.

No. 1247

NO MORE CANE ON THE BRAZOS

also known as

Ain' No Mo' Cane on dis Brazis

According to Lomax, this song is from Texas and probably originated among Negro prisoners. Other than this, I know nothing about the song.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 144

Edwards (CHSB), 197

Lomax (ABFS), 58-59

Lomax (USA), 320-321

Scott (BA), 305-306

Silverman, II, 337

No More Cane On the Brazos

There ain't no more cane on the Brazos,
O lawdy! O, lawdy! O, lawd!
They done used it all for molasses,
O, my lawd! O, lawd!

It's rise up at daybreak and toil all day, etc.
I done told the cap'n I jus' can't stay, etc.

"Well, roll on! Keep on rolling," the man
done said, etc.

"You may go free or you may drop dead, etc.

No. 1248

NONE CAN LOVE LIKE AN IRISHMAN

This song was first published early in the 19th century. A version appeared in print as early as 1826 at London, in The Universal Songster. It must have arrived in the United States shortly thereafter, because Dennis Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln's, when answering questions concerning Lincoln's musical tastes in the 1820s, made mention of this song and identified it by quoting the first line.

REFERENCES

Kennedy (TAB), 71 Lair (SLL), 19-20 Silverman, I, 92

None Can Love Like An Irishman

The turban'd Turk who scorns the world
May strut about with his whiskers curled,
Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,
For nobody else but himself to see;
Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran
Before he can love like an Irishman.

The gay Monsieur, a slave no more,
The solemn Don and the soft Signor,
And the Dutch Mynheer who's so full of pride,
The Russian, the Prussian, the Swede beside,

They may do their loving the best they can,
But they'll never love like an Irishman!

The Englishman may brag awhile,
How he makes love in a proper style,
But if he would ask in a way discreet
Most any young lady that he should meet,
I know she would tell him, as best she can,
That no man can love like an Irishman!

No. 1249

NORTH AMERIKAY I

also known as

The Sons of Liberty

This is an Irish song, and it deals with the conscription of unwilling Irishmen, who were drafted into the British armed forces and sent to fight against "The Sons of Liberty" in North America.

Several songs share the Sons of Liberty line and title, including The Liberty Song I, II, III & IV in this Master Book. The "North Amerikay, or Amerikee" line and title are also found in other songs, including American Taxation in this Master Book.

Also see and compare: Wild Americay in Cazden, 44-45 and Rich Amerikay in Greenleaf, 195.

For other versions of this song, see Sharp, II, 224-225 and Silber (SI), 147-148.

North Amerikay I

O fare you well, sweet Ireland, whom I shall see no more,
My heart is almost breaking to leave this native shore.
The king he has commanded that we shall sail away,
To fight the boys of liberty in North Amerikay.

The fifteenth day of June, boys, just at the break of
day,
We hoisted British colors and anchored in New York Bay.
Our sails were wet and soggy, we spread them out to dry;
The Irish heroes landing, but the Lord knows who must die.

The French, the Dutch, the Spanish behaved so cruelly;
They treated Irish heroes with such barbarity.
They sent on their grapeshot, to blow us all away,
With the sword in hand they no quarters gave in North
Amerikay.

Thro' fields of blood we waded where cannons loudly roar,
And many gallant soldiers lay bleeding in their gore.
O gallant the commanders that on the field did lay,
That were both killed and wounded there in North Amerikay.

Now to conclude my ditty, and bring it to an end,
I drink to Gen'ral Washington and all of his brave men;
God prosper and protect them on land and on the sea,
And here's to boys who feared no noise, the Sons of
Liberty.

No. 1250

NORTH AMERIKAY II

also known as

The Gown of Green

This, like the preceding song, is about British soldiers sent to fight in North America. The ballad could date from the latter part of the 18th or the first part of the 19th century. Kidson referred to it as a broadside and said it was "also in a very scarce song book...entitled, The Vocal Library, dated 1818." I'll take his word for it, but haven't seen the song book.
See Kidson (TT), 61-63.

North Amerikay II

As my love and I were out walking to view the meadows
around,

A gathering of sweet flowers as they spring from the
ground;

She turned her head, and smiling, said, "Somebody here
is mean,

Or else some charming shepherdess has won the Gown of
green."

Oh, fare you well, sweet Polly, for we may meet never
more;

And how I dread the leaving of this my native shore!
The King he has commanded, and I must sail away,
To fight the Sons of Liberty in North Amerikay.

Oh, Polly, love! Oh, Polly, love! I'll write to you,
my dear;

And when you read my letters you'll shed many a tear.
To know such pain and sorrow will grieve your heart
full sore;

For we were doomed to lose the fight on Freedom's burn-
ing shore.

Thro' fields of blood we ranged, love, as shot and shell
did roar,

And many valiant sailors upon the deck did lay—
We were both killed and wounded, love, in North Amerikay.

T'would grieve your heart with pity to hear the sailors'
wives

Lamenting for their husbands who went and lost their
lives.

The children cried out, "Momma, we'll make them rue the
day

They came and took our father to North Amerikay!"

No. 1251

NOW WE TAKE THIS FEEBLE BODY

An early 19th century spiritual known as a "funeral hymn." It was sung in the slave states, usually while bearing the body and lowering it into the grave. It was popularized by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Jubilee (PS), 38 Marsh (SJS), 219 Work (FSAN), 59

Now We Take This Feeble Body

Now we take this feeble body,
And we carry it to the grave,
And we will leave it there, hallelujah!
And a hallelujah! And a hallelujah!
And we will leave it there, hallelujah!
And a hallelujah! And a hallelujah!
And we will leave it there, hallelujah!

Now we take this dear old father,
And we carry him to the grave,
And we will leave him there, hallelujah!
And a hallelujah!, etc.

Now we lift our mournful voices,
And we gather around the grave,
And we weep as we sing, hallelujah!
And a hallelujah!, etc.

No. 1252

NUT BROWN MAIDEN

An old English song with a splendid melody, which probably accounts for its popularity among college students and

barbershop quartettes.

This is not related to the Nut Brown Maid, another English song, which may be seen in: John Edmunds' A Williamsburg Songbook (Williamsburg, Va., 1964), 107-108 and Quiller-Couch, 295-307.

REFERENCES

Best, 70-71
Chamberlain, 241
Chapple (HS), 30

Most (PCS), 7
Oberndorfer, 124
Songs (15), 43

Nut Brown Maiden

Nut brown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye for love,
Nut brown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye;
A bright blue eye is thine, love, the glance in it is
mine, love,

Nut brown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye for love,
Nut brown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye.

Nut brown maiden, thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,
Nut brown maiden, thou hast a ruby lip;
A ruby lip is thine, love, the kissing of it's mine, love,
Nut brown maiden, etc.

Nut brown maiden, thou hast a slender waist to clasp,
Nut brown maiden, thou hast a slender waist;
A slender waist is thine, love, the arm around it's
mine, love,

Nut brown maiden, etc.

Nut brown maiden, thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth,
Nut brown maiden, thou hast such pearly teeth;
The pearly teeth are false, love! they rattle when you
waltz, love!

Nut brown maiden, etc.

No. 1253

THE OAK AND THE ASH

also known as

I Would I Were In My	Northern Lasses Lamentation
Own Country	O the Oak and the Ash, and the
The North Country Lass	Bonny Ivy Tree
North Country Maid	Quodling's Delight
	The Unhappy Maid's Misfortune

We know that the tune of this song goes back to the beginning of the 17th century, because it is in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book (circa 1608-1616). The same tune is in The Dancing Master (1650-1701) under GODESSES and in Roxburghe Ballads, II, 367 as I WOULD I WERE IN MY OWN COUNTRY.

Despite its traditional value and popularity, however, it does not appear in any of the recognized folk song collections.

REFERENCES

Bantock, 44-45	Cole, 34-35
Broadwood (ECS), 18	Evans, I, 115
Chappell (OEPM), I, 276-277	Johnson (FS), 80-82
Chappell (PMOT), II, 456-458	Pepys, I, 266
	Stokoe, 14-15

The Oak and the Ash

A north country maid up to London had strayed,
Although with her nature it did not agree,
Which made her repent, and so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North for to be.

Chorus

O the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

O fain would I be in my own north country,
 Where lads and the lasses are making of hay;
 There I would see what is pleasant to me;
 I'm hoping quite soon to be going, that way.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain
 Until my own country again I do see;
 For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face
 Of him that's allotted my love for to be.

No. 1254

OATS AND BEANS AND BARLEY

also known as

How Oats and Beans and	O Sweet Beans and Barley Grows
Barley Grow	Peas, Beans, Oats, and the
Oats and Beans	Barley
Oats, Peas, Beans, and	Wu Hawwer un Buhne un Gaschde
Barley Grows	wachse

In Europe, this is a dance song for young adults. In the United States, where it became popular with children, it is usually classified as a game song. Linscott, 46-47 has a related item, On the Green Carpet, which is more nearly like the original in practice, perserving, as it does, the romantic element.

This song is world-wide and world-old. The words are generally the same wherever encountered. According to Newell, the game was played by Froissart (born 1337) and by Rabelais (born 1483). It is, say some, perhaps the last relic of a very ancient agricultural rite.

See and compare: I Like Coffee and I Like Tea in Babcock, 251-252; Thus the Farmer Sows His Seed in WOLFORD, 94-95; and We're On the Way To Baltimore in Rourke (DC), 27-28.

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| Botkin (APPS), 254-255 | Jour (FSS), I, 67 |
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| Eggleston (CR), 22 | Whitney & Bullock, 147 |
| Farnsworth, 80-82 | Wier (SCLS), 107 |
| Forbush, 75-76 | Wier (YAM), I, 133 |
| Gardner (FSH), 235 | Winn (1), 181 |
| Gomme, II, 1-13 | |
| Hofer, 22 | |

Oats and Beans and Barley

Oats and beans and barley grow,
Oats and beans and barley grow;
Neither you nor I can know
How oats and beans and barley grow.

Thus the farmer sows his seed,
Thus he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And turns around to view his lands.

Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner,
Slip the ring and let her in,
And kiss her quick and then again.

Married now, you must obey;
Must be true to all you say;
Must be kind and must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood.

No. 1255

OCCUPATIONAL AND WORK SONGS

Occupational and work songs cover a wide variety of subjects and a lot of territory, but I have here divided them into two distinct categories. "Occupational songs" are songs of entertainment "about the kinds of work people do." "Work Songs" are those songs used as a tool of labor—songs that people "work with and to."

Various groups of working men developed their own special songs, which, if we pay attention, tell us a great deal about the men who sang them and the about the work they do. This kind of song development required a certain amount of isolation to result in genuine traditional material.

Working in isolation, a group of workers had to rely on themselves for entertainment; and a large measure of that entertainment consisted of singing. The typical songs of the various trades were generally ballads of the "come-all-ye" kind. These ballads were developed with an American approach and personal involvement usually missing from the European ballads.

As a rule, the American "occupational songs" deal with some specialized work, including its hardships and the deaths of the workers. These songs were patterned on the English and Irish street ballads that were exceedingly popular throughout the 18th century. All these songs have one thing in common—the way in which

they tell their stories. They are mostly journalistic, with little little conversation, but with a running revelation of names, dates, places, and other details. If the story has a moral, that moral is usually stated directly, at the end, rather than inferred, as in the older classical ballads.

"Work songs", i. e., songs to which men worked, served a vital and definite purpose—though that purpose is not always understood today. Modern workers are not acquainted with physical labor done strictly on a team basis. The kind of "work" songs with which we deal can best be illustrated by "shanties" sung by seamen at work and the Negro songs, sung in the fields, along railway roads while laying track, and in prison camps.

These songs are old, and necessarily so. Singing at work would not be tolerated in modern factories and shops, though they may enjoy "piped in" music. Workers are no longer isolated for long periods of time, and they have a wide variety of entertainments ready to hand and always available. Therefore, most of the old work songs have gone out of use, and a great number has been forgotten. Those that remain are seldom found in their original state; and most of them lie in books on library shelves, occasionally revived by professional singers and writers who searched yesterday's music for something that may be legally changed and claimed as original material.

COAL MINERS were singers and creators of songs, many of which are included in this Master Book. George Korson, the pioneer collector in this field, tells us: "All classes of mine workers participated in spontaneous communal gatherings which were usually held on the green, part of every mine patch." Their songs gave perpetual voice to their hopes, their deepest yearnings, and their worst fears. These were, however, mostly social songs,

meant for entertainment. They differed from the "work" songs of sailors and field hands, in that they were not sung as an accompaniment to the work being done. In building their body of song, the coal miners came up with a song for practically everything that happened—mine disaster, strike, and even personal feuds. Therefore, they left us a large traditional number of songs that can, in most instances, be classified as "occupational."

Unlike the lumberjack, the steamboater, the railroader, and the cowboy, the coal miner inspired no one; he was neither envied by men or worshipped by boys. For coal mining was not romantic—it was just hard, dirty, dangerous work. The only dreams in the coalmines were the dreams of those who wanted to escape them. Nevertheless, some of the songs they left behind are musical diamonds. And what is a diamond after all but a lump of coal that stuck with it?

The number one legendary American hero is the Cowboy. Therefore it should surprise no one that cowboy songs are the most popular "occupational" songs we have in this country. They are not as popular today as they were yesterday, and they will steadily decline as we rush into the Space Age. The machine played havoc with the cowboy, the open range, and the Old West in general. The frontier is gone, yet the myth lives on—in cheap novels, motion pictures, television programs and in the songs.

At first, of course, the cowboy was just a poor working man on horseback. It wasn't until the newspaper and magazine writers entered his world that the cowboy became something more than he ever really was. Then he became an American myth; and the myth was sustained by romanticists, hero worshippers, and arm-chair adventurers. Even though most of it was manufactured nonsense, the "cowboy" proved himself to be indestructible in legend. In reality, of course, he is gone.

The cowboy was the biggest American hero, but he was not the first: the lumberjack was. Today, too, the lumberjack is in the background, but once he was considered to be quite important. His importance was natural, because in the beginning America was trees. To the first settlers who reached these shores, the forests from which they hewed their cabin-logs seemed to be without end. Everywhere they looked, the land was covered with trees.

The first major problem facing our pioneer ancestors was not preserving the forests, but to get rid of them in the swiftest possible way. They needed to make room for villages, to let in sunlight for crops and provide pasture for horses and cattle. Trees were an obstacle and a menace. For those dark, silent forests gave shelter to hostile Indians and to beasts that preyed on stock. So, with fire and axe, Pilgrims and Puritans alike forced back the boundary of the forests as rapidly and as far as they were able.

Thus was born the lumberjack. An aristocrat of laborers, the lumberjack made more real and lasting conquests than the swordsmen of any warlike nation. Working long, hard hours, he was the man who cleared the land, made the roads, and housed the people. By 1662, when the word lumber first appeared in writing, American timber workers had given "lumber" its present meaning; and American lumber products were world famous. The forests that helped bring on then win the Revolution, began and finally subsidized a century of American progress.

At first, the workers were mostly farmers and villagers who labored for the lumber barons in winter. To many a poor immigrant, camp life was a sure step up. Young boys were eager to become lumberjacks just, as later, they were eager to become railroad men and cowboys.

The oldest surviving songs of the lumberjack date from about 1830, and these are quite different from the later songs. The first songs simply describe the lumberjack's life in a general way. These songs seldom deal with accidents or heroes. They have the cheerful spirit of the pioneer and the independent craftsman.

From the beginning of the 19th century, through 1910, lumberjacks cut their way through New England, New York, Pennsylvania, on to Michigan and Wisconsin, and then leaped the Great Plains to cut their way through the forests of Washington and Oregon. They made and sang songs every step of the way. So when you hear one of the many lumberjack songs, you are listening to American history.

The greatest rival of the cowboy and the lumberjack in song and dream were the men who built America's railways, laid the tracks, and operated the trains. For each boy who dreamed of cutting trees and punching cows there was one who dreamed of being a railroad engineer.

Without question the best known American railroad song is CASEY JONES. Casey was an engineer and is now a legend. But before he or anyone else could run a train, the tracks had to be laid. It seems only fair that the second most popular song in the railway repertoire should be a working builder—JOHN HENRY, the black man who competes with a steam-driven machine, beat it, and died with his hammer in his hand. John Henry stands even today as an unrivaled fighter for human dignity and importance as opposed to machine economy.

The amazing thing is not the number of railroad songs, for that was to be expected: it was the absence of certain songs. The Chinese played a major part in America's railway history, and yet no Chinese song has ever been recovered. At least, not to my knowledge; and I think it's a shame.

Before railroads, Americans used rivers as highways for hauling both people and freight. The rivermen—

the workers whose job it was to operate the boats and load and unload the cargo in cooperation with dock-workers (stevedores)—developed a body of song among themselves. The number is minute, however, when compared to the songs developed by the deep-water sailors. Some sailor songs date back beyond written records.

The first mention in literature of the sing-out of sailors appears in a manuscript in the year 1400, during the reign of England's Henry VI. The chronicler describes in detail the passage of a ship loaded with pilgrims making their way to the shrine of St. James in Compostella, Spain, and prints the words of a sing-out by seamen as they worked:

"Y-how! talia!" the remenaute cryen...

This refers to the sing-out:

"Yo Ho! tail on the fall!"

The earliest work giving actual shanty versions of songs is the COMPLAYNT OF SCOTLAND, published in 1549. Two anchor songs are given, one bowline shanty, and three hauling songs for hoisting the lower yard. The form and language of these early shanties, aside from the fact that the English is Chaucerian, are very much like what sailors sang three hundred years later.

There is a difference between a sea-song and a shanty. Many of the early sea-songs were occupational in theme, and were mostly compositions created ashore for use in the theater, or were broadsides hawked in the streets. Sailors also sang these songs at sea, but called them "fo'castle songs." None of these songs are shanties.

Sailors sang shanties while actually engaged in work; and they sang them because such songs rendered the tasks easier by coordinating the muscular powers of all the workers. Therefore, these are "work" as opposed to "occupational" songs.

Today's sailors have no need of shanties. Machines have replaced men at sea as well as in factories. No one

sings about machinery—it's too lifeless, too cold. But it was "blood and sweat" before the engines came.

Another kind of work song was developed by Negro field hands and construction workers. Black laborers usually sang while working, and their songs had a definite function: that of coordinating their efforts. For ordinary labor any song would suffice, though, for the most part, they sang spirituals. Where rhythmic group action made the work easier, then a special type of song became necessary. When the group was "whuppin' steel", "hammerin'", or "drillin'", the work usually was coordinated by one of those songs—and it was sung by the leader only. Thus the leader made the work easier and entertained the group at the same time.

Other "occupations" represented in folk tradition are: Canal workers, farmers, outlaws, preachers, politicians, soldiers, tailors, and wagoners. All of these are represented in this Master Book.

No. 1256

THE OCEAN BURIAL

also known as

O Bury Me Not In the Deep The Sailor's Grave
Blue Sea

Source song. This was originally a poem, not a song. Authorship has been the subject of some controversy, probably because the poem served as a foundation for one of America's most popular and traditional cowboy ballads (see The Cowboy's Last Request in this Master Book).

Phillips Barry (SAFS), 278-280 pointed out the relationship between The Ocean Burial and the cowboy ballad,

and said that the text of The Ocean Burial was probably written by Rev. Edwin Chapin, because "I have in a volume of his sermons a 'Discourse of the Burning of the Lexington'...which contains passages reported with little change in 'The Ocean Burial.'" He also stated that it may have been written by Captain William H. Saunders.

Belden (BS), 387, says The Ocean Burial was "written by Captain William H. Saunders and sung...to a tune composed by G. N. Allen." Pound (POB), 207, also ascribed authorship to Saunders. Dobie, in Bulletin (FSSN), VII, p. 7, says The Ocean Burial was "one of Ossian E. Dodge's songs"—meaning, probably, that Dodge sang rather than wrote the song, since he was a very popular American singer of the 19th century. According to Saunders' brother, quoted in Fulton and Trueblood's Choice Readings (June 26, 1883, p. 169), Saunders wrote The Ocean Burial "nearly forty years ago." None of this is proof that Saunders wrote the text, because the poem is credited to Reverend Edwin Chapin in The Southern Literary Messenger, V, 1839, p. 615.

A different poem, Oh, Bury Me Not (but obviously influenced by Chapin's earlier poem), written by W. F. Wrightman, was published in The Southern Literary Messenger, XXIII, 1857, p. 56.

The cowboy adaptation is also credited to several individuals by various collectors. For example, Thorp, 62, says it was written by H. Clemons, Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1872. For additional information about the cowboy adaptation, see headnotes to Cowboy's Last Request in this Master Book.

Much closer to The Ocean Burial is The Ocean Dead, a song by M. Beck in George F. Morris' American Melodies (c, 1841), p. 179, which begins:

How calmly they sleep on the ocean floor
By the sparkling gem and the gilded ore,

The shining sand and the glittering stone,
With the wealth of the ocean deep gone down,
Youth and beauty, and age and care,
Have lain them down in chambers there;
And the opening bud and spreading flower
Bloom side by side in the coral bower.

Whether the words of The Ocean Burial were written by Chapin, Saunders, or someone else is a question that will not be answered here. What is certain is this: The Ocean Burial, with melody by George N. Allen, was published in sheet music form by the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, c. 1850.

For an unrelated song entitled The Ocean Burial, see Beck (FLM), 176 & (FLS), 179.

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| Brown, II, 611-613 | Jour (AFL), LII, 29-31, 822 |
| Coffin & Cohen, 61-62 | Linscott, 245-248 |
| Cox (FSS), 250-251 | Luther, 195 |
| Delaney No. 17, 23 | Peacock, I, 151-152 |
| DeMarsan (SJ), I, 55 | Pound (SFSN), XII, No. 6 |
| Ditson (SSB), 126 | Shearin (SKFS), 16 |
| Doerflinger, 162-163 | Songster (123), 28 |
| Friedman, 437-439 | Wehman (CS), No. 10, 11 |

The Ocean Burial

Oh, bury me not in the deep blue sea!
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cabin bunk at the close of day.
He'd wasted and pined until on his brow
The death shade slowly passed, and now

When home and fond loved ones all nigh,
Who had gathered around to see him die.

Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
Where the billowy shrouds shall roll o'er me,
Where no light shall come 'neath the cold,
dark wave

And no sunbeams smile upon my grave.

It matters not, I have oft been told,
Where the body sleeps when the heart is cold;
Yet grant ye —O grant this boon to me:
Oh, bury me not in the deep, blue sea!

In fancy I've listened to well known word,
To free, wild winds and the songs of birds;
I have thought of my home, of cot and bower,
The scenes that I loved in childhood's hour.

I have always wished that when I died,
I'd be buried at home 'neath the green hillside;
By the tombs of my fathers my grave should be—
Oh, bury me not in the deep, blue sea!

Oh, there is another whose tears will be shed
For him who lies low in the ocean's bed;
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She has twined these locks and pressed this
brow.

In the hair she has touched shall the sea-snake
hiss,
And the brow she has pressed shall the cold wave
kiss;

For the sake of that loved one who waits for me—
Oh, bury me not in the deep, blue sea!

She has been in my dreams—, his voice failed there.
They heeded not his dying prayer;
And they lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,
And over him closed the cold, dark tide!

No. 1257

OH, FREEDOM!

also known as

Before I'll Be a Slave

O Freedom

This is a "freedom" song in spiritual form and style, and is apparently made up of "borrowed" thoughts and lines. Where the song came from, who wrote the words and composed the music are things I do not know.

REFERENCES

Dett, 110

Scott (BA), 239-240

Lloyd, 138

Silverman, II, 99

Lomax (SA), 370

Weavers, 16-17

Whitman, 17

Oh, Freedom!

Oh, freedom! Oh, freedom!
Oh, freedom over me;
And before I'll be a slave,
I'll lie buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more weeping, no more weeping,
No weeping over me;
And before I'll be a slave,
I'll lie buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free.

Oh, what a singing! Oh, what a singing!
What singing over me;
And before I'll be a slave,
I'll lie buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free.

No. 1258

OH, MAMA, HOW I WISH I WAS THERE
also known as

Chain Gang Song

If I Had A-Listened

This song had wide circulation in the Southern states when I was a boy. Arnold, 41, has the only version I have seen in print, though many other songs contain parts of it.

See If Trouble Don't Kill Me in this Master Book.

Oh, Mama, How I Wish I Was There

If I had jus' listen'd to what mama said,
I'd be home sleepin' on a feather bed.
Oh, mama, how I wish I was there!
Oh, mama, how I wish I was there!

Policeman he came a-knockin' on my door,
He said, "It seems like I been here before."
Oh, mama, how I wish I was there! (2)

It's one hundred dolla's or it's sixty days,
And I don't stand a chance unless mama pays.
Oh, mama, how I wish I was there! (2)

Well now, boys, boys, I am going home,
To stay with mama, never again to roam.
Oh, mama, how I wish I was there! (2)

No. 1259

OH! SUSANNA!

also known as

Susanna, Don't You Cry

Source song. Every American probably knows that this song was written by Stephen C. Foster. It is still very popular and is easily obtained. The tune has been often borrowed for other songs (see Gold Seeker I & IV elsewhere in this Master Book). For a parody, see Hugill (1), 116.

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| Best, 49 | Lloyd, 94-95 |
| Boyer, 180-181 | Luther, 119, 131-133 |
| Brown, III, 488-491; V,
271-272 | Mackenzie (SH), 43 |
| Bulletin (TFS), V, 47-48 | Oberndorfer, 103 |
| Chapple (HS), 172-173 | Seeger (6), 46 |
| Downes, 132-133, 162-163 | Shay (PF-1), 25-26 |
| Ford (OTFM), 21 | Shay (PF-3), 8-9 |
| Henry (SSSA), 198 | Shoemaker (NPM), 79 |
| Jour (AFL), LVI, 104 | Silverman, I, 357 |
| Kennedy (AB), 225-226 | Turner (CS), 18 |
| Kennedy (TAB), 72-73 | White, 178-179 |
| Leisy (LAS), 31 | Whitman, 115-116 |
| | Wilder, 46-47 |

Oh! Susanna!

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
I'm gwine to Louisiana, my true love for to see;
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

Oh, Susanna! Oh, don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye;
Says I, "I'm coming from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry."

I soon will be in New Orleans,
And then I'll look around,
And when I find Susanna,
I will fall upon the ground.
And if I do not find her,
This darkie'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry.

No. 1260

OH, YES! OH, YES!

also known as

Wait Till I Get On My Robe

This is an early 19th century slave spiritual from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Dett, 210-211 Johnson (SBNS), 105 Marsh (SJS), 212

Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes!

I come this night to sing and pray, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
To drive old Satan far away, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

That heavenly home is bright and fair, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
But very few can enter there, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

Chorus

Oh, wait till I get on my robe, wait till I get on my
robe,

Wait till I get on my robe, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

As I went down in the valley to pray, etc.

I met old Satan on the way, etc.

And what do you think he said to me? etc

You're never too young to let me be, etc.

If you wanna feel that heav'nly breeze, etc.

Go down in the valley on your knees, etc.

Go, bend your knees upon the ground, etc.

And pray for God to turn you round, etc.

No. 1261

OH! YOU NEW YORK GIRLS

also known as

Away, Susanna!

Can't They Dance the Polka?

Can't You Dance the Polka?

Oh! You New York Gals,

Can't You Dance the

Polka?

The New York Gals

The polka, a type of dance from Bohemia, first appeared in the United States around 1830. Thereafter, polkas became the rage from one end of the country to the other. The song given here was among the earliest polka songs to become popular. Its popularity was helped along by the fact that the melody was already well known, having been borrowed from Larry Doolan, an Irish favorite. The song was a big favorite with sailors, who took it to sea and used it for work as well as for entertainment.

According to Doerflinger, the Martin Churchill that is mentioned in the final stanza was a boarding master at New York "about the time of the Civil War."

REFERENCES

Colcord, 108-109

Davis (SSC), 12-13

Doerflinger, 58, 62

Glass (SS-1), 54-55

Harlow (C), 37-38

Hugill (1), 369-373

Ives (SA), 150-151

Silverman, II, 257

Smith (BOS), 67

Whall (SSS), 47-48

Oh! You New York Girls

Oh, ship-mates, listen unto me:
I'll tell you in my song
Of things that happened to me
When I came back from Hong Kong.

Chorus

And away, you Santy, my dear honey!
Oh! you New York girls,
can't you dance the polka?

As I came down the River park,
This girl I chanced to meet;
She asked me if I would see her home,
Somewhere on Bleeker street.

She ushered me into her house
And passed the drinks around;
It was the strongest whiskey, boys,
This sailor ever found!

When I awoke next morning, boys,
I had an aching head;
And there I was stark naked
Upon a feather bed!

My gold watch and my pocketbook
And lady friend were gone;
Alone was I, and naked,
With nothing to put on!

I wrapped myself all in a sheet,
And feeling quite forlorn,
I went to Martin Churchill,
Who sent me 'round Cape Horn!

No. 1262

OLD ADAM

also known as

Adam

Poor Adam

This humorous song was popular among various college students, one of whom may have written it. Information about its origin has eluded me, and I have only seen it in three published collections. I learned it from the screen and stage star Kay Francis in the late 1930s.

REFERENCES

Best, 53 Leisy (SPS), 144 Sandburg (AS), 339

Old Adam

It's a pity 'bout old Adam,
And I'm sorry as can be,
For he never had no mammy
Who could bounce him on her knee.

And he never had no pappy
For to tell him all he knowed,
And he never had nobody
To point out the narrow road.

And he never had no childhood,
Playin' round the cabin door,
And he never had a mammy
Who would snatch him off the floor.

And he never had that feeling,
When at night he lay to rest,
Of chicken and sweet potatoes
Tucked away beneath his vest.

And I've always had the feeling
He'd have let that apple be,
If he'd only had a mammy
Who would bounce him on her knee.

No. 1263

OLD AUNT KATE

also known as

Aunt Kate

Kate

This song, said Scarborough's informant, "was elaborated from Juba" (see in MB). There are several variations, however, and one is the Old Aunt Kate in Talley, 179. Also, there is the Old Aunt Katy given in Brown, III, 374-375. One might also see the Old Kate, Git Over in White, 161-162.

REFERENCES

Scarborough (NFS), 99

Seeger (1), 139

Silverman, I, 366

Old Aunt Kate

Old aunt Kate she baked a cake,
She baked it by the garden gate;
She sift the meal, she gimme the dust,

She baked the bread, she gimme the crust,
She eat the meal, she gimme the skin,
And that's the way she took me in.

No. 1264

OLD BILL

also known as

Bill's ol' Wife	Tell ol' Bill
Dis Mornin', Dis Evenin',	This Morning, This Evening,
So Soon	So Soon

Author and composer of this old Negro song are unknown.
In fact, none of the collectors who printed it seemed
to know much about it at all. If they did, they didn't
say so.

For a parody, see Lomax (ABFS), 101.

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Edward (CHSB), 188	Sandburg (AS), 18-19
Leisy, 318-319	Shay (PF-2), 135-136
Lomax (ABFS), 100	Shay (PF-3), 200-201
Odum (NHS), 214-215	Silverman, II, 389

Old Bill

Tell ol' Bill when he comes home this mornin',
Tell ol' Bill when he comes home this evenin',
Tell ol' Bill when he comes home
Leave them city gals alone,
This mornin', this evenin', so soon.

Bill's po' wife was bakin' bread this mornin',
Bill's po' wife was bakin' bread this evenin',
Bill's po' wife was bakin' bread
When they told her Bill was dead,
This mornin', this evenin', so soon.

"O no!" she cried, "that can't be true this mornin',
 O no!" she cried, "that can't be true this evenin',
 O no!" she cried, "that can't be true,
 That ain't a thing ol' Bill would do,
 This mornin', this evenin', so soon!"

No. 1265

OLD BINGO

also known as

Bingo

Johnny Had a Little Dog

Bobby Bingo

Little Bingo

According to Linscott, Old Bingo "has a Scotch background and was first published in 1780." Gomme, however, says the song is English. We know that it is old, that it came to America from England, and that it is a game song in some places and a novelty song in others. Since American and English versions differ in many respects, we give one of each below. Version A is American; version B is English.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Bertail, 131 | Jour (AFL), XL, 37 |
| Botkin (APPS), 34 | Jour (FSS), I, 242; V, 219 |
| Broadwood (OES), 32 | Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 262 |
| Brown, I, 154-155; III, 187; V, 537 | Kit, P 15-16, 57; R 81 |
| Burne, 513 | Linscott, 168-169 |
| Dearmer (ST), 66-67 | Price, 10 |
| Folklore Journal, V, 58 | Sharp (FSFS), I, 14-16 |
| Gardner (SPPG), 93-94 | Songs (15), 71 |
| Gilbert (100), 6 | Waite, 54-55 |
| Gomme, I, 29-33 | Walter (OESG), 9 |
| Grahame, 60-61 | Wier (YAM), II, 45 |
| Hornby, 76 | Winn (1), 54-55 |

Old Bingo(Version A)

A farmer had a little dog, called his name "Old Bingo,"

B-I-N-G-O!

Called his name "Old Bingo." B with an I, I with N,

N with a G, G with an O, B-I-N-G-O!

Called his name "Old Bingo!"

This farmer liked a cup of good ale, called it rare
good stingo, S-T-I-N-G-O!

S-T with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,

S-T-I-N-G-O!

Called it rare good stingo!

This farmer went to town one day, bought a wedding
Ring-O, R-I-N-G-O!

R with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,

R-I-N-G-O!

Bought a wedding ring-O!

Now isn't this a pretty good song? Yes, it is, by jingo,

J-I-N-G-O!

J with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,

J-I-N-G-O!

Yes, it is, by hingo!

VERSION B

There was an old do

Lay at the mill door

And Bingo was his name, sir—

B-I-N-G-O!

Bang her and bop her

And kick her and cop her,

And Bingo was his name, sir.

No. 1266

OLD BLUE

also known as

Blue
Come On, Blue
Good Old Blue

I Had a Dog and His
Name Was Blue
Oh, Blue

This song has been described as "a minstrel piece," "a Negro folk song," and as "a work song." It is said to date from the 1840s. No additional information is available, but I suspect it was a poem before it became a song.

REFERENCES

Best, 38	Lomax (OSC), 111-112
Botkin (SFL), 738-739	Lomax (PB), 42
Brown, III, 252-253	Lomax (USA), 24-25
Hudson (FSM), 201-202	Randolph, II, 382-383
Ives (SA), 118-119	Seeger (1), 18
Ives (SB), 182-183	Seeger (3), 30-31
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 128; XXXIX, 177	Silverman, I, 166
Leisy (LAS), 38-39	Warner, 147
Lomax (FSNA), 310	White, 207-208
	Winn (1), 55
	Yolen, 72

Old Blue

Well, I had an old dog and his name was Blue,
And I betcha five dollars he's a good one, too.
I'd say, "Come on, Blue."

(Whistle):-Boy, he'd come runnin', too!

Ev'ry single night 'round about dark,
I would hear old Blue begin to bark.
Old Blue, good old Blue!

Well, I'd light my lantern and I'd go see,
An' he's got a possum up a 'simmon tree.
Old Blue, good old Blue.

Well, I'd grab the tree and I'd shake him down;
I'd take him home and I'd bake him brown.
Old Blue, have some, too.

Now early one mornin' old Blue took sick;
I sent for the doctor to come right quick.
Old Blue, poor old Blue.

The doctor he came, and he came on the run,
And he say, "Old Blue, your huntin' days are done."
Old Blue, poor old Blue.

When old Blue died he died so hard,
He dug little holes all over the yard.
Poor Blue, poor old Blue.

When I get to heaven first thing I'll do
Is look around and call old Blue.
Old Blue, good old Blue.

I'll say, "Hello, Blue!
Fin'ly got here, too!"

No. 1267

OLD BRASS WAGON

also known as

Lead Her Up and Down the
Aisle

Little Brass Wagon
You're the One, My Darling

This is both a game song for children and a dance song
for adults. According to Botkin and others, the tune is

like Skip To My Lou. Ford, on the other hand, tells us that the tune is a variation of What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor.

For additional information about the game, the tune, and relationships, see The Duke of Marlborough in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 307-308
Ball, 13
Blair, 97
Botkin (APPS), 258-260
Dudley & Payne, 17
Ford (TMA), 248-249
Hamilton, 293-294

Lair, 29
Morris, 216
Owens (TFS), 153
Piper (SPPG), 282-283
Randolph (OPP), 216-217
Randolph (Ozarks), 159
Sandburg (AS), 159
Wolford, 76-77

Old Brass Wagon

All join hands, old brass wagon.
Circle to the left, old brass wagon,
Circle to the left, old brass wagon.
You're the one, my darling.

Swing your partners, old brass wagon.
Alamande left, old brass wagon.
Grand right and left, old brass wagon.
You're the one, my darling.

Grand right and left, old brass wagon.
Promenade home, old brass wagon,
Promenade home, old brass wagon.
You're the one, my darling.

Dance her up and down, old brass wagon.
Polka up and down, old brass wagon,
Polka up and down, old brass wagon.
You're the one, my darling.

No. 1268

OLD CAPE FEAR RIVER

also known as

Ohio River, She's So Deep and Wide

This song was obtained from Wilbur Brown, Wilmington, N. C., in 1936. I have seen only one other version in print and that was about a different river. Despite the title difference and several other variations, there is no doubt that that both are versions of the same song. For other version, see Wheeler (SD), 82-83.

Old Cape Fear River

Old Cape Fear River,
It's so deep and wide,
I can't even see my gal
On the other side.

The blues done got me
Since she said goodbye;
Makes me feel so awful bad
I wish I could die!

Old Cape Fear River,
It's a-rollin' on down;
If I don't lose these blues,
Think I'm gonna drown.

I miss my woman,
Lord, I miss her bad;
Miss her lovin' all the time,
Best I ever had.

Old Cape Fear River,
Hear me weep and pray:
Bring me back my lovin' gal,
Bring her back to stay.

No. 1269

OLD DAN TUCKER

also known as

Dan Tucker

Get Out of the Way, Old Dan
Tucker

This American song was copyrighted in 1840 and is ascribed to Dan D. Emmett, author-composer of Dixe (see in MB). Dan Tucker was so popular that his name began to show-up in other songs. For example:

The purtiest gal I ever saw
Was old Dan Tucker's daughter-in-law;
Her eyes bugged out and her nose bugged in,
And her lip hung down over her chin.

And there's an English adaptation in Williams (FSUT), 142-143, which begins:

Old Ann Tucker and my Aunt Sal,
They both lived down at Camberwell;
The name of the house I can't tell you at all,
It's in the first and gaudiest hall.

For some similar and possibly related songs, see: Captain Dime in Talley, 5; Old Man Baker Was a Good Old Man in White, 160-161; Sam, Sam, Dirty Old Man in Douglas (LSG), 55; and My Son John Is a Nice Old Man in Johnson (WTS), 183-184.

For Old Dan Tucker as a legendary figure, see Rourke (AH), 85.

An obvious rewrite, Get Out Of The Way, Old Johnny Tucker, is in Negro Minstrel's Song Book, 1850, 318.

For a song set to the tune of Old Dan Tucker, see J. A. Stone's Striking A Lead in Dwyer, 73.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 68-69

Ames (MPP), 309-310

Ball, 16

Blair, 96-97

Bolton (CRC), 123

Bolton (MCR), 321

- Botkin (APPS), 260-266
Brewster (BSI), 340-341
Brown, III, 114-118; V,
59-60
Burchenal (ACD), I, 62-63
Cambiaire, 140
Chapple (HS), 174-175
Coleman, 28
Damon, No. 37
Davis (FSV), 154
Douthitt, 37
Downes (1940), 113-115
Downes (1943), 140-142
Dudley & Payne, 14-15
Duncan (PPHC), 9-10
Ford (OTFM), 32
Ford (TMA), 55, 207, 412
Fuson, 163
Gainer, 176-177
Gaines (SP), 132
Gardner (FSH), 236
Gardner (SPPG), 116-117
Heck, 23
Hofer (PFG), 58
Hubbard, 382-383
Ives (SB), 202-204
Ives (TA), 289-290
Johnson (EAS), 36
Jour (AFL), XXVII, 131;
XL, 97; XLIV, 428
Keach, 150-151
Kennedy (AB), 217-218
Kennedy (TAB), 112-114
Lair, 15
Lair (SLL), 52
Lloyd, 84-85
Lomax (ABFS), 258-262
Lomax (USA), 92-93
Luther, 111
Mahan, 54-56
Marsh (SSM), II, 1-3
McLendon, 218-219
Minstrel, 150-151
Nathan, 454-456
Oberndorfer, 84
Owens (ST), 39
Owens (TFS), 155
Paskman, 42-44
Perrow, XXVII, 131
Piper (SPPG), 284
Pound (SFSN), XXVIII, No. 6
Randolph, III, 301-304
Randolph (OPP), 209-210
Randolph (Ozarks), 149-151
Roberts (SBS), 184-185
Scarborough (NFS), 199
Scott (FSS), 34
Seeger (6), 52
Shearin (SKFS), 38
Silverman, I, 362
Sullivan, II, 165-167
Thede, 74-75
Van Doren, 488-489
Warnick, 164
Wedgwood, 272-273
Wehman (GOTS), No. 2, 43
White, 8, 446-447
Wilder, 66-67
Wier (IHMC), 273
Wilson (SHP), 59
Wolford, 78-80

Old Dan Tucker

Come to town the other night,
I heard the noise and saw the fight;
The watchman was a-runnin' 'round,
Cryin', "Old Dan Tucker's come to town!"

Chorus

Hey! get out the way, old Dan Tucker!
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker!
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker!
You're too late to come to supper!

Tucker is a nice old man,
He used to ride our Darby ram;
He sent him whizzin' down de hill,
If he hadn't got up, he'd laid dar still.

Tucker he had cash a plenty,
Dressed to death—his old trunk empty;
To kiss de gals he thot was useless,
'Cept he kissed wid a sway-back-looseness.

Here's my razor in good order,
Magnum bonum—jis has bought 'er,
Sheep shell de oats, old Tucker shell de corn,
I'll shabe you all when de water gets warm.

No. 1270

OLD DOG TRAY

Within 18 months of publication this song had sold 125,000 copies. It was written and composed by Stephen C. Foster, which helped get it off to a good start.

Like most of Foster's tunes, this one was borrowed for another song: see Gold Seeker XVII in this Master Book. Also like Foster's songs, this one is not found in any of the scholastic-type folk collections.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 156-157

Ford (OTFM), 13

Johnson (FS), 156-157

Mackenzie (SH), 77

Oberndorfer, 102-103

Staton, 74

Wier (SWWS), 201

Wier (YAM), III, 70

Yolen, 67-69

Old Dog Tray

The morn of life is past, and evening comes at last,
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

Chorus

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he is kind;
I'll never, never find a better friend
Than old dog Tray.

The forms I call'd my own have vanished one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd away;
Their happy smiles have flown, their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past, his eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my poor heart would say;
Altho' he cannot speak, I should vainly try to seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.

No. 1271

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

also known as

Swanee River

Way Down Upon the Swanee River

Source Song. One of Stephen C. Foster's more popular songs. Tune was used by J. A. Stone for a California gold rush song (see Gold Seeker VIII in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 110-111
Botsford, I, 3-5
Carmer (SRA), 126-127
Chamberlain, 238-239
Chapple (HS), 120-121
Elson, 33-35
Gilbert (100), 107
Johnson (FS), 69-71
Kobbe, 39-40
Krythe, 99
Leisy (IAS), 115-116

Luther, 142, 144
Mackenzie (SH), 44-45
Most (PCS), 52-53
Oberndorfer, 96
Seeger (6), 83
Silverman, I, 149
Songs (15), 24
Staton, 75
Whitman, 97
Wier (SWWS), 9-10
Wier (YAM), III, 64

Old Folks at Home

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus

All the world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam;
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from the
old folks at home.

One little hut among the bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo strumming,
Down in my good old home?

No. 1272

OLD FOLKS, YOUNG FOLKS

also known as

Clare de Kitchen	Old Jim Crow
Clear the Kitchen	Old Virginny Never Tire
Dar Was A Gal in Our Town	There Was a Gal in Our Town

A song with a long and somewhat cloudy history. According to some experts, as we know the song now it is based on Clar De Kitchen by Thomas D. Rice, published in the 1830s. The tune is a combination of two older Irish songs, The Star of County Down and Lady Shaftsbury's Reel. Tom Rice was a well-known minstrel show operator and performer who authored several popular songs that he adapted from old slave creations. This song was reported in A Second Visit to the United States by Sir Charles Lyell, 1849, as sung by black slaves in Williamsburg, Va. Recovered slave versions are generally known as Old Virginny Never Tire, which, some say, is the basis for Rice's minstrel piece, Clar de Kitchen. Of course, it is possible that the slave versions are merely adaptations of Rice's stage song.

The stanza or refrain "Old Virginny never tire" is a floater. For example, it is the title and chorus of

of a version of Down in Alabama recovered by Van Doren in Illinois and printed in Jour (AFL), XXXII, 492-493. Old Folks, Young Folks also shows up in versions containing lines taken from spirituals. Scarborough (NFS), 110, has a version with a borrowed spiritual refrain. A version called Poor Old Man was published in England in Song Book of Sam Hague's Minstrels, Liverpool, 1873, p. 12.

The line "I went to the creek (or river), I couldn't get across" is another floater; it is found in several songs, including: Hook and Line in Perrow XXVI, 127; The Old Gray Horse in Perrow XXVI, 124; Polly Wolly Doodle in Spaeth (REW), 93; Run, Nigger, Run in Lomax (ABFS), 231; and Went to the River in Randolph (Ozarks), 205-206 and Scarborough (NFS), 184-185.

Two versions are given below. The A version below is from traditional sources. The B version is the song attributed to Thomas Rice, published in the early 1830s.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Botkin (APPS), 285-287 | Marsh (SSM), II, 153-154 |
| Brown, III, 494-496; V, 276-277 | Minstrel, 152-153 |
| Coleman, 98 | Nathan, 164 |
| Damon, No. 16 | Negro, 323 |
| Ford (TMA), 105, 407-408 | Scarborough (NFS), 109-112 |
| Keach, 40 | Songster (115), 149 |
| | White, 459 |

Old Folks, Young Folks (Version A)

There's a woman down in our town,
And she wears a yellod stripe-ed gown,
And when she goes out walking 'round,
The hollow of her feet makes a hole in
the ground!

Chorus

Old folks, young folks, clear the kitchen!
Old folks, young folks, clear the kitchen!
Old Virginny never tire.

Got to the creek and couldn't get across;
Nobody there but my ol' blind hoss.
Well, ol' Jim Crow came ridin' by—
Says he, "Young fella, your hoss will die!"

I wrote a letter to my true love,
To ask her what she is thinking of;
Her answer filled my heart with dread:
"You better find another" is what she said.

Jaybird sat on a hick'ry limb,
He winked at me and I winked at him.
I threw a stone and hit his shin—
Says he, "You better not do that again!"

Bullfrog dressed up in soldier clothes,
He went to the field to shoot some crows;
The crows got scared and flew away—
The bullfrog got mighty mad that day!

VERSION B

In old Kentuck in de arternoon,
We sweep de floor wid a bran' new broom,
And arter day we form a rine,
And dis de song dat we do sing:

Chorus

Clare de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clare de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Virginny never tire.

I went to de creek, I couldn't git across,
I'd nobody wid me but an old blind horse;
But old Jim Crow came riding by,
Says he, Old fellow, your horse will die.

My horse fell down upon de spot;
Says he, Don't you see his eyes is sot?
So I took out my knife and off wid his skin,
And when he comes to life I'll ride him again.

A jaybird sot on a hickory limb,
He winked at me and I wink'd at him;
I pick'd up a stone and I hit his shin,
Says he, You better not do dat agin.

No. 1273

OLD GRAMPS IS DEAD

also known as

Apples Are Ripe
Bumpy Was Dead and Lay in
 His Grave
Cock Robin is Dead
Cronie is Dead
Father Adam
Granddaddy
Growler
Little Johnny Wattles
Old Abram Brown
Old Adam
Old Billy Apple Tree
Old Bumpy
Old Crompy
Old Cronie, or Crony

Old Grampus
Old Granddaddy's Dead
Old Grimes
Old Growler
Old Grumble, or Grumbler
Old Grumly
Old Grump's Dead and in
 His Grave
Old Grundy
Old Humphrey
Old Humpty
Old Johnny
Old Kramer
Old Pompey is Dead
Old Ponto is Dead

Old Robin
Old Roger (s)
Old Roger is Dead
Old Rover
Oliver Cromwell
Pompey

Poor Johnnie, or Johnny
Poor Robin
Poor Toby
Sir Roger
Tommy
The Tommy Song

This song is known in all areas of the United States. The game that has come down to us along with the song is ancient; it represents the belief that a tree growing over a grave might absorb the soul of the person buried beneath it. Once the spirit of a dead person enters a tree it thereafter resents any attempt by the living to take fruit away from the tree.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Arnold, 131 | Jour (FSS), V, 295-296 |
| Belden (BS), 509-511 | Moore (BFSS), 255-256 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 94-95 | Morris, 425-427 |
| Brown, I, 46-48 | Neely, 195-197 |
| Brown (BLNC), 11 | Newell, 100-101 |
| Eddy, 176-177 | Perrow, XXVI, 144 |
| Flanders (VFSB), 182-183 | Pound, 232-233 |
| Focus, III, 155-156 | Pound (SFSN), XXI, No. |
| Folklore Journal, I, 385 | 4, 57 |
| Fuson, 186 | Quarterly (SFL), VI, 208- |
| Gomme, II, 16-24 | 210 |
| Henry (FSSH), 408-409 | Randolph, III, 381-382 |
| Henry (SSSA), 94-95 | Ritchie (SSB), 32-33 |
| Hornby, 62 | Sandburg (AS), 339 |
| Hubbard, 381 | Scarborough (NFS), 136 |
| Hudson (FSM), 284-285 | Sharp, II, 370 |
| Jour (AFL), XIII, 230; XXVIII, | Shoemaker (NPM), 303 |
| 20; XXXIV, 113; XXXV, 407; | Taylor (BR), 68 |
| XXXIX, 167; XL, 120 | Whitney & Bullock, 147 |
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Old Gramps Is Dead

Old Gramps is dead and in his grave,
In his grave, in his grave,
Old Gramps is dead and in his grave—
And isn't that a shame!

An apple tree grows over his head, etc.

The apples grew ripe and all fell off, etc.

A woman started picking them up, etc.

Old Gramps jumped up, gave her a scare, etc.

There's bread and cheese upon the shelf,
Upon the shelf, upon the shelf,
There's bread and cheese upon the shelf,
If you want more, then sing it yourself!
And isn't that a shame!

No. 1274

THE OLD GRAY GOOSE IS DEAD

also known as

Aunt Abby	Go Tell Aunt Dinah
Aunt Dinah	Go tell Aunt Nancy
Aunt Kate	Go Tell Aunt Patsy
Aunt Nancy	Go Tell Aunt Rhodie (Rhody)
Aunt Patsy	Go Tell Aunt Tabby (Tabby)
Aunt Rhody	The Old Gray Goose
Aunt Tabby (Tabby)	The Old Grey Goose
Go Tell Aunt Abby	The Old Grey Goose is Dead

This song is widely known and has one of the most popular tunes in the United States. In instrumental form, the air

is sometimes known as Greenville and/or Rousseau's Dream. It was published as a piano solo under those titles about 1818. The piano solo was published in England after one J. B. Cramer "got hold of it," according to James T. Lightwood, Hymn-Tunes and Their Story, 1905, p. 366.

The song has been adapted as a game-song, a hymn, and the tune has been borrowed by several writers for their modern compositions. The origin of the tune is uncertain. We find it in William Hauser's Olive Leaf, 1878, p. 223, as Rousseau's Dream, a title derived from the belief that the tune was composed by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

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- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| Arnett, 39 | Leisy, 125 |
| Bertail, 104 | Linscott, 207 |
| Best, 19 | Lomax (ABFS), 305-306 |
| Brown, I, 204-206; III, | Lomax (PB), 58 |
| 177; V, 106-107 | Lomax (USA), 16-17 |
| Chase (AFTS), 176-177 | Randolph, II, 347-349 |
| Chase (OSSG), 3-4 | Scarborough (NFS), 8, 95- |
| Ford (OFTM), 25 | 96 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 466 | Scott (FSS), 38 |
| Grafman, 105 | Seeger (6), 45 |
| Ives (SB), 197-199 | Sharp, II, 345 |
| Jackson (WSSU), 173-174 | Silverman, I, 300 |
| Jour (AFL), XXVI, 130; | White, 177 |
| XLVI, 110; XLVII, | Winn (1), 69 |
| 336; LVI, 10 | Yolen, 150-151 |

The Old Gray Goose is Dead

Go tell aunt Rhody,
Go tell aunt Rhody,
Go tell aunt Rhody,
The old gray goose is dead.

The one she was saving (3),
To make a feather bed.

She died in the mill-pond (3),
A-standing on her head.

The goslings are crying (3),
Because their mammy's dead.

We'll have a funeral (3),
Just like the preacher said.

Go tell our neighbors (3),
The old gray goose is dead.

No. 1275

THE OLD GRAY MARE

ALSO KNOWN AS

The Gray, or Grey Mare
The Old Gray Horse

Once I Had an Old
Gray Mare

This old English song carved a niche for itself in traditional song in the South, but it is rarely encountered elsewhere in America.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 217; V,
126-127

Ford (OTFM), 16

Henry (FSSH), 410-412

Jour (AFL), XXVI, 123
Lunsford, 36

Roberts (SBS), 190

Sharp, II, 326-328

Silverman, I, 370

The Old Gray Mare

Once I had an old gray mare,
Once I had an old gray mare,
Once I had an old gray mare,
Rode her here and rode her there.

Rode her here and rode her hard (3),
She lay down in my front yard.

Laid so still I thought she'd died (3),
Felt so bad I damn near cried.

Folks in church began to pray (3),
She jumped up and ran away.

Then I quickly took her track (3),
Thought I'd better bring her back.

Found her on the edge of town (3),
In a mudhole upside down.

Rolled my sleeves and gave a shout (3),
Seized her tail and jerked her out.

Thinking it was not a sin (3),
Took my knife and began to skin.

Put her hide up in the loft (3),
Some rogue came and packed it off!

No. 1276

OLD GRIMES IS DEAD

also known as

Old Father Grimes

Tobacas and Hohunkas

Roll, Johnny Booger

Turn, Sally Sunday, Turn

Due to a similarity in their titles, this song is
sometimes confused with the game song, Old Gramps

is Dead (see No. 1274 in this Master Book). However, the two songs are not related.

The song given here was written by Albert Gorton Greene, Rhode Island, in 1820, when he was sixteen. The song was not published for general circulation until 1841, when it appeared with other poems in The Rhode Island Book. The text was eventually set to the tune of Auld Lang Syne (see in this Master Book). Later, the song was rewritten as a minstrel show piece (see version B below).

For an English song that is similar, see James Morrell is Dead in Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 328.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 258-259	Luther, 224
Botkin (NEF), 886-887	Morris, 198-200
Bryant, 878-879	Neely, 217-219
Cox (FSS), 490	Pound (SFSN), IX, No. 1
Gardner (BSSM), 467	Randolph, III, 177-178
Hubbard, 384	Spaeth (WSM), 150-151
Kennedy (TAB), 122-123	Wilder, 68-69

Old Grimes is Dead

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
We never shall see more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

He lived in peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its dessert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view;
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly good he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived—as all his brothers do—
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

VERSION B

Old Mister Grimes, that good old man
 Was always kind to me;
 His eyes looked like two auger holes
 Bored in a tall pine tree.

Chorus

Turn, Sally Sunday, turn!
 Turn, Sally Sunday, turn!
 Turn, Sally Sunday, turn!
 We'll leave the boys behind.

I wish I had a load of wood,
 To fence my garden 'round;
 My neighbor's pig they do get in
 And root up all my ground.

Somebody stole my old hound dog,
 I wish they'd bring him back;
 He chased the big hogs o'er the fence,
 And the little ones thro' the crack.

Somebody stole my banty hen,
 I wish they'd left her be;
 On Saturdays' she laid two eggs,
 On Sundays' she laid three.

No. 1277

OLD HUNDRED

also known as

Jehovah, He is God
 Old Hundredth
 Praise God From Whom All
 Blessings Flow

Sing We to Our God
 Above
 Thy Glory Fills the
 Sky

We give four 1 stanza versions here because Old Hundred

is merely the name of a tune used for several doxologies and other religious and secular songs.

Who actually composed this world famous melody? We can only report what research has revealed. From Brown (SHT), 15, we learn: "This grand Gregorian harmony has been claimed to be Luther's production, while some have believed that Louis Bourgeois, editor of the French Genevan Psalter, who perished in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, composed the tune, but the weight of evidence seems to indicate that it was the work of Guillaume le Franc, (William Franck or William the Frenchman), of Rouen, in France, who founded a music school in Geneva, 1541." Old Hundred is in this Master Book for three reasons:

1. It is one of the first hymns sung by the first settlers in New England,
2. the words appeared in the Bay Psalm Book, published in 1640 by the Puritans in Massachusetts, the first book printed in America, and
3. the tune has been "borrowed" and adapted and used for many songs sung by people generally.

Despite the conclusion drawn by Brown, as set down above, the tune is said by some to have originated in a French chanson called There Is None Here Without His Fair One. Perhaps. But I've seen no evidence to support any of the various claims.

However, we do know that the tune is older than the Doxologies, that it was first used with sacred words written by Louis Bourgeois in the Genevan Psalter, in 1551; and that it was brought to America in the Ainsworth Psalter, a book of hymns derived from Bourgeois' book and printed in Amsterdam, in 1612, for the pilgrim Separatists who had taken refuge in Holland.

The four Doxologies set to the tune and given below, are:

Version A from the Ainsworth Psalter, version B from a sixteen line hymn attributed to Nahum Tate; version C, written in 1692 by Thomas Ken (a British bishop), and version D from the Methodist Hymnal, p. 510, where the words are ascribed to Charles Wesley. Version E is not one of the Doxologies, but a hymn by Isaac Watts and Goudimel and titled Old Hundred.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 9	Luther, 2
Benziger, 107	Mackenzie (SH), 167
Brown (SHT), 11-15	McCurry, 17
Chapple (HS), 369	Oberndorfer, 38
Elson, 42	Silverman, II, 83
Ives (SB), 14-15	Songs (15), 190
Leisy (LAS), 129-130	Whitman, 103
Lloyd, 12	Wier (YAM), III, 152
	White & King, 49

Old Hundred: Jehovah, He is God (Version A)

Showt to Jehovah, al the earth;
Serv ye Jehovah with gladness;
Before Him come with singing mirth;
Know that Jehovah, He God is.

Thy Glory Fills the Sky (Version B)

Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
And as Thy glory fills the sky
So let it be on earth displayed
Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow (Version C)

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Sing We To Our God Above (Version D)

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

From All That Dwell Below the Skies (Version E)

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

No. 1278

OLD JOE CLARK
also known as

Joe Clark

Round and Round, Old Joe Clark

This song is probably known to every fiddler and banjo-
picker in the United States. It is claimed that Old

Joe Clark was originally a play-party song, but all references to it in play-party and game-song literature usually accompany a similar piece, Liza Jane (see in this Master Book). Such references are understandable if not always clear, because Liza Jane is often sung to the tune of Old Joe Clark.

For similar songs, see Stay Till the Sun Goes Down in this Master Book and Old Joe Camp in Cox (FSS), 285 and Jour (AFL), XXXI, 277. Also compare the Old Joe Clog in Cox (FSS), 495.

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| Agay (1), 30 | McDowell (FDT), 76 |
| Best, 135-136 | McLendon, 219 |
| Botkin (AFL), 814-818 | Owens (ST), 56-61 |
| Botkin (APPS), 269-285 | Owens (TFS), 157-159 |
| Brown, III, 120-124; V,
61-67 | Perrow, XXV, 152; XXVIII,
176 |
| Bulletin (TFS), V, 23 | Quarterly (SFL), IV, 192 |
| Davis (FSV), 244-245 | Randolph, III, 324-330 |
| Downes (1940), 206-207 | Randolph (OPP), 221 |
| Downes (1943), 246-247 | Roberts (IP), 289-291 |
| Dudley & Payne, 32-34 | Scarborough (NFS), 8, 125,
169, 192 & 227 |
| Gainer, 171-172 | Scarborough (SC), 65 |
| Ives (SA), 110-112 | Seeger (1), 84-85 |
| Johnson (EAS), No. 40 | Seeger (6), 35 |
| Jour (AFL), VI, 131; XL,
97 | Sharp, II, 259 |
| Langstaff (1), 46 | Shay (PF-2), 70-71 |
| Loesser, 52-53 | Shay (PF-3), 149 |
| Lomax (ABFS), 277-280 | Silber (HSB), 18 |
| Lomax (PB), 70 | Silverman, I, 346 |
| Lomax (USA), 86-87 | Thede, 28-29 |
| Luther, 209 | Thomas (DD), 106-107 |
| | White, 28, 337 |
-

Old Joe Clark

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son,
He preached his way to fame;
The only text he ever preached
Was high, low, Jack and game.

Chorus

Round and round, old Joe Clark,
Round and round, I say!
Round and round, old Joe Clark,
And stay 'til break of day!

Old Joe Clark is dead and gone,
I hope he's doing well;
Made me wear the ball and chain
Till my whole ankle swelled!

I went down to old Joe's house,
He was eating supper;
Stubbed my toe on the table leg,
Rammed my nose in the butter!

Someone stole my old coon dog—
Wish they'd bring him back;
He chased the big hogs thro the fence,
The little ones thro the crack.

Went down to Dinah's house,
She was standing in the dooc;
Shoes and stockings in her hand
And feet all over the floor!

I wish I had a nickel,
I wish I had a dime,
I wish I had a pretty gal
To kiss and call her mine!

Old Joe Clark killed a man,
Killed him with a knife;
I'm so glad he killed that man—
Now I'll get his wife!

Wish I had a needle and thread,
As fine as I could sew;
I'd sew the girls to my coat-tail
And down the road I'd go.

Peaches in the summertime,
Apples in the fall,
If I can't get the girl I want,
I won't have none at all!

If I had a sweetheart,
I'd set her upon a shelf,
And ev'ry time she'd grin at me,
I'd get up there myself.

I wish I had a candy box
To put my sweetheart in;
I'd take her out, kiss her twice,
And put her back again!

No. 1279

OLD KING COLE

also known as

Old King Cole and His Fiddlers Three Old King Coul

In ancient Britain, they say, there was a ruler named King Cole. Tradition places him in the 3rd century. It's pure myth, of course. However, there was a cloth-manufacturer in Reading, England, whose nickname of King Cole became proverbial through a popular story-book of the 16th century. But to say that this song

specifically relates to the cloth-manufacturer would be nothing more than raw speculation.

We know that "Old Cole" was a standing nickname among Elizabethan dramatists, and that they made frequent use of it. Therefore it should surprise no one that the name should be celebrated in song.

Part of the song has become a popular nursery rhyme. I learned it in grade school. But the song, too, remained alive. It was quite popular among soldiers during World War II. It has also been updated and modernized as well as parodied in America. For example, see the Old Kincaid in Owens (TFS), 117-118.

The version below is from Johnson's Familiar Songs.

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| Best, 24 | Mackenzie (SH), 127 |
| Chappell (OEPM), II, 171 | Moffat (LSLA), 17 |
| Chappell (PMOT), 633 | Moorat, 2-3 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 197-199 | Ritchie (FS), 87 |
| Dolph, 45-48 | Ritchie (SFC), 45-46 |
| Halliwel (NRE), V, No. 77 | Shay (DFW), 55-57 |
| Johnson (FS), 439-440 | Silverman, I, 351 |
| Johnson (SMM), V, 473 | Whitelaw, 19 |
| Leisy (SPS), 137 | Wier (SWWS), 190-191 |
| | Wier (YAM), I, 66 |

Old King Cole

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,
And a very fine fiddle had he.

Chorus

For old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for
his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Now old King Cole, tho' a merry old soul,
Nor read nor write could he;
For to read and write, 'Twere useless quite,
When he kept a secretary.
So his mark for "Rex" was a single "X",
And his drink was ditto double,
For he scorned the fetters of four-and-twenty
letters,
And it saved him a vast deal of trouble.

No. 1280OLD MAID I

also known as

Here's My Sister Betsy	The Old Maid's Lament
I Long To Be a-Wedding	The Spinster's Lament

Old maids were favorite comedic subjects for song in the olden times. Spinsterhood was a state to be pitied or made fun of, not to be sympathized with or understood. This song, written in the 19th century, was a professional's approach to a centuries old folk theme. For a different "old maid" song, see Levy, 69-71.

REFERENCES

Brown, V, 19-20	Flanders (VFSB), 102
Cazden, II, 96-97	Hubbard, 159-160
Cox (TBFS), 157	Jour (AFL), XXX, 355

Leisy, 250-251

Owens (TFS), 218-219

Peacock, II, 461

Reeves (EC), 264

Sturgis (SHV), 10-13

Williams (FSUT), 297-298

Wyman (LT), 65-67

Old Maid I

Come all you pretty maidens, some old and some younger,
You all have your sweethearts while I must wait longer;
Some sixteen, some eighteen, and some lately married,
And all well enjoying yourselves while I tarried.

I am seemly fair, if my glass do not falter,
Yet by the effects, there is something the matter;
For everyone else can have suitors a-plenty;
Most marry at sixteen, but I am past twenty.

I had a sister Sally that was younger than I am;
She had so many sweethearts she had to deny them.
But as for my own part, I never had many;
If you all knew my heart I'd be thankful for any.

I had a sister Susan that was ugly and ill-shapen,
Before she was sixteen years old she was taken;
Before she was eighteen a son and a daughter—
Here I'm some six and forty and never had an offer!

I never will be scolding, and I never will be jealous;
My husband shall have money to spend at the ale-house.
And while he's there spending I'll be at home saving,
And I leave it to the world if I'm not worth the having.

Chorus

Come a landsman, a pinsman, a tinker or a tailor,
A fiddler or a dancer, a plowboy or a sailor,
A gentleman or a crude man, a fool or a witty—
Don't you let me die and old maid, but take me out
of pity.

No. 1281

OLD MAID II

also known as

The Burglar Man

The Old Maid and the Burglar

This is an old Music Hall song and one not usually included in traditional folk collections. But it meets most of the requirements; it was orally transmitted in North Carolina and other states. Versions of the song are in commercial folios and has been recorded by many performers on phonograph records.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 465; IV, 247

Hudson (FSM), 249-250

Old Maid II

I'll tell you the story of a burglar man
Who went out to rob a house;
He opened the window and he crawled right in,
Quietly as a mouse.

Right thro' the window and into the room,
Then into a great big hall;
But if he had know it was an old maid's home,
He would never have called.

About nine o'clock the old maid came home,
"Oh, I'm so tired," she said;
And thinking that all was well within the house,
Forgot to look under the bed.

She took out her teeth and her big glass eye,
The hair off the top of her head;
The burglar had about ninety-nine fits
As he looked from under the bed.

The old maid reached for her great big gun,
And to the burglar said:

"Young man, if you don't agree to marry me,
I'll shoot you in the head!"

The burglar looked quickly around the room,
But could find no place to scoot;
He looked at the teeth and the big glass eye,
And said, "Go on, and shoot!"

No. 1282

OLD MAID III
also known as

The Maiden's Sad Complaint

The Old Maid's Song

This is another of the old English imports. According to Flanders, the first printed traditional version of this song appeared in Johnson (SMM), No. 453. According to Rollins (The Pepys Ballads, III, p. 11), the song was licensed for printing, July 1, 1678.

I have seen the song in only two American collections: Flanders (NGMS), 180-182 and Kincaid No. 2, 33.

Old Maid III

I never, I never got married,
Ah married, um married,
Such a beautiful creature am I.
I intend to marry somebody,
Ah body, um body,
Or at least I am going to try.

My mother has got an old cradle,
Ah cradle, um cradle,
And no pretty daughter but I;

She says if I marry to suit her,
 Ah suit her, um suit her,
 It'll be mine if she happens to die.

My father has one thousand dollars,
 Ah dollars, um dollars,
 And no pretty daughter but I;
 He says if I marry to suit him,
 It'll be mine if he happens to die.

Now who would not like a fair lady,
 Ah lady, um lady,
 Such a beautiful creature am I,
 With cradle and one thousand dollars,
 Ah dollars, um dollars,
 That will surely be theirs when I die?

No. 1283

OLD MAN GRUMBLE

also known as

The Ancient Farmer	The Old Man in the Wood
The Drummer and His Wife	The Old Man That Lived In
Father Grumble	the Wood
The Grumbler's Song	The Old Man Who Live in
John Grumlie, <u>or</u> Grumly	the Wood
Little Phoebe	Old Mister Grumble
Mister Grumble	Old Summa
Old Cromwell	Old Summerfield
Old Crumbly Crust	The Teeny Cow
Old Grumble	There Was an Old Man
The Old Man and His Wife	There Was an Old Man That
The Old Man and Wife	Lived on the Hill

Several old European ballads share the theme of the

farmer turned housewife, but it is the Scottish John Grumlie that lies behind this and other American versions. The oldest version of the story in English goes back to the late 15th century. The same story is told, though differently, in The Wife of Auchtermuchty, which may be seen in Herd (AMSS), II, 125 and Ramsay's Ever Green and in Flanders (BMNE), 191-193. Again, the story is told in The Woman to the Plow in Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 185-187, and the English stall ballad, The Churlish Husband. For a strange mixture, where a version of the English song Darby and Joan is given as version A of Old Man Grumble, see Brown, II, 446. Older Scottish versions appear in the 1787 edition of the Scots Musical Museum and the 1825 edition of Alan Cunningham's Songs of Scotland.

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| Belden (BS), 225-228 | |
| Botkin (NEF), 889-890 | Jour (IFSS), I, 43-44 |
| Brewster (BSI), 217-222 | Karpeles (FSE), II, No. 205 |
| Brown, II, 445-448 | Laws, Q I, 273 |
| Campbell & Sharp, No. 112 | Leach (BB), 747-748 |
| Cox (FSS), 455-463 | Linscott, 248-250 |
| Davis (FSV), 162-163 | Lomax (FSNA), 26 |
| Eddy, 135-136 | McIntosh (FSSG), 43-45 |
| Flanders (GGMS), 50-51 | Moore (BFSS), 246-249 |
| Flanders (VFSB), 104-105 | Owens (SC), 237-238 |
| Ford (SH), 39-47 | Owens (TFS), 119-120 |
| Friedman, 443-444 | Pound, 82-84 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 415-416 | Pound (SFSN), II, 8 |
| Glass (SPRF), 26-28 | Randolph, I, 318-323 |
| Hubbard, 234-236 | Ritchie (SSB), 56-57 |
| Hudson (BSM), 156-157 | Scarborough (SC), 243, 420 |
| Hudson (FSM), 175-176 | Scott (BA), 41-43 |
| | Sharp, II, 265-267 |
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Old Man Grumble

There was an old man who lived in the woods,
Or somewhere near the sea;
He said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
"Now, is that so?" his wife replied,
"Why don't you show me how?
You do all of my work for a day,
And I'll go work the plow!

"But you must milk the tiny cow,
Lest she should go quite dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty.
And you must watch the speckled hen,
For she might go astray;
And don't forget the spool of yarn
That I spin every day."

The old woman took a stick in her hand
And went to follow the plow,
While the old man took the pail on his head
And went to milk the cow.
But Tiny she winked, and Tiny she blinked,
And then she tossed up her nose;
And Tiny she gave him a kick on the skin,
And the blood ran down to his toes.

It was "Ho, Tiny!" and a "Whoa, Tiny!
Nice little cow stand still!
If ever I milk you again," he said,
"It will be against my will."
Old Grumble went to feed the pigs
That were within the sty;
He knocked his head against the shed
And caused the blood to fly.

And then he watched the speckled hen,
 Lest she might lay astray;
 But he quite forgot the spool of yarn
 That his wife spun every day.
 And when his wife came home at night,
 He said he could plainly see
 That she could do much more work in a day
 Than he could do in three.

The dinner to get, the table to set,
 The bed to make, and more;
 The house to sweep, the bread to knead,
 And he was tired and sore.
 He swore by all the stars that shine,
 And by the Lord in heaven,
 His wife could do more work in a day
 Than he could do in seven!

No. 1284

OLD MOTHER HARE

also known as

Bra' Rabbit
 Grandma Blair

Molly Hare
 Old Molly Hare

Here we have a dance tune that became a song with the help of Square Dance "callers" and rural field hands. The word were largely borrowed from other songs, then borrowed again for use in other pieces.

For a song with many related lines, see: Bell Cow in Richardson (AMS), 98, 118. For similar songs in this Master Book, see Mister Rabbit I & II. For a version of this song in the gullah dialect, see Scarborough (NFS), 175.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 211-213; V,
123

Davis (FSV), 250

Ford (OTFM), 15

Ford (TMA), 30, 193

Lomax (ABFS), 283-284

Negro (2), 32

Randolph, II, 359

Seeger (1), 99

Thede, 84

Winn (1), 44-45

Yolen, 91

Old Mother Hare

"Old Mother Hare, what you doin' there,
Diggin' out a post hole an' scratchin' your hair?"

"Old farmer Brown, what you doin' here?
Can't you see I'm busy a-scratchin' my ear?"

"Old Mother Hare, what you doin' there?"
"I'm pickin' out a Briar that's stuck in my hair!"

"Old Mother Hare, dogs are comin' through!"
"I got no talk to stay and talk to you!"

"Old Mother Hare, what you doin' there?"
"I'm goin' across the field as fast as I can tare!"

No. 1285

OLD PAINT I
also known as

Cheyenne

Goodbye, Old Paint

I'm A-Leavin' Cheyenne

Leaving Cheyenne

This piece was often played as the final number at dances in the Old West. First collected for publication by John A. Lomax, this song has since appeared in dozens of song books and folios issued by various

music firms. The song remains popular among country-western performers and audiences, and it is one of America's better known cowboy songs.

For a song with similar title and theme, see Cheyenne in Lomax (CS-1938), 245-246.

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| Clark (CS), 29 | Lomax (CS-1938), 12-14 |
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| Downes (1943), 276-277 | Lomax (SGP), 133-134 |
| Emrich (CBF), 36 | Lomax (USA), 214-215 |
| Emrich (FAL), 491-492 | Lynn (CS), 17 |
| Felton, 104-107 | Moore (BFSS), 376-377 |
| Fife, 227-228 | Sackett, 70 |
| Frey, 51 | Scott (BA), 263 |
| Larkin (1931), 176-177 | Scott (FSS), 48 |
| Larkin (1963), 169-170 | Seeger (1), 62-63 |
| Lingenfelter, 380-381 | Siegmeister, 28-29 |
| Lomax (ABFS), 383-389 | Thede, 128 |

Old Paint I

Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne!
Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne!
I'm leavin' Cheyenne, I'm off to Montan',
Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne!
Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne!
Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm off to Montan';
You've been a good pony, you wore a good brand,
Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenee!
Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne!
Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm off to Montan';
My foot's in the stirrup, my rein is in hand,
Good morning, young lady, my horses won't stand.

No. 1286

OLD PAINT II

also known as

I'm Riding Old Paint

Ride Around, Little Dogies

I Ride an Old Paint

Throw the Hoolihan

This and the preceding song are sometimes known by the same title, which means they are subject to confusion in reference lists. In seeking the one a person may find the other and not be aware of the error. To avoid that possibility, I have placed the two songs together, listing them as I & II.

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Best, 124

Lloyd, 154-155

Botkin (AFL), 857-858

Lomax (PB), 109

Clark (CS), 39

Lomax (USA), 216-217

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Oberndorfer, 74

Downes (1943), 272-273

Okun, 54-55

Felton, 22-26

Patterson (SRR), 4-5

Fife, 226-227

Sackett, 41

Ives (SA), 210-211

Sandburg (AS), 12-13

Klickmann, 18-19

Scott (BA), 260-261

Larkin, 17-19, or 33-35

Seeger (6), 25

Leisy, 175-176

Silber (HSB), 26

Lingenfelter, 378-379

Silverman, I, 40

Yolen, 26-27

Old Paint II

I ride an old paint, I lead an old Dan,

I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan.

It's feed 'em in the coulees and water in the draw;

Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.

Chorus

Ride around, little dogies, ride around 'em slow,
For the fiery and snuffy are rarin' to go.

Bill Jones had two daughters, two daughters and a song,
And one went to Denver, the other went wrong.
His wife she got killed in a pool-room fight,
But Jones just keeps singing from morning till night.

Friends, when I die take my saddle from the wall,
Put it on old Paint and lead him from the stall;
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the West,
And we'll roam the country that we love the best.

No. 1287

OLD RATTLER I
also known as

Go, Call Ol' Rattler	Rattler
Here, Rattler, Here!	Rattler Is A Good Old Dog

This is an old rural folk song, probably created by
a Black; it is sung for entertainment and played for
dancing.

REFERENCES

Emrich (CBF), 6	Silverman, II, 346
Lomax (ABFS), 66-67	Talley, 46
	White, 232

Old Rattler I

I'll call ol' Rattler from the barn,
Here, Rattler, here!
He'll chase them cows from out the corn,
Here, Rattler, here!

Chorus

Here, Rattler, here! Here, Rattler, here!
Here, Rattler, here! Here, Rattler, here!

Old Rattler is my hunting dog, etc.
He's good for rabbit, good for hog, etc.

He's good for possum in the dew, etc.
And sometimes gets a chicken, too, etc.

One night I thought he'd treed a coon, etc.
But he was barking at the moon, etc.

No. 1288

OLD RATTLER II
also known as
Old Coon Dog

This is a different version of the preceding song, Old Rattler I, though it may even be older. I obtained a version from Daddy John Love at Radio Station WBT, at Charlotte, N. C.

A similar version is also in Brown, V, 120-121.

Old Rattler II

My pappy had an old coon dog, he was blind as he could be;
That hound he treed the other night—I believe that dog
can see!

Old Rattler treed the other night; we thought he'd
treed a coon.

But when we went to find it out, he'd only treed the moon!
Somebody stole that old coon dog; I wish they'd bring
him back.

He chased the big hogs over the fence and the little ones
through the crack!

No. 1289

OLD REUBEN'S TRAIN

also known as

Old Reuben

Reuben's Train

An old rural railroad song and country blues that has been borrowed from by several modern-day writers. The hit folk song of the 1950s-60s, Five Hundred Miles, is nothing more than a rewritten version of Old Reuben's Train. Also see and compare When I Hear That Whistle Blow in Henry (FSSH), 424 and the spiritual It Ain't No Harm to Trust in Jesus in Ehite, 65. For a folk derivative, see Nine Hundred Miles in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 264-265; V, Jour (AFL), XLIV, 431; LXIII,
148-150 282
Roberts (SBS), 159-160

Old Reuben's Train

You should have been in town
When Reuben's train went down;
You could hear that whistle blow
A hundred miles.

Chorus

A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
A hundred miles from my home;
You could hear that whistle blow
A hundred miles.

Old Reuben made a train
And he tracked it in the rain;
You could hear that whistle blow, etc.

The train ran off the track,
And he couldn't put it back; etc.

Old Reuben he got drunk,
And pawned his watch and trunk; etc.

Old Reuben went to town
And drank more whiskey down; etc.

Old Reuben fixed his train
And ran it clear up to Maine; etc.

Old Reuben's on the track,
And he ain't a-comin' back; etc.

No. 1290

OLD SHIP OF ZION I

also known as

'Tis the Old Ship of Zion

There are many "Ship of Zion" songs in circulation, and the age of American versions vary. The date of the first Ship of Zion to drop anchor on these shores is not known. A version similar to the one below is in the 1844 edition of the Sacred Harp. For an extensive account of such songs, see White, 93-96, where he points to versions as old as the 1820s.

Two versions are given below, and they are obviously related. A is ascribed to Thomas W. Carter; it is also closely related to The Land of Canaan. Version B is attributed to Rev. Samuel Houser, North Carolina, and dates from about 1800.

An early version of A is in Hauser (OL), 355 and White & King, 79. A version is also in Jackson (SFS), 199 and (WSSU), 235.

Versions of B are in Cobb (SH), 217; Denson, 388; Dett, 81; Hauser, 355; Jackson (SFS), 211-212 & (WSSU), 257-258. Also see Scott (FSS), 52.

Old Ship of Zion I (Version A)

What ship is this that will take us all home?
O glory hallelujah!
And safely land us on Canaan's bright shore?
O glory hallelujah!

Chorus

'Tis the old ship of Zion, hallelujah, hallelu!
'Tis the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!

The winds may blow and the billows may foam, etc.
But she is able to take us all home, etc.

She's landed all who've gone before, etc.
And yet she's able to land still more, etc.

If I arrive there before you do, etc.
I'll tell them that you are coming too, etc.

VERSION B

Come along, come along and let us go home,
O glory hallelujah!
Come along, come along and let us go home,
O glory hallelujah!

Chorus

Our home is over Jordan, hallelujah!
Our home is over Jordan, hallelujah!

What ship is this that will take us all home?, etc.
'Tis the old ship of Zion, etc.

Do you think she'll be able to take us all
home, etc.

I think she'll be able, etc.

We have some friends who're gone before, etc.
By and by we'll go and see them, etc.

What will the Christians do when their lamp
burns out?, etc.

Go shouting home to heaven, etc.

No. 1291

OLD SHIP OF ZION II

Where I grew up, in North Carolina, the Ship of Zion sailed under many melodies, including one well-known secular air: She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain (see in Master Book).

Again, there are two versions given below. Version A may also be seen in Borwn, III, 659-660; V, 383-384. Version B is in Brown, III, 660; V, 384-385 and Richardson (AMS), 71.

Old Ship of Zion II Tune: She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain

(Version A)

The old ship of Zion, when she comes, when she comes,
The old ship of Zion, when she comes, when she comes.
It's the old ship of Zion, the old ship of Zion,
The old ship of Zion when she comes.

She rocks so level and steady, when she comes, etc.

Have your lamps trimmed and burning, when she comes, etc.

It'll be the old Ship of Zion when she comes, etc.

VERSION B

'Tis the old ship of Zion
Come a-sailing across the ocean,
Heavy-loaded with bright angels,
True believers in that band.

Chorus

Come along, my mother, and go with me (3),
And remember your dying day.

No. 1292

OLD SHIP OF ZION III

also known as

Old Ship of Zion Ole Ship o' Zion Ship of Zion

This is the version of Old Ship of Zion that was sung by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. It is close to Old Ship of Zion I A above, and is an adaptation by slaves of a hymn sung at revival meetings in the South. Variations and insertions appear in several other songs, such as I Am Seeking For A City in Dett, 36, which uses the air of the Old Ship of Zion's chorus.

For other spirituals dealing with the Zion ship, see Git On Board O' Ship O' Zion in Kennedy (M-2), 141-142 and We'll Put John on the Island in this Master Book. Also see and compare Kennedy (M-1), 40-41 and Jour (AFL), XLI, 566.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 102-103, <u>or</u> 158-160	Jubilee (PS), 18-19
Brewer, 149	Kennedy (M-2), 126
Cazden, I, 58-59	Marsh (SJS), 152
Dett, 81	McDowell, 47
Henry (FSSH), 419-420	Odum (NHS), 118
Jackson (WNS), 148, 201	Pike, 192, <u>or</u> 234
	Richardson (AMS), 71

Old Ship of Zion III

What ship is that a-sailing? Hallelujah!
What ship is that a-sailing? Hallelu!
'Tis the old ship of Zion, Hallelujah!
'Tis the old ship of Zion, Hallelu.
Do you think that she is able? Hallelujah!
Do you think that she is able? Hallelu!
Do you think that she is able
For to carry us all home? O Glory Hallelu!

She has landed many a thousand, Hallelujah!
She has landed many a thousand, Hallelu!
She has landed many a thousand,
And will land as many a more, O glory hallelu!

She is loaded down with angels, Hallelujah!
She is loaded down with angels, Hallelu!
And King Jesus is the Captain,
Who will carry us all home, O glory hallelu!

No. 1293

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

This Army song is derived from Kind Words Never Die, a 19th century popular song written, published and performed by the famous Hutchinson Family Singers in the

1850s. In the 1890s the song was adapted and introduced at West Point military academy by General Summerall. Song became a national hit in 1951, during the war action against Korea, when the title and closing line was referred to by General Douglas MacArthur at the conclusion of his speech to Congress. Naturally a parody was sung by foot soldiers, which is given below as version B.

The song does not appear in any of the scholastic-type folk song collections I have seen, but a version is in Silverman, I, 138.

Version A is the one sung by cadets at West Point.

Old Soldiers Never Die (Version A)

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die;
Old soldiers never die—they simply fade away.

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die;
Old soldiers never die—young ones wish they would.

This rain will never stop, never stop, never stop;
This rain will never stop—No, oh! No, no, no!

VERSION B

Well, once I met a sailor's wife
And she was dressed in green;
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a submarine!
She had a submarine, my boys,
With a cunning tour complete;
And in the other corner
She had half the friggin' fleet!

TAG:

Old soldiers never die,
They just smell that way!

Then once I met a gunner's wife
And she was full of fun;
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a six-inch gun!
She had a six-inch gun, my boys,
The breech block and the sear,
And in the other corner
Ammunition for a year, etc.

Now once I met a skipper's wife,
She was dressed in black;
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a fishing smack!
She had a fishing smack, my boys,
The main mast and the sails,
And in the other corner
Swam a friggin' school of whales! etc.

No. 1294

OLD TIME CONFEDERATES

also known as

We Are Old Time Confederates

This is a parody of the Protestant hymn, Old Time Religion. See Staton, 138.

Old Time Confederates

Tune: Old Time Religion

We are old time confederates,
We are old time confederates,
We are old time confederates,—
That's good enough for me!

We are a band of brothers,
We are a band of brothers,

A band of Southern brothers
Who fought for liberty!

Jeff Davis was our leader,
Jeff Davis was our leader,
Our true and faithful leader,—
He was good enough for me!

No. 1295

OLD TIME RELIGION

also known as

Gimme That Ole Time Religion That Old Time Religion
Give Me That Old Time Religion This Old Time Religion

This popular revival hymn has a long and arguable history. A version was copyrighted in 1891 by Charlie Tillman. But there is plenty of solid evidence to show that the song is much older than the 1891 copyright. I have a copy in my possession that was published in 1800, and Tillman's name is not on it. It was also sung by the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers immediately following the Civil War, and they learned it as slaves. Versions are available in many hymn and other song books, sometimes with author credits and sometimes without.

Part of the text of Old Time Religion can be found in several religious songs, such as Sinner Man I in this Master Book. For a different song text sung to the tune of Old Time Religion, see the Sinner Man in Sharp, II, 291.

The tune was also borrowed in modern times and used for the nationwide hit of the 1940s, Give Me One Dozen Roses. Two versions are given below, with A being the Protestant revival form and B being the spiritual form.

REFERENCES

Best, 154	Leisy (LAS), 136-137
Botkin (SFL), 663	Lloyd, 165
Brewer, 152	Marsh (SJS), 158
Brown, III, 674; V, 397	Odum (NHS), 143-144
Dett, 200	Pike, 198, <u>or</u> 240
Jackson (SFS), 218	Randolph, IV, 66-67
Jackson (WNS), 184-185	Silverman, II, 94
Johnson (BANS), 76-77	White, 91-92
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 148	Whitman, 102-103
Kennedy (M-2), 15	Work (ANSS), 99
	Work (FSAN), 65

Old Time Religion (Version A)

Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me.

It was good for Paul and Silas, (3)
It's good enough for me.

It was good for our fathers, (3)
It's good enough for me.

It makes you love everybody, (3)
It's good enough for me.

It will take us all to heaven, (3)
It's good enough for me.

VERSION B

Oh! this old time religion, (3)
It is good enough for me.

It was good for the mourner, (3)
It is good enough for me.

It will carry you to heaven, (3)
And it's good enough for me.

It brought me out of bondage, (3)
And it's good enough for me.

No. 1296

OLD UNCLE TOM COBLEY

also known as

Tam, or Tom Pearce
Tom Cobley

Uncle Tom Cobley
Widdecombe Fair

This old English import seems to have been more popular in New England than anywhere else in America. The tune was adapted for a 1950s song, The Little Big Horn, by Dickson Hall, which was recorded for RCA Victor records by The Belafonte Folk Singers.

REFERENCES

Bantock, 71-72	Quiller-Couch, 845-846
Baring-Gould (SW), No. 16	Reeves (EC), 164
Farnsworth, 1-5	Silverman, I, 278
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 320	Yolen, 24-25

Old Uncle Tom Cobley

Tam Pearce, Tam Pearce, lend us your gray mare,
All along, down along, out along lee;
We want to go and see the State Fair:
Bill Brewer, John Strewer, Peter Gurney,
Davy Thompson, Freddy Duer, Tommy Hall,
Old uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old uncle Tom Cobley and all.

Tam Peace, Tam Pearce, we'll bring her back soon,
All along, down along, out along lee;
We'll be back Friday or Saturday noon:, etc.

Well, Friday passed and Saturday too,
All along, down along, out along lee;
But Tam's gray mare was no where in view:, etc.

Tam Pearce he stood upon a high hill,
All along, down along, out along lee;
He saw his gray mare a-writin' her will:, etc.

Tam's old mare took sick and she died,
All along, down along, out along lee;
And Tam sat down on a rock and he cried:, etc.

Now when the cold wind moans in the night,
All along, down along, out along lee;
They say Tam's mare appears ghstly white:, etc.

No. 1297

OLE PEE DEE

This began as a minstrel-show song, and it was written by J. P. Carter. Sheet music was published by Keith's Publishing House, Boston, 1844.

The Pee Dee river was popular with early American song-writers, even Stephen Foster; he originally used the "Pee Dee" in his Swanee River, then changed it to the latter.

For other songs about the Pee Dee river, see The Ole Pee Dee in Brown, III, 507; Christy's Negro Songster, 164-165; Gumbo Chaff's Ethiopian Glee Book, 154; and Carmer (SRA), 108.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 506-507; V,
282

Nathan, 469-470
Parrish, 122-123

Ole Pee Dee

In South Carolina I was born,
I husk de wood an' chop de corn,
De roastin' car to de house I bring,
De fo'man cotch me an' I sing.
Ring de hoop! blow de horn!
Cotch de nigger a-stealin' corn
Way down in de low groun' fiel'
Three, four mile from Pompey's heel.

Dey took me out on a tater hill,
Dey made me dance against my will;
I dance all roun' de tater hole,
De fo'man punch me wid a pole.
Ring de hoop! blow de horn!
Cotch de nigger a-stealin' corn
Way down in de low groun' fiel'
Three, four mile from Pompey's heel.

Down de riber I spied a ship,
I slid down on my under lip;
Hop on board an' cross de drink—
It make de niggers gizzard wink.
Ring de hoop! blow de horn!
Nebber felt so glad since I was born
Way down in de low groun' fiel'
Three, four mile from Pompey's heel.

To Boston port I den sail roun',
Dey said de Dickens was in town.
I ax dem who de Dickens was,
Dey said 'twas massa Pickwick Boz.
Ring de hoop! blow de horn!
Massa Dickens eat de corn,
Way down in de low groun' fiel'
Three, four mile from Pompey's heel.

No. 1298

OLE TAR RIVER
also known as
Old Tare River

This is another minstrel-show-type song about a Southern river, the Tar River in North Carolina. It was published by Henry Prentiss, Boston, 1840. A facsimile may be seen in Nathan, 471-474. A different version of the same song is in Carmer (SRA), 128. For an entirely different song called Ole Tar River, see Carmer (SRA), 129.

Ole Tar River

Way down in North Carolina, Ah....,
On de banks of Ole Tar River, Ah....,
I go from dar to Alabama, Ah.....,
For to see my ole aunt Hannah, Ah...!

De ole houn' dog sniff'd all aroun'
An' foun' a coon jes lef' de groun';
Dog howl an' bark up at de tree,
Dat ole coon say yuh caint ketch me.

Farewell, Dinah, I got to leave you!
But when I'm gone don't let it grieve you.
Straight to de window, den to de do'
Lookin' for to fin' my banjo.

No. 1299

O, MOURNER I
also known as

Oh, Mourner, Don't Weep for
Me

When the Good Lord S̄wts
Me Free

This seems to be more of an extract or fragment than a complete song. It will serve, however, to establish the form and theme of a series of "mourner" spirituals centered on "finding a home at last" or "promises of freedom."

For similar versions, see Henry (FSSH), 426 and Perrow, XXVI, 160.

O, Mourner I

The doctor said, "It ain't no lie;
Sure as sin you're goin' to die!"
If I die, that ain't no sin;
And if I don't, I'll make it agin.

Chorus

O, Mourner, don't weep for me!
No, Mourner, don't weep for me
When the good Lord sets me free!

No. 1300

O, MOURNER II
also known as

Cuba
Go, Preachers

Po' Mourner's Got a
Home at Las'

A camp-ground spiritual-hymn, and one that was sung by blacks as well as whites. For songs with similar themes, see My Ole Mistis and Po' Mona in Scarborough (NFS), 223, 224; Promises of Freedom in Talley, 25-26; and You Shall Be Free in this Master Book.

Words and music are ascribed to J. A. Bolen and H. S. Reese in the 1911 edition of The Original Sacred Harp.

REFERENCES

Jackson (SFS), 172-173

Jackson (WSSU), 232

James, 401

O, Mourner II

Go, Preachers, and tell it to the world!
Go, Preachers, and tell it to the world!
Go, Preachers, and tell it to the world!
Poor Mourner's found a home at last.

Thro' free grace and a dying lamb, (3)
Poor Mourner's found a home at last.

O, Jesus he came and claimed my soul, (3)
Poor Mourner's found a home at last.

No. 1301

O, MOURNER III

also known as

Poor Mourner's Got a Home

This is another approach to the same theme as expressed in the two preceding spirituals. Versions are also in Johnson (SBNS), 78-80 and Work (ANSS), 144. The version below is from Work's collection.

O, Mourner III

M....., M....., my Lord!

M....., Poor Mourner's got a home at last.

O, Mourner, Mourner, ain't you tired a-mourning?
Bow down on your knees and join the band with the angels.

No harm, no harm, go tell brother Elijah,
No harm, no harm, poor Mourner's got a home at last.

O, sinner, sinner, ain't you tired a-sinning?, etc.

O, preacher, preacher, ain't you tired a-preaching?, etc.

No. 1302

ON A COLD AND FROSTY MORNING

also known as

Gathering Nuts in May	Here We Go Gathering Nuts in May
Here We Come Gathering	Knots of May
Nuts in May	Nuts in May

A game song rooted deep in ancient times. Gomme tells us that "Nuts in May" was originally "Knots in May," which "is a term used by children, meaning bunches of May...The association of May—whether the month, or the flower, or both—with the game is very strong." Gomme also associates the game itself to the ancient custom of "marriage by capture, and to the marriage customs practised at May Day festivals and gatherings."

For descriptive examples of the actual survivals in English, Scots, Welsh, and Irish customs of marriage by capture, see G. L. Gomme's Folk-lore Relics of Early Village Life, pp. 204-210.

The tune, as we know it, is a variation of Nancy Dawson (see in this Master Book). Other game songs using the same tune, or slight variations thereof, are All Down to Sleep, The Farmer in the Field, and Mulberry Bush.

REFERENCES

Bancroft, 285-288, 367-368

Beckwith (FGJ), 49

- | | |
|--|--|
| Bett, 16 | Gardner, 23 |
| Brown, I, 109-110; V,
521-522 | Gardner (SPPG), 99 |
| Burne, 516 | Gomme, I, 424-433 |
| Douglas, 51 | Hornby, 66 |
| Folklore Journal, VII,
224-225 | Jour (AFL), VIII, 253;
XXXI, 47, 132,
147, 178 |
| Folklore Record, III, 169-
170; V, 85 | Linscott, 16-17 |
| Forbush, 73-74 | Newell, 89, 236-237 |
| | Randolph, III, 373 |

On a Cold and Frosty Morning Tune: Mulberry Bush

Here we go gathering Nuts in May
Nuts in May, Nuts in May,
Here we go gathering Nuts in May,
On a cold and frosty morning.

Who shall we gather for Nuts in May, etc.
On a cold and frosty morning?

We'll gather Jane for Nuts in May, etc.
On a cold and frosty morning.

No. 1303

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

also known as

Sally, Go Round the	Sally, Go Round the Moon
Chimney Pot	Sally, Go Round the Sunshine

This is a game song for children. For other versions,
see: Bertail, 50; Forbush, 85; Ford (TMA), 260; Lomax
(OSC), 75; and Seeger (1), 164.

On a Sunday Afternoon

Sally, go round the stars,
Sally, go round the moon,
Sally, go round the Chimney-pot
On a Sunday Afternoon. Whoo-ee!

No. 1304

ON CANAAN'S HAPPY SHORE

also known as

Canaan's Happy Shore	Say, Brothers, Will
Oh, Brothers, Will You Meet Me?	You Meet Us?
Say, Brothers	We Are Marching On

SOURCE SONG. This revival-type spiritual, written by William Steffe of South Carolina, is important for two reasons: (1) It is an excellent example of the old campground spritituals, and (2) it is a "source song," having contributed its tune to several better known traditional songs. First, it was popular all through the Civil War years and for some years afterward because the tune was used by Julia Ward Howe for Battle Hymn of the Republic after she heard Union soldiers sing it to John Brown's Body. Both songs are given in this Master Book. Two parodies, John Brown's Baby and Said I To Myself, Said I, are also in this Master Book.

For an anti-drinking parody used by prohibitionists, see Fillmore, p. 71.

REFERENCES

Benziger, 17	Jackson (SFS), 206-207
Dobie (TBE), 179-180	Kobbe, 162
Hillman, 173	Owens (TFS), 164

Thomas (BMMK), 217-218

White, 434-435

On Canaan's Happy Shore

Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?

Chorus

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
We are marching on!

By the grace of God we'll meet you, (3)
Where parting is no more.

There will be a happy meeting, (3)
On Canaan's happy shore.

Jesus lives and reigns forever, (3)
On Canaan's happy shore.

Glory, glory hallelujah!, (3)
Forever, evermore!

No. 1305

ONCE MORE, MY BOY, ONCE MORE
also known as

Ben Brace, or Breezer
Dixie Brown
Go to Sea No, or Once
More

Jack Wrack
Off to Sea No, or Once
More
Shanghai Brown

This sailor song is, in all probability, a derivative

of an English original. According to Mackenzie, "This song...seems to be derived from The Greenland Whale Fishery." In her notes to The River Lea, Colcord intimates a relationship between that song and this one, saying: "The original song, portions of which Mackenzie gives under the title Dixie Brown, is frequently confused with Greenland Fishery, but I think there is no connection between the two." Well, for what it may be worth, I see even less connection between The River Lea and Once More, My Boy, Once More. However, this song does come in a wide variety of variants and versions, some of which are barely recognizable. Seldom do we see two identical versions, except for those reproduced from one collection in another.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Adventure (1-30-23), 192 | Lingenfelter, 522-523 |
| Bernard, 434 | Lomax (ABFS), 495-496 |
| Doerflinger, 107-109 | Mackenzie, 255-256 |
| Hugill (1), 582-585 | Okun, 202-203 |
| | Scott (BA), 140-141 |

Once More, My Boy, Once More

When first we docked at New Orleans, I went upon a spree;
My money went fast, but I, at last, got drunk as drunk
could be.

With all my money spent and gone, I had to get some more;
And tho' not inclined, I made up my mind to sail again
from shore.

Chorus

Once more, my boy, once more I'll sail away from shore.
For a small advance, if you'll take the chance,
I'll go to sea once more, my boy, I'll go to sea once
more.

While strolling on the waterfront, I met with Shanghai
Brown;

In speaking to me, he said, "I see you're feelin'
kinda down."

"I'm stranded here in New Orleans, the victim of a whore;
For a small advance, if you'll take the chance, I'll go
to sea once more."

I shipped on board a whaling ship bound for the Artic seas,
Where cold winds blow thro' frost and snow, and Jamaica
rum would freeze.

And worst of all I had no gear—I lost it all ashore!
Soon I came to dread that day when I said, I'll go to
sea once more.

Come all you brisk young sailor lads, a warning take
from me:

When voyage is o'er, and you're a shore, don't go upon
a spree.

Take my advice, drink no strong drink, and don't bed
down a whore;

Better to use your head, get married instead, and go
to sea no more!

No. 1306

ONE FISH BALL

also known as

The Lay of the One
Fishball

The Lone Fish Ball
One Meat Ball

This humorous stage song dates from the early 1850s,
and was kept alive by college students and glee clubs.
A popular adaptation by Hy Zaret and Lou Silver, One
Meat Ball, was published by Leeds Music Corporation,
New York City, in the 1940s. The original song, The

Lone Fish Ball, was written by George Martin Lane in 1851 and first published in sheet music form in 1857.

REFERENCES

Best, 26

Botkin (NEF), 890

Chapple (HS), 433

Lewis, 48-49

Loesser, 302-303

Most (PCS), 92

Waite, 15

One Fish Ball

There was a man went up and down,
To seek his dinner thro' the town.
What wretch is he who wife forsakes,
Who best of jam and waffles makes?

He feels his cash to know his pence,
And finds he has but just six cents.
He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.
The cheapest viand of them all
Is twelve whole cents for two fishballs.

The waiter he to him doth call
And gently whispers: "One fish-ball."
The waiter roars it thro' the hall,
And guests all start at "one fish-ball."

The man then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
The waiter roars all thro' the hall,
"We don't give bread with one fish-ball!"

Moral Tag

Who would have bread with his fish-ball
Must get it first, or not at all.
Who would fish-ball with fixin's eat
Must get some friend to stand the treat.

No. 1307

ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

also known as

Dere's One More River to O Wasn't Dat, or That a
Cross Wide River?

This is a spiritual with a common title from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers, which means it is at least as old as the Civil War era. The music is from Marsh (SJS), 200-201.

This song is not related to the One More River To Cross given elsewhere in this Master Book. For yet another spiritual known as One More River To Cross, see Noah's Ark I (also in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

Chambers (TNS), 66-67
Dett, 98-99
Johnson (BANS), 152-153

Jubilee (PS), 20
White, 141-143
Work (FSAN), 47
Yolen, 206-207

One More River To Cross

Oh, the river of Jordan is so wide,
One more river to cross;
I don't know how to get on the other side,
One more river to cross.

Chorus

Oh, wasn't that a wide river,
 River of Jordan, Lord? Wide river!
 There's one more river to cross!
 Oh, wasn't that a wide river,
 River of Jordan, Lord? Wide river!
 There's one more river to cross!

There's so many friends before me gone, etc.
 By the grace of God I'll follow one, etc.

Satan ain't nothin' but a snake in the grass, etc.
 If you don't watch out, he'll get you at
 last, etc.

No. 1308

ONE OF THESE DAYS

also known as

God's Goin to Set This	I'm Gonna Tell God How You
World on Fire	Treat Me
Ging to Tell God How You	Some of These Days, God
Treat Me	Knows
	The Welcome Table

This appears to be one of those "put together" pieces, using lines and stanzas from several spirituals. For two somewhat similar and related songs, see the One-a These Days in Parrish, 167 and the River of Jordan in Jackson (SFS), 197. For a similar but unrelated song, see I'm Going to Ride in Pharaoh's Chariot in Brown, III, 636 & V, 371-372.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 172, 179
 Benziger, 90-91
 Berger, 52

Brown, III, 574; V, 329
 Coleman, 78-79
 Creighton (MFS), 173

Creighton (TSNS), 28
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 424
Sandburg (AS), 478-479

Sandburg (NAS), 16
White, 120
Work (ANSS), 166

One of These Days (Version A)

Well, I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me
One of these days, hallelujah!
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me
One of these days.

I'm gonna walk and talk with Jesus, (2)
One of these days, hallelujah!
I'm gonna walk and talk with Jesus,
Walk and talk with Jesus one of these days.

I'm gonna cross that Jordan river, (2)
One of these days, hallelujah!
I'm gonna cross that Jordan river,
Cross that Jordan river one of these days.

I'm gonna climb up Jacob's ladder, (2)
One of these days, hallelujah!
I'm gonna climb up Jacob's ladder,
Climb up Jacob's ladder one of these days.

I'm gonna sit at my Maker's table, (2)
One of these days, hallelujah!
I'm gonna sit at my Maker's table,
Sit at my Maker's table one of these days.

VERSION B

God's gonna bring your sins before you,
Hallelujah!

God's gonna bring your sins before you
 One of these days, hallelujah!
 God's gonna bring your sins before you,
 God's gonna bring your sins before you
 One of these days.

God's gonna set this world on fire, etc.

I'm gonna sit at the welcome table, etc.

I'm gonna feast on milk and honey, etc.

I'm gonna tell God how your treat me, etc.

No. 1309

ON MY JOURNEY HOME I

also known as

I Feel Like I'm On My
 Journey Home
 I'm On My Journey Home

Saint's Delight
 When I Can Read My Title
 Clear

Campground spiritual that dates from mid-19th century. Two stanzas, the first and second, are floaters and appear in several songs. Both these stanzas are in a revivalist hymn, Primrose Hill, in McCurry, 121. The first stanza, "When I can read my title clear," is found in the following songs: I Want To Go To Glory in McCurry, 50; New Indian Song in McCurry, 45; Ninety-Fifth in McCurry, 24; and Walk and Talk with Jesus in Jackson (SFS), 227. Also see Primrose Hill in White & King, 43.

A version of this song is in D. H. Mansfield's The American Vocalist, Boston, 1849, and therein words and music are ascribed to Isaac Watts.

For a parody from the California gold-rush era, see
Gold Seeker V in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 25	Lomax (FSNA), 247
Jackson (WSSU), 229-230	McCurry, 115
James, 498	Odum (NHS), 99-100
Leisy (LAS), 149-150	White & King, 154, 393

On My Journey Home I

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Chorus

I feel like, I feel like
I'm on my journey home;
I feel like, I feel like
I'm on my journey home.

Should fate against my soul rebell
And hellish darts be unfurled,
I'll stand and smile at Satan's rage
And face the frowning world.

If pain and trouble come to me,
And storms of sorrow fall,
I still would pray to reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

No. 1310

ON MY JOURNEY HOME II

also known as

O! For My Soul's Happy Oh, Who Will Come and Go With Me?

This revivalist hymn comes in several versions, all of which seem to have derived from Jordan's Stormy Banks (see in this Master Book). For two entirely different texts, see James, 393, 397. Also see Jackson (WSSU), 220-221.

On My Journey Home II

Oh, who will come and go with me?
I'm on my journey home;
I'm bound for Canaan's land to see,
I'm on my journey home.

Chorus

O come and go with me,
O sinner, go with me!
O come and go with me,
I'm on my journey home.

Oh, do not think I fear to die!, etc.
I'll be with Jesus there on high, etc.

Oh, tell my friends and let them know, etc.
No need for sadness when I go, etc.

No. 1311

ON OUR KNEES

also known as

Let Us Break Bread Together

This campground revival hymn is still available in a large number of Protestant hymn-books and song folios.

Its available in print is probably why it wasn't included in any of the folk song collections.

For a different song with the same theme, see We'll Meet Over Jordan elsewhere in this Master Book.

For a version of this song, see Silverman, II, 102.

On Our Knees

Let us break bread together on our knees,
 Let us break bread together on our knees,
 In our Saviour's holy name,
 His Kingdom to proclaim,
 Let us break bread together on our knees.

Let us thank God together on our knees, (2)
 For the blessings we have known,
 For mercy he has shown,
 Let us thank God together on our knees.

Let us all pray together on our knees, (2)
 Let us ask the Lord above
 To fill our hearts with love,
 Let us all pray together on our knees.

Let us praise God together on our knees, (2)
 Let us praise him night and day,
 In all we do and say,
 Let us praise God together on our knees.

No. 1312

ON THAT GREAT GETTIN' UP MORNIN'

also known as

Fare Thee Well! Fare Thee Well!
 Great Gittin' Up Mornin'

In That Great Gettin'
 Up Mornin'

This spiritual originated with black slaves and is still popular and widely sung. For an interesting comparison, see Great Day in Jackson (SFS), 179.

REFERNCES

Dett, 154-156

Lomax (USA), 364-367

Johnson (SBNS), 40-43

Marsh (SJS), 240-241

Silverman, II, 124

On That Great Gettin' Up Mornin'

Let me tell you 'bout the comin' of the Savior,
Fare thee well! fare thee well!
You will hear the silver trumpet of Gabriel,
Fare thee well! fare thee well!

Chorus

On that great gettin' up mornin',
Fare thee well! fare thee well!
God will call all of his angels,
Fare thee well! fare thee well!

You will hear the might rumble of the thunder, etc.
You will see the mighty mountains all crumble, etc.

Repeat Chorus

Let me tell you all 'bout the fiery furnace, etc.
You will hear the sinners all around prayin', etc.

Final Chorus

On that great gettin' up mornin',
Fare thee well! fare thee well!
God will come judgin' in glory,
Fare thee well! fare thee well!

No. 1313

ON THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON

also known as

The Bridge of Avignon

Sur le Pont D'avignon

This is a French song used for a ring-type game for children. The bridge figures in traditional lore in France as it does in most countries with an ancient past. The bridge at Avignon was built in 1177. In the Middle Ages bridges were the most important structures in the land, and they served as places of festivity and solemnity, dances, trials, and executions. For additional information, see headnotes to London Bridge in this Master Book.

The English-American parallel to this song is This-a Way, That-a Way (see in this Master Book).

For song sung to same tune in this Master Book, see Our Baby.

REFERENCES

Bancroft, 372-374

Gibbon, 16-17

Burchenal (FDOH), 20-21

Hornby, 20

Forbush, 76-77

Wier (YAM), I, 128

On The Bridge At Avignon (French Version)

Sur le pont d'Avignon

L'on y passe, l'on danse.

Sur le pont d'Avignon

l'on y danse tout en rond.

Les messieurs font comme ça,

Et puis encore comme ça.

Les belles dames font comme ça,

Et puis encore comme ça.

Les gamins font comme ça,
Et puis encore comme ça.

ENGLISH VERSION

On the bridge of Avignon
They are passing, they are dancing;
On the bridge of Avignon
They are dancing in a ring.

Gentlemen all do this way:
Then they all do this way.

Ladies all do this way:
Then they all do this way.

Street-boys all do this way:
Then they all do this way.

No. 1314

ON THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR

also known as

Broken Token Song	Susan and Sweet Willie
Lovely Susan	Sweet Willie and Susan
Susan and Her Sailor	The Yankee Man-of-War
Susan and Sweet William	Young Susan

The theme of young lovers separating due to circumstances beyond their control, such as war, and sharing a broken token is an old one in folk balladry. This song is actually an American adaptation of the English ballad, On Board A Man-of-War, a version of which may be seen in Kidson (FSNC), 88-89.

For a similar ballad, see I'm Going Across the Sea in this Master Book. Also see and compare: The Yankee Man-of-War in Harlow, 180-181 and The British Man-of-War

in Peacock, I, 181-182.

A boradside version of the song below was issued by Partridge, No. 788.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 379-380

Brown, II, 311-312;

IV, 181

Scott (BA), 226-228

On the Yankee Man-of-War

Over yonder in the meadow, where I just happened to stray,
I there beheld a lady fair and her young sailor gay.
Said he, "My lovely Susan, I soon shall leave the shore,
And I'll cross the briny ocean on the Yankee Man o' War."

Young Susan she fell weeping; to the sailor she did say,
"How can you be so venturesome and throw yourself away?
On the day that I am twenty-one I shall receive my
store,

So, Willie, don't go sailing on the Yankee Man-of-War."

"O Susan, lovely Susan, the truth to you I'll tell:
The South has now insulted us, the North she knows
it well;

I may be crowned with laurels just like some jolly tar,
And I'll face the forts of rebels on the Yankee Man-of-
War."

"How can you be so venturesome as to face the Southern
foes?

Whenever they're in battle, love, they never take a man;
And from some bloody weapon you might receive a scar—
Oh, Willie, please don't venture on the Yankee Man-of-
War!"

"Oh, Susan, lovely Susan, the time will quickly pass;
Coem with me to the ferryhouse and take a parting glass.

My shipmates there are waiting to row me from the
shore,
And it's for our country's glory on the Yankee Man-
of-War."

Young Willie took his handkerchief and tore it into two,
Saying, "You may keep the one half, love, the other I'll
keep for you.

When bullets fly around me and the rebel cannon's roar,
I'll fight for lovely Susan on the Yankee Man-of-War."

Then a few more words together, and she let go of
his hand;

The waiting crew surrounded him and rowed him from
the land.

Young Willie waved his handkerchief when far away
from shore,

And Susan blessed her sailor on the Yankee Man-of-War.

No. 1315

ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL

This traditional dance-and-fiddle tune is widely known
and still popular. Ervin T. Rowe wrote a set of lyrics
for the tune, but only the tune is traditional. Sheet
music version was published by Leeds Music Corporation,
New York, N. Y. in the late 1940s.

See No. 1316 in Master Book under TUNES.

No. 1316

THE ORPHAN GIRL AND THE RICH MAN

also known as

The Little Orphan Girl

Love and Lust

Mag's Song

No Bread for the Poor

No Home, No Home, Said a

Little Girl

The Orphan, or Orphant

The Orphan Child

The Orphan, or Orphant GirlOrphan's, or Orphant's Song

A sentimental parlor-type song that was popular in the United States around the turn of 20th century and for a decade afterwards. A version appeared in the Alabama edition of the Sacred Harp, 1902, p. 506, where it is ascribed to C. G. Keith. The tune is a derivative of the old Scots ballad, The Braes of Balquidder.

Two versions are given below, but version B is merely a shortened arrangement of version A.

For an entirely different song of like title, see Belden (BS), 278 and Fuson, 147.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 17

Belden (BS), 277-278

Brewster (BSI), 293-297

Brown, II, 388-389; IV,
216-218

Cambiaire, 26-27

Chappell (FSRA), 196-197

Cox (FSS), 446-447

Davis (FSV), 117-118

Fuson, 106-107

Gainer, 118-119

Henry (FSSH), 373-376

Henry (SSSA), 124-125

Hubbard, 188

Jackson (SFS), 48

Jour (AFL), XLV, 66-68

Kennedy (AB), 87-88

Kincaid No. 2, 27

Memoirs (AFL), XXIX, 61

Morris, 119-120

Owens (TFS), 168

Perrow, XXVIII, 170

Quarterly (SFL), IV, 198

Randolph, IV, 194-196

Roberts (SBS), 116-117

Sandburg (AS), 316-319

Scarborough (SC), 364-
366, 454

Shearin (SKFS), 32

Thede, 59

The Orphan Girl and the Rich Man (Version A)

"No home! No home!" cried an orphan girl
At the door of a princely hall,
As she trembling stood on the polished steps
And leaned on the marble wall.

Her clothes were torn and her head was bare,
And she tried to cover her feet
With her dress that was tattered and covered with snow,
All covered with snow and sleet.

Her dress was thin and her feet were bare,
And the snow had covered her head;
"O give me a home," she feebly cried,
"A home and a piece of bread.

"My father, alas, I never knew"—
Tears dimmed the eyes so bright;
"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave—
'Tis an orphan that begs tonight.

"I must freeze," she cried, then sank on the steps
And strove to cover her feet
With her ragged garments covered with snow,
All covered with snow and sleet.

The rich man lay on his velvet couch
And dreamed of his silver and gold
While the orphan girl, in her bed of snow,
Was murmuring, "So cold, so cold!"

The night was dark and the snow fell fast
As the rich man closed his door;
And his proud lips curled with scorn as he said,
"No bread, no room for the poor."

The morning dawned but the orphan girl
Still lay at the rich man's door;

And her soul had fled to that home above,
Where there's bread and room for the poor.

VERSION B

The young man played a deceitful part,
He swore his love was true;
The young girl loved him with all her heart,
And sighed, "I do! I do!"

They laughed and loved in the summertime,
In the winter he said, "Goodbye."
He left her there with an unborn child,
And said, "Don't cry, don't cry."

The young man took him a wife of wealth,
And ate from plates of gold;
The young girl lived in the world alone,
And cried, "So cold, so cold!"

The years went by and this young man died,
And he went straight to Hell;
The young girl lay in an angel's arms,
And sighed, "All's well! All's well!"

No. 1317

OUR BABY

This is a lullaby with English words and a French tune. Song has been ignored by scholastic folk song collectors and is not, therefore, found in published collections. Who wrote the words is a mystery, but it does appear in several commercially produced collections, among them are Chapple (HS), 119 and Wier (YAM), I, 15.

Our BabyTune: On the Bridge of Avignon

Cheeks of rose, tiny toes
Has our little baby;
Eyes of blue, fingers too,
Pretty as can be.

Sweetest dove, how I love
Darling little baby;
While I live, thee I'll give
Kisses warm as can be.

No. 1318OUT OF THE WILDERNESS I

also known as

Ain't I Glad I've Got Out	Got Out of the Wilderness
of the Wilderness	Leaning on the Lord
Come A-Leaning on the Lord	Run Out the Wilderness

This old spiritual is just one of many "wilderness" songs, and the text and tune of the verse contributed to the creation of several secular songs. For examples, see Out of the Wilderness II and Abraham Lincoln I in this Master Book.

The version below is from Work (ANSS), 185.

Out of the Wilderness I

O, come along, mourner, run out the wilderness,
Run out the wilderness, run out the wilderness,
Come along, mourner, run out the wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

Chorus

Come a-leaning on the Lord, come a-leaning on
the Lord,

Come a-leaning on the Lamb of God
That takes away the sin of the world.

O, ain't I glad I've got out the wilderness,
Got out the wilderness, got out the wilderness,
Ain't I glad I've got out the wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

O, long time, mourner, coming out the wilderness,
Coming out the wilderness, coming out the wilderness,
Long time, mourner, coming out the wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

No. 1319

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS II

also known as

Down in Alabam'	Old Gray Horse Come Tearin'
Get Out of the Wilderness	Out o' de Wilderness
The Old Gray Horse, <u>or</u>	Roll, Riley, Roll
Hoss	Tearin' Out-a Wilderness

This is a secular adaptation of the preceding spiritual, No. 1319, but minus its refrain. In turn, this was adapted for the second political campaign of the new Republican Party, and became identified with Presidential candidate Abraham Lincoln (see Abraham Lincoln I in this Master Book).

A sheet music version, Down in Alabam', was published by William Hall & Son in 1858, and that may be the very first adaptation of the spiritual placed in circulation. For the most popular adaptation, see Out of the Wilderness III in this Master Book.

For a game song using the same tune, see Galilee II in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 311	McCollum, 102
Botkin (PPO), 18	Perrow, XXVI, 124
Brown, III, 216	Piper (SPPG), 266
Davis (FSV), 260-261	Scarborough (NFS), 13, 183
Lomax (ABFS), 336-338	Van Doren, 492-493

Out of the Wilderness II

The old gray horse came tearin' out-a wilderness,
 Tearin' out-a wilderness, tearin' out-a wilderness,
 The old gray horse came tearin' out-a wilderness,
 Down in Alabam'.

Tag Chorus

Roll, Riley, Roll! Roll, Riley, Roll!

Old gray horse, he came from Jerusalem, etc.

If my wife dies, I'll get me another one, etc.

Great big and fate, just like the other one, etc.

No. 1320

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS III

also known as

Many Long Years Ago

The Old Gray Mare

The Old Gray Mare Ain't

What She Used to Be

This is the popular secular version of the preceding two songs. It was parodied by soldiers of World War I, who sang the following words:

The poor old Kaiser
Ain't what he used to be,
Ain't what he used to be,
Ain't what he used to be,
The poor old Kaiser
Ain't what he used to be
Many long years ago.

For a complete version of the soldier parody, see Dolph, 146-148.

A sheet music version entitled The Old Gray Mare, arranged by Frank Pamella, was published by the Pamella Music Company, April 5, 1915.

Another song that is sometimes sung to a variation of this song's tune is Yellow-Bird Through the Window (see in MB).

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Botkin (APPS), 268-269 | Sandburg (AS), 102-103 |
| Brown, III, 216-217 | Scarborough (NFS), 183 |
| Ford (TMA), 67 | Shay (PF-1), 56 |
| Jour (AFL), LVI, 102 | Shay (PF-3), 29 |
| Randolph, II, 349-350 | White, 230 |
| | Yolen, 22-23 |

Out of the Wilderness III

Oh, the old gray mare she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be,
The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

Chorus

Many long years ago, many long long years ago,
The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.

Oh, the old gray mare came out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness,
The old gray mare came out of the wilderness
Many long years ago.

The old gray mare she kicked on the whiffletree, etc.

The old gray mare she swam in the water pond, etc.

The old gray mare she ran in the wilderness, etc.

No. 1321

OVER THERE

also known as

Over Here	The Praties They Grows Small
Potatoes They Grow Small	They Chew Their Tobacco Thin

This song is not related to the World War I song written by George M. Cohan; it is generally believed to have originated during the Irish potato famine, which began in 1846. If so, the writer must have had a vision of the future, because a version of this song was published as early as 1844. The original Irish version was known as Over Here, or The Praties They Grow Small (see version B below).

The title was changed in England and in America from Over Here to Over There. In America, and particularly in rural and frontier areas, the song was used to "poke fun" at neighboring communities and states. In certain areas the expression "over there" was dropped in favor of a specific place name, such as In Arkansas or In Kansas.

For adaptations and derivatives in this Master Book, see In Arkansas, Way Out in Kansas, and Zamboango.

An early American version of Over There is in Hezekian Butterworth's In Old New England (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1895), pp. 233-234. For a facsimile of one of the first versions published, see J. F. Atwill's The Wonderful Song of Over There, c. 1844, in Damon's Series of Old American Songs. The melody was lifted by modern "country" song-writers for at least two songs: I Asked Her If She Loved Me and Shack Number Nine.

REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 842-843

Morris, 442-443

Hudson (FSM), 216-217

Scott (BA), 148-149

Ives (SB), 230-231

Silverman, II, 344

Korson (PSL), 250-251

Spaeth (REW), 33-34

Over There (Version A)

O the 'taters they grow small over there,
O the 'taters they grow small over there,
O the 'taters they grow small,
'Cause they plant 'em in the Fall,
And then eats 'em, tops an' all, over there.

O the candles they are small over there, (2)
O the candles they are small,
'Cause they dips 'em lean an' tall,
And then burn 'em, sticks an' all, over there.

O they bake a possum pie over there, (2)
O they bake a possum pie,
And the crust is made of rye,
And they eat it tho' they die, over there.

O they say that drink's a sin over there, (2)
O they say that drink's a sin,
But they swallow all they kin,
And then throw it up again, over there.

VERSION B

O the praties they grow small over here,
 O the praties they grow small,
 But they grow from Spring to Fall,
 And we eats 'em skins an' all, over here.

O I wish that we were geese over here, (2)
 O I wish that we were geese,
 For they fly and take their ease,
 And they live and die in peace over here.

O we're trampled in the dust over here, (2)
 O we're trampled in the dust,
 But the Lord, in whom we trust,
 Will give us crumb for crust over here.

No. 1322

O WALY, WALY
 also known as

Deep in Love	My Love and I
I Leaned, <u>or</u> Leant My	Wailie, Wailie (Waly, Waly)
Back Against an Oak	Waly, Waly, Gin Love Be Bonny

This is a Scots song, but not much is known concerning its origin or history. Percy described it as "a very ancien song" and said that "Allan Ramsay was the first to publish" it.

According to Smith (SCB), the song dates "from about 1700." Whatever its age, we know for certain that a version was in print as early as 1727, when Ramsay included it in his collection. Since then the song has shown up in many varying versions and adaptations, four of which are given below.

Version A is Scottish; version B is English; version C is an English-American mutation; and version D is an adaptation recovered in Canada.

For an American derivative, see Love Is Pleasing elsewhere in this Master Book.

The O Waly, Waly in Cambiaire, 61, is a version of the song, Little Sparrow (see in MB).

For Scottish songs that absorbed several stanzas from this O Waly, Waly see Jamie Douglas in Barry (BBM), 469-474 and Child, IV, 90. Also see Lord Douglas in Kinsley, 324-326.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| Cole, 22-23 | Muir, 224, 229, 230-231 |
| Edwards, 126-128 | Percy (RAEP), III, 145-148 |
| Edwards (CHSB), 33 | Ramsay (TTM-1927), 153-154; |
| Emrich (FAL), 528 | (TTM-1729), 176-177; |
| Farnsworth, 22-23 | (TTM-1750), 170-171 |
| Friedman, 104-105 | Reeves, 218-220 |
| Gems (2), 151 | Reeves (EC), 89-91 |
| Hudson (SC), 50-51 | Sedley, 162-163 |
| Kinsley, 327-328 | Silverman, I, 122 |
| Leach (BB), 550-551 | Smith (SCB), 3-4 |
| Leisy, 235 | Thomson (OC), I, 70-73 |

O Waly, Waly (Version A)

O waly, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burn side,
 Where I and my love were wont to gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 And sae did my true love to me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld
And fades away like the mornin' dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid,
O wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,
And pinn'd it wi' a silver pin.
Oh! Oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gone,
And the green grass growin' o'er me!

VERSION B

The water is wide and I can't get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly;
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And we shall row, my love and I.

I put my hand in a bushy vine,
Thinking the sweetest flower to find;
I pricked my finger down to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower alone.

I leaned my back up against an oak,
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bent and then he broke,
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea;
She's loaded deep as deep can be,

But no so deep as the hurt I'm in—
I know not if I'll sink or swim.

O love is happy, and love is fine,
A spark'ling jewel while it is new;
But when it is old, it grows quite cold
And fades away like morning dew.

VERSION C

When Cockle Shells Turn Silver Bells. See Cole, 8-10 and
Sandburg (AS), 16-17.

.....

When cockle shells turn silver bells,
Then will my love return to me;
When roses blow, in wintry snow,
Then will my love return to me.

Oh, waillie! waillie! But love is bonnie
A little while when it is new!
But it grows old and waxeth cold,
And fades away like evening dew.

VERSION D

Love Is Lovely. This is a parody of A & B recovered in
in Canada. See Peacock, II, 475-476.

.....

I laid my head on a keg of brandy,
It was my fancy, and it was fair;
But while I'm drinking I'm ofttimes thinking
'Bout who should gain the young lady there.

Chorus

O love is lovely, O love is charming,
O love is lovely when it is new;
But when love grows older, it then grows
colder

And fades away like the morning dew.

O when I'm drunk and cast down lonely,
I rove around, O, from town to town,
And when my frolicking days are over
This fair damsel she will lay me down.

I wish to God I had never been born,
Or in my cradle I would have died;
There's nothing worse that is part of living
Than to love someone and be denied.

No. 1323

OX-DRIVER'S SONG

also known as

The Ox-Driving Song

Ox teams going West from the Mississippi river faced many odds, including Indians, washouts, and muddy roads. The song below, versions A and B, is one that deals with that time and those situations.

REFERENCES

Fife, 35

Glass (SW), 24-25

Ives (SB), 260-261

Lomax (OSC), 233-234

Lomax (PB), 102

Silverman, II, 403

Ox-Driver's Song (Version A)

Oh! I pop my whip and I bring the blood,
I make my leaders take the mud;
It's grab the wheels and a-turn 'em round,
With a long hard pull, we're on the ground!

Chorus

To me roll, to me roll, to me rideo,
To me roll, to me roll, to me rideo,
To me roll, to me roll, to me rideo,
To me roll-dee-rol-dee rideo.

Oh, the river banks are wet and steep,
'Twould make a tender person weep;
I cuss and yell and I pop my whip,
And the oxen pull and strain and slip.

When I get back home I'll make amends,
I'll take my fam'ly to my friends;
I'll say goodbye to the ship and line,
And I'll drive no more in the winter time!

VERSION B

When the springtime comes and the grass is
green,
'And all the world seems fresh and clean,
The boss man says it's time to go
To Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Chorus

To me roll, to me roll, to me rideo!
To me roll, to me roll, to me rideo!
To me rideo, to me rideo,
I'm on my way to New Mexico!

When the wagon train is loaded high,
We hitch the team and say goodbye;

I give a yell and crack my whip,
And off we go on a long, long trip.

When the rains come down and the rivers
flood,

A man's jus' gotta cuss the mud!
Thro' muck and mire we make our way
Across the Plains to Santa Fe.

When the coyotes howl and the redskins
ride,

A man has got to sleep one-eyed!
My gun is cocked and there's hell to pay
Along that trail to Santa Fe.

Often Injuns come to steal and mock,
And rob us of our tradin' stock;
It's face the night with weary eyes
And all day long it's fight the flies!

When I get back home I'll make amends;
It's farewell oxen, farewell friends!
I'll say goodbye to the whip and line
And drive no more in the winter time!

PNo. 1324

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

Homiletic song. According to Chapple (HS), the text was written by Harry Clifton and the music was composed by M. Hobson. The title is one of those "folk expressions" that 19th century songwriters just couldn't seem to resist.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 286

McCaskey, III, 91

Davis (FSV), 129

Wilder, 40-42

Paddle Your Own Canoe

I've traveled about a bit in my time
And of troubles I've seen a few,
But found it better in every clime
To paddle my own canoe.
My wants are small, I care not at all
If my debts are paid or due;
I drive away strife in the ocean of life
While I paddle my own canoe.

Chorus

Then love your neighbor as yourself,
As the world you go traveling through,
And never sit down with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your canoe.
It's all very well to depend on a friend,
That is, if you've proved him true,
But you'll find it better by far, in the end,
To paddle your own canoe.

To borrow is dearer by far than to buy,
A maxim, tho' old, still true:
You never will sigh, if you only will try
To paddly your own canoe.

No. 1325

PADDY DOYLE I
also known as
Paddy Doyle's Boots

This is a bunt, short drag, or short haul shanty. Smith (BOS) says the song "was consecrated to one occasion, and one alone—namely, getting the bunt—or middle-part—of a large sail, generally a course, but sometimes a topsail, on to the yard."

According to Colcord, "Paddy Doyle was a famous boarding-house master in Liverpool."

For a song with the same title, from Ireland, see Paddy Doyle II (immediately following in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Armitage, I, 42 | Hugill (2), 207 |
| Bone, 47 | King, 13 |
| Bullen & Arnold, 31 | Langstaff (1), 76 |
| Chapple (HS), 433 | Luce, 220 |
| Colcord, 43 | Masefield (SG), 37 |
| Davis (SSC), 66 | Meloney, 26 |
| Doerflinger, 10 | Patterson (SA), 223 |
| Eckstorm, 237 | Sampson, 58 |
| Emrich (FAL), 464 | Scott (FSS), 5 |
| Frothingham (SS), 259 | Sharp (EFC-2), 43 |
| Grainger, No. 158 | Shay (ASSC), 31 |
| Harlow, 32 | Smith (BOS), 83 |
| Harlow (MS), 199 | Terry, I, 59 |
| Hugill (1), 331-334 | Whall (SSS), 95 |
-

Paddy Doyle I

Way-ay-ay-ah!

We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!

Way-ay-ay-ah!

We'll all drink brandy and gin!

Way-ay-ay-ah!

We'll all shave under the chine!

Way-ay-ay-ah!

We'll all throw dirt at the cook!

Way-ay-ay-ah!

We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!

No. 1326

PADDY DOYLE II

also known as

Doran's Ass

Paddy O'Doyle

Patty Doyle

An Irish ballad published in broadside form. The Harvard College Library has English broadsides on file (25262.17, X, 70): Bebbington, Manchester, No. 332, XI, 45; Such, London, No. 45, and a sheet without imprint, No. 882.

For texts printed in America, see The Shamrock, or Songs of Old Ireland, Book IV of The Universal Book of Songs, Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, 1864, and the Wehman broadside, No. 413.

REFERENCES

Chase (SFTS), 150-152

Creighton (SBNS), 163-164

Dean, 38-39

Mackenzie, 338-339

O'Connor, 43

O'Lochlainn, 166, 217

Peacock, I, 50-52

Paddy Doyle II

Paddy Doyle hailed from Killarney,
Love a girl named Biddy Toole;
Her tongue was tipped with a bit of blarney,
The same as Pat as a gen'ral rule.
Both day and night she was his colleen,
And to her he'd often say:
"Arrah, what's the use, you're my darling
Coming to meet me on the way?"

Chorus

O foll de airo, airo, airo,
O foll de airo, airo aye.

One heavenly night in last November
Paddy walked out to meet his love;
The date of it I don't remember,
But the moon was bright above.
That day the boys had got some whiskey,
Which made Pat's spirits light and gay:
"O what's the use of walking faster
When I know she'll meet me on the way?"

He strolled along in happy number,
Merry onward he gently trod,
But soon he felt a need to slumber
And he stretched upon the sod.
He was not long without a comrade,
One that could kick up and bray;
A big jackass had smelled out Paddy
And down beside him the ass did lay.

Pat hugged and snugged the fairy mesher
And flung his hat with worldly care;
"She's mine! she's mine! and heaven bless her,
But by my soul she's like a bear."

Pat put his hand on the donkey's nose;
At which the ass began to bray;
Pat jumped up and swore like thunder:
"O! who served me up in such a way?"

Then Paddy ran straight home to Biddy,
At railway speed he crossed the moor;
He never stopped, and feelin' giddy,
At last he arrived at Biddy's door.
By that time it was turning daylight,
And on his knees he fell to pray:
"'Arrah, let me in, my Biddy darling,
The devil has chased me all the way!"

No. 1327

PALLET ON THE FLOOR

also known as

Make Me a Pallet on the Floor

This is an old country-type blues with an English-Irish background. Blacks also sang it, and such a version is in Odum (NHS), 183. I have not seen it in any other collection and, therefore, give the song as I used to sing it.

Pallet On The Floor

Make me a pallet on the floor,
Make me a pallet on the floor,
Make it soft, make it low,
So my gal will never know—
Make me a pallet on the floor.

I'm not hard to satisfy, (2)
Let the world pass me by;
Does no good to sit and cry—
I'm not hard to satisfy.

Soft talkin' woman sounds so good, (2)
I'd love you if I could,
But I don't think I should—
Soft talkin' woman sounds so good.

No. 1328

PAR DERRIÈR' CHEZ MON PÈRE
also known as

The Prince's Three Daughters

Vive La Canadienne

This French song dates back to the 15th century. When it was brought to North America, in the earliest days of exploration and settlement, the song began almost immediately to take on the color of its new environment. It was popular among the French-speaking population in southern Illinois and southeastern Missouri. In French Canada the song has a long tradition. For other versions, see Berry, 36-38 and Gagnon, 4-7.

Par Derrière' Chez Mon Père

Par derrière' chez mon père,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Par derrière' chez mon père,
L'y a-tun pommier doux,
L'y a-tun pommier doux.
Par derrière' chez mon père,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Par derrière' chez mon père,
L'y a-tun pommier doux.

Les feuilles en sont vertes,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Les feuilles en sont vertes,
Et le fruit en est doux.
Et le fruit en est doux, doux, doux,
Et le fruit en est doux.

Trois filles d'un prince,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Trois filles d'un prince
Sont endormies dessous.
Sont endormies dessous, doux, doux,
Sont endormies dessous.

La plus jenn' se réveille,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
La plus jenn' se réveille:
-Ma soeur, voilà le jour.
Ma soeur, voilà le jour, doux, doux,
Ma soeur, voilà le jour.

-Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile
Qu'éclaire nos amours,
Qu'éclaire nos amours, doux, doux,
Qu'éclaire nos amours.

Nos amants sont en guerre,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Nos amants sont en guerre:
Ils combattent pour nous.
Ils combattent pour nous, doux, doux,
Ils combattent pour nous.

S'ils gagnent la bataille,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
S'ils gagnent la bataille
Ils auront nos amours.

Ils auront nos amours, doux, doux,
Ils auront nos amours.

-Qu'ils perdent ou qu'ils gagnent,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Qu'ils perdent ou qu'ils gagnent,
Ils les auront toujours.
Ils les auront toujours, doux, doux,
Ils les auront toujours.

ENGLISH TEXT

Back yonder at my father's,
Fly, my heart, fly yonder,
Back yonder at my father's,
Is an apple tree so sweet.
Is an apple tree so sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is an apple tree so sweet.

The leaves of it are verdant, etc.
The fruit of it is sweet, etc.

And there the prince's daughters, etc.
Are wrapt in slumber sweet, etc.

The youngest one awakens, etc.
"O sister, it is day, etc."

"'Tis but a star in heaven, etc.
A star to light love's way, etc.

"Our lovers are in battle, etc.
For us the foe they meet, etc.

"And if they win the battle, etc.
They'll have our love so rare, etc.

"And if they win or lose it, etc.
They'll have our love fore'er, etc."

No. 1329

THE PARLOR

An old music hall "pop" song that entered American folk tradition years ago. A version is here because it is a "source song." The tune is used for a Square dance piece and is known to practically every old-time fiddler around. For a version of the parody, see Father's Whiskers elsewhere in this Master Book. For a similar song, see Sparking on a Sunday Night in Brown, V, 454; Cheney, 156-158; Journal (AFL), LIX, 465; and Randolph, III, 228-229. For another traditional version of this song, see Ford (TMA), 296-298.

The Parlor

The light is in the parlor, the fire is in the grate,
The clock upon the mantle ticks out it's getting late.
The curtains at the windows are made of snowy white;
The parlor is a pleasant place to sit in Sunday night.

There's books upon the table, there's pictures on
the wall,

And there's a pretty sofa, but the sofa isn't all.
If I'm not mistaken, I'm sure that I am right,
I see somebody sitting there, this pleasant Sunday
night.

There's someone on the sofa! At first I cannot see
How many's on the sofa, but I don't think there are
three.

The clock upon the mantle ticks out with all its might:
The parlor is a pleasant place to sit in Sunday night.

The light is burning dimly, the fire is getting low,
When somebody says to somebody else, "It's time for
me to go."

And then I heard a whisper, so gentle and so light:
"Oh, don't forget to come again another Sunday night!"

No. 1330

THE PATROLMAN WILL GET YOU
also known as

Most Done Ling'rin' Here	Run, Chillen, <u>or</u> Nigger, Run
Pateroll Song	Some Folks Say a Nigger
The Patter-roller Git You	Won't Steal

This song came into existence in the 1830s following the Nat Turnery Rebellion. After that insurrection slaves were placed under special restriction. Patrolmen were appointed to keep slaves from moving about the countryside. A slave had to have a pass signed by his owner, or he was whipped on the spot by the Patrolman. This song developed out of that situation.

The tune was taken from another song, Fire in the Mountains. For a variation, see the refrain of Jim Along Joe in this Master Book.

Also see and compare: Some Folks Say That A Nigger Won't Steal in Brown, III, 508-510 & V, 282-283; Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield in Ford (TMA), 373; and O, Mourner I & II in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 89, 144	Botkin (APPS), 299-300
Arnold, 121	Brown, I, 203-204; III,
Bass, 425	531-533; V, 303
Botkin (AFL), 906	Coleman, 106

Fauset (NFTS), 303	Perrow, XXVIII, 138
Ford (OTFM), 30	Randolph, II, 338
Ford (TMA), 37	Scarborough (NFS), 12, 23
Harris (URHF), 200-201	Seeger (1), 92-93
Jour (AFL), LVIII, 125	Sharp, II, 359
Lomax (ABFS), 228-231	Steely, 164
Lomax (PB), 60	Talley, 34
Morris, 25-28	Thede, 63
	White, 169-169, 370-372

The Patrolman Will Get You

Some folks say a Nigger won't steal,
But I caught one in my cornfield.

Chorus

Run, Nigger, run! the Patrolman will
get you!

Run, Nigger, run! it's almost day!

I chased that Nigger, run my best,
And ran into a hornet's nest!

That Nigger run, that Nigger flew,
That Nigger ripped his shirt in two!

Nigger an' white man run thro' the field,
Couldn't see nothin' but the Nigger's heel!

White man run like a railroad car,
The Nigger run like a shootin' star!

White man say "It jus' ain't no use.
He flew away like an old wild goose!"

No. 1331PAUL AND SILAS I

also known as

All Night Long
O Deliver Poor Me

Paul and Silas Bound in Jail
Who Shall Deliver Poor Me?

A semi-secular version of an old campground spiritual that took on a tradition of its own, retaining only the "Paul and Silas bound in Jail" stanza by which to identify it. The tune is far removed from other songs using the same stanza. For two other pieces using the line, see Scarborough (NFS), 7 and 256.

Of the two versions below, version A is probably the more recent. Version B is more like a campground-type spiritual.

REFERENCES

Kennedy (M-2), 116-123

Odum (NHS), 126

Lomax (FSNA), 486

Sandburg (AS), 448-449

Weavers, 13-15

Paul and Silas I (Version A)

Paul and Silas locked in jail, all night long,
Paul and Silas locked in jail, all night long,
Paul and Silas locked in jail, all night long—
But who will deliver poor me?

Pray so loud the jailor couldn't sleep, all
 night long, (3)
But who will deliver poor me?

That jail-house door opened wide, all night
 long, (3)
But who will deliver poor me?

Jailor said, "Paul, what shall I do?" All night
long, (3)

But who will deliver poor me?

"Repent to me an' be baptized!" All night long, (3)
An' God will deliver poor me.

VERSION B

Paul and Silas Bound in jail, All night long;
One for to sing and the other for to pray, All night
long,

One for to sing and the other for to pray, All night
long.

Sing and pray! for Paul and Silas, sing and pray.

Paul and Silas got away, All night long,
One for to sing and the other for to pray, etc.

Paul and Silas both long gone, All night long,
One for to sing and the other for to pray, etc.

No. 1332

PAUL AND SILAS II

also known as

Blow de Trumpet	New Jerusalem
Blow, Gabriel	Paul and Silas Bound in
Blow Your Trumpet, Gabriel	Jail
	To the New Jerusalem

This is a slave spiritual. The only relation between this and the foregoing song is the second stanza, which was probably an insertion.

For a similar song, see Run All The Way in this Master Book. Also see: Fisher (NSS), 116; Odum (NHS), 127; and Parrish, 87-88.

For a hymn that shares a title in common with this song, see the New Jerusalem in White & King, 299.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 3, 24-26

Brown, V, 481-482

Paul and Silas II

The tallest tree in Paradise,
The Christians call the tree of life;
And I hope that trump' will blow me home,
To the new Jersalem.

Chorus

Blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Blow louder, louder,
And I hope that trump' will blow me home,
To the new Jerusalem.

Well, Paul and Silas, bound in jail,
They sing an' pray an' moan and wail;
And I hope that trump' will blow me home,
To the new Jerusalem.

No. 1333

THE PAW-PAW PATCH

also known as

Bouquet Patch

Pawpaw Land

Paw-Paw Peel, or
Peeling

Way Down in the Paw-
Paw Patch

Way Down Yonder in the
Paw-Paw Patch

Where, Oh Where is Dear
Little Susie?

Where, O Where is Pretty
Little Susie?

This is generally reported as a game song but it is also widely sung apart from any game. According to Randolph the "tune is adapted from an old hymn Where Now is Good Old Elijah?" For a version of that song, see Safe In The Promised Land elsewhere in this Master Book.

Randolph made his deduction upon the tune used for an Ozark version, and I have no quarrel with that. But the tune I have is almost identical to that of Mulberry Bush, which may be seen in this Master Book.

Also see: Thomas (SG), 13.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 289-290

Seeger (1), 172

Carmer (SRA), 191

Shearin (SKFS), 38

Lomax (FSNA), 92

Silverman, I, 304

Morris, 203

Thomas (SG), 11-13

Randolph, III, 364-365

Wolford, 101

The Paw-Paw Patch

Where, O where is poor little Susie?

Where, O where is poor little Susie?

Where, O where is poor little Susie?

'Way down yonder in the Paw-Paw patch.

Come on, boys, let's go down and find her, etc.

Pick up the paw-paws, put 'em in a basket, etc.

Where, O where is sweet little Nellie?, etc.

No. 1334

THE PERSIAN KITTY

This song has survived, probably, because it tells a humorous story. It was popular among college students until quite recently.

REFERENCES

Best, 111-112

Kennedy (AB), 50-51

Johnson (BBLL), 23-24

Leisy (SPS), 157

The Persian Kitty

The Persian kitty, perfumed and fair,
She strolled on the backyard fence for air;
Then an old Tom cat, quite lean and strong,
And dirty and yellor, came a-strolling along.

He stood and he watched the Persian cat,
Who strutted about with much eclat,
And he thought to himself some time he'd pass,
And whispered, "Kiddo, you've sure got class!"

"'Tis fitten and proper," was her reply,
And arched her whiskers over her eye;
"For I always sleep on pillows of silk
And daily bathe in certified milk.

"I should be happy with what I've got;
I should be happy, but happy I'm not.
I should be happy, I should indeed,
Because, you see, I'm highly pedigreed."

The Tom cat purred and said with a smile,
"Trust in your new-found friend for a while;
Abandon this silly old backyard fence,
For what you need is experience."

The joys of living he then unfurled,
 And told her about the outside world;
 He then suggested, with a leering laugh,
 A trip for two down the Primrose path.

The morning after the night before,
 The kitty came home at quarter to four;
 And the innocent look she wore had went,
 Replaced by a smile of sweet content.

A short time later three kittens came
 To bless that kitty of pedigreed fame;
 They were not Persian, but black and tan—
 She told 'em their daddy was a travelin' man!

No. 1335

PETER AMERLEY

also known as

Edward Darling	Peter Emerly, <u>or</u> Emery
Peter Ambelay, <u>or</u> Amberley,	Peter Emily, <u>or</u> Hambly
<u>or</u> Emberlay, <u>or</u> Emberlie	Peter Rambelay

This was a 19th century lumberjack favorite. It is not always sung to the same tune, and the words are not always credited to the same author. Doerflinger says the words were written by John Calhoun. Others ascribe the words to Lawrence Gorman, a woods poet of Prince Edward Island.

Eckstorm maintains the victim in the song was the author, who wrote the song when dying, after being crushed by falling logs.

Flanders and others have versions set to the tune of The Maid of Timahoe (see Petrie 498, 657). Creighton

gives a version set to a tune obviously borrowed from Mary Hamilton (see in this Master Book). This song is also sometimes set to a tune that is a combination of The Bonny Boy and The Jam On Gerry's Rock (also in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 264	Eckstorm, 98-103
Barry (MWS), 68-69	Flanders (NGMS), 115-117
Beck (FLM), 255-257	Gray, 63-69
Beck (LLC), 87-88	Greenleaf, 334-335
Beck (SML), 32-33	Linscott, 269-272
Bulletin (FSSN), II, 13-14	Mackenzie, 295-296
Creighton (FSNB), 231-233	Mackenzie (QB), 35
Creighton (SBNS), 301-303	Manny, 160-163
Doerflinger, 227-233	Scott (BA), 270-273

Peter Amerley

My name is Peter Amerley, as you will understand,
I was born on Prince Edward Island, down by the ocean
strand;
When I was young and in my prime, and flowers bloomed
and grew,
I sailed away from my native isle, my fortune to pursue.

I landed in New Brunswick, that lumbering counteree,
And went to work in the lumber woods, which proved
my destiny.
I went to work in lumber woods, where they cut the tall
spruce down;
While loading two sleds from the yard, I received this
fatal wound.

There is danger on the ocean, when the waves roll
 mountain high;
There's danger on the battlefield, where the angry
 bullets fly—
There's danger in the lumber woods, and death seems
 solemn there,
And I became a victim of its most monstrous snare.

Goodbye to my old father, 'twas he who drove me here,
For I could not agree with him, and he treated me
 severe.

A man should never drive a boy, or try to keep him
 down;
It only makes him leave his home when he is much too
 young.

Goodbye to my poor mother, she was my friend so dear;
She often made me happy while in her tender care.
But little did my mother dream when I told her goodbye,
The place in which I'd end my days, or the death that
 I should die.

Adieu to Prince Edward Island, the garden of the seas;
No more to roam its flowery banks, or feel the summer
 breeze.
No more to watch the gallant ships as they go sailing
 by,
With colors flying brightly above the canvas high.

Goodbye to all my other friends, and all the girls
 I knew;
Long may they live upon the land where my first breath
 I drew.

The world will go on just the same as before I passed
 away:

Of what use is the life of man when his body turns to
 clay?

No. 1336

PETER GRAY

also known as

Ballad of Peter Gray
Blow, Ye Winds

Blow Ye Winds of Morning
Pennsylvan-i-a

This song, which dates from the 1880s, was a great favorite among college students. The comic text is a strange partner for such a sorrowful and beautiful melody.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 28	Ives (SB), 248-249
Agay (2), 80	Lewis, 91
Botkin (AFL), 829-831	Lomax (OSC), 252-253
Carmer (SRA), 70-71	Most (PCS), 75
Chamberlain, 131	Shay (DFW), 66-68
Chapple (HS), 359	Silverman, II, 185

Peter Gray

Once on a time there lived a man,
His name was Peter Gray;
He lived way down in that 'ere town
Called Pennsylvani-a.

Chorus

Blow, ye winds of morning, blow ye winds, Hi-o!
Blow, ye winds of morning, blow, blow, blow!

Now Peter Gray he fell in love,
All with a nice young girl;
The first three letters of her name
Were L. U. C. Anna Quirl.

Now just they were going to wed,
Her Papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent
Way off to O-hi-o.

So Peter Gray he went to trade
For furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp-y-ed
By the bloody Inji-ins.

When Lucy Anna heard the news,
She straightway took to bed,
And never did she get up again
Until she di-i-ed.

No. 1337

PETIT ROCHER DE LA HAUTE MONTAGNE
also known as

La Complainte de Cadieux
The Lament of Cadieux

Little Rock A-Top
the Mountain Crest

A French-Canadian song about the adventures of Jean Cadieux, or Cayeux and the colonial battles that developed following the discovery and invasion of Canada. Cadieux was a fur trapper and trader; he was killed by Iroquois tribesmen on the upper Ottawa River about 1709.

REFERENCES

Barbeau (JSOQ), 13-21
Berry, 24-25

Jour (AFL), LXVII, 147
Gagnon, 200-208
Gibbon, 54-57

Petit Rocher de la haute montagne

Petit rocher de la haute montagne,
Je viens ici finir cette campagne.
Ah! doux échos, entendez mes soupirs.
En languissant, je vais bientôt mourir.

Petits oiseaux, vos douces harmonies,
Quand vous chantez, me rattach' à la vie:
Ah! si j'avais des ailes comme vous,
Je s'rais henreux avant qu'il fut deux jours!

Seul en ces bois, que j'ai eu de soucis!
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis,
Je demandais: Hélas! sont-ils noyés?
Les Iroquois les auraient-ils tués?

Un de ces jours que, m'étant éloigné,
En revenant je vis une fumée;
Je me suis dit: Ah! grand Dieu qu'est ceci?
Les Iroquois m'ont-ils pris mon logis?

Je me suis mis un peu à l'ambassade,
Afin de voir si c'était embuscade;
Alors je vis trois visages français!...
M'ont mis le coeur d'une trop grande joie!

Mes genoux plient, ma faible voix s'arrête,
Je tombe..Hélas! à partir ils s'appretent:
Je reste seul...Pas un qui me console,
Quand la mort vient par un si grand désolle!

Un loup hurlant vint près de ma cabane
Voir si mon feu n'avait plus de boucane;
Je lui ai dit: Retire-toi d'ici;
Car, par ma foi, je perc'rai ton habit!

Un noir corbeau, volant à l'aventure,
Vient se percher tout près de ma toiture:

Je lui ai dit: Mangeur de chair humaine,
Va-t'en chercher autre viande que mienne.

Va-t'en là-bas, dans ces bois et marais,
Tu trouveras plusieurs corps Iroquois;
Tu trouveras des chairs, aussi des os;
Va-t'en plus loin, laisse-moi en repos!

Rossignolet va dire à ma maîtresse
À mes enfants qu'un adieu je leur laisse;
Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi!

C'est donc ici que le mond' m'abandonne!...
Mais j'ai secours en vous Sauveur des hommes!
Très-Sainte Vierge, ah! m'abandonnez pas,
Permettez-moi dmourir entre vos bras!

ENGLISH TEXT

O, little rock upon this towering mountain top,
Where I'm waiting for the hour when my life will
stop.

O tender echo, transport the lonesome sigh of him
Who waits alone and knows that he must die.

Thro' all the mountain solitude, upon a summit high,
I hear the happy-throated birds singing in the sky.
Ah! had I wings to fly the way they do,
I'd fly from here and find the joys that I once knew.

Here in the forest deep I've dwelled in awful fright,
Thinking of true and loyal friends far away from
sight.

Are my loved ones in some unknown watery grave,
Slain by Iroquois foes while standing so brave?

Once on a summer morn I set out along my way;
On my return I found a ruin ashen gray.
Ah! had the savage Redman come and gone?
Had angry Iroquois destroyed my dear home?

I did disguise myself and moved in carefully,
Hoping to learn if all of them were dead but me.
You can imagine my joy and my delight
When three live Frenchmen stood there, in my sight.

Legs weak and feeble grew, my strength is almost
gone;
I must now prepare to face whatever lies beyond.
I am alone with none to comfort me,
Knowing that death and death alone can set me free.

A raven then came near, as black as black could be,
And perched himself upon a limb, coraking over me.
I said to him, "Depart from my retreat!
Go now and seek the flesh of Indians to eat!"

Lo! and behold—a prowling wolf broke my sad repose,
Eager to see the food attractive to his nose.
I said to him, "Depart! and from me fly
Or, on my faith, I swear, without delay you'll die!

"Go yonder, beast, in forest deep and on the plains
And feast upon the fallen Iroquois remains.
There may you gnaw upon their flesh and bone,
While here I rest and wait and die all alone.

"O little nightingale, fly now to my darling wife—
Tell her and my children, I love them more than life;
Tell them adieu—my life has been complete,
But they must know we never more shall meet!

"Here, then, alas, forsaken by humanity,
My one salvation, O my Saviour, is in Thee!

Rh! leave me not, O holy Virgin, blest,
Let me repose within Thy arms, in this last rest!"

No. 1338

PHARAOH'S ARMY I

also known as

Mary, Don't You Weep,	O Mary, Don't You Weep
Don't You Moan	Pharaoh's Army Got Drowned

Pre-Civil War spiritual. A version was published in
"Negro Spirituals" (an article by T. W. Higgins in the
Atlantic Monthly, June, 1867).

A parody is also given below as version B.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 143	Jour (AFL), XXVI, 156
Benziger, 87	Leisy, 245-246
Best, 148	Leisy (LAS), 142-143
Brown, III, 602-604;	Leisy (SPS), 198-199
V, 341-342	Sandburg (AS), 476-477
Edwards (CHSB), 132	Seeger (6), 78
Fisher (SNS), 127-129	Silverman, II, 91
Hille, 20	White, 58-59, 406
Johnson (RAS), 62	Whitman, 91
	Work (ANSS), 176

Pharaoh's Army I (Version A)

Some of these mornings bright and fair,
I'll take my wings and cleave the air.
Pharaoh's army got drowned,
Oh, Mary, don't you weep!

Chorus

O Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn,

O Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn:

Pharaoh's army got drowneded,

O Mary, don't you weep!

When I get to heaven gonna sing and shout!

Nobody there will turn me out!, etc.

If I could I surely would

Stand on the rock where Moses stood!, etc.

Let me take you by the hand,

Lead you thro' the Promised Land!, etc.

If you'd come along with me,

O, how happy I would be!, etc.

VERSION B

Mary's son fell in a well,

Mary's son fell in a well,

But Pharaoh's army got drowneded—

O Mary, don't you weep.

Chorus

O Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn!

Your son's in Heaven with a harp and horn.

But Pharaoh's army got drowneded,

O Mary, don't you weep!

Pharaoh's army got drowneded in the sea,

Thanks to God, it was not me!, etc.

Way up yonder above the moon,

Where they eat with a silver spoon!, etc.

No. 1339

PHARAOH'S ARMY II

also known as

To Turn Back Pharaoh's Army Turn Back Pharaoh's Army

This is another pre-Civil War spiritual with the same motif as the preceding song. This one is from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Jubilee (PS), 10-11

Pike, 172, 214

Marsh (SJS), 132

Waite, 79

Pharaoh's Army II

Gonna write to my Lord Jesus,
To send some valiant soldier,
To turn back Pharaoh's Army, Hallelu!
To turn back Pharaoh's Army, Hallelujah!
To turn back Pharaoh's Army, Hallelu!
To turn back Pharaoh's Army, Hallelujah!
To turn back Pharaoh's Army, Hallelu!

If you want your soul converted,
You'd better be a-praying, etc.

You say you are a soldier
Fighting for your Saviour, etc.

When the children were in bondage,
They cried unto the Lord, etc.

When Moses smote the water,
The children all passed over, etc.

When Pharaoh cross'd the water,
The waters came together

And drown'd ole Pharaoh's army, Hallelu!
And drown'd ole Pharaoh's army, Hallelujah!
And drown'd ole Pharaoh's army, Hallelu!
And drown'd ole Pharaoh's army, Hallelujah!
And drown'd ole Pharaoh's army, Hallelu!

No. 1340

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER AND THE BABY
also known as

By the Side of a River
Little Moses

Moses
Moses in the Bulrushes

This is a religious ballad that dates back to the latter part of the 19th century, and may go back even to the earlier part of that century.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 449

Randolph, IV, 97-98

Jackson (SFS), 55-56

Silverman, II, 107

Pharaoh's Daughter and the Baby

Away by the waters so blue
The ladies were wending their way,
When Pharaoh's young daughter came down to the water
To bathe in the cool of the day.

Chorus

And before it turned dark she looked in the Ark,
And found a young baby there;
Before it was dark she looked in the Ark,
And found a young baby there.

By the side of the river so clear
That baby was lonely and sad;

She took him in pity and thought him so pretty,
And made little Moses so glad.

Chorus

And she called him her son, her beautiful son,
And sent for a nurse that was near;
She called him her son, her beautiful son,
And sent for a nurse that was near.

Away from the waters so blue
They carried that beautiful child,
To his own tender mother, his sister and brother,
And Moses looked happy and smiled.

Chorus

And his mother so good did all that she could
To nurse him and teach him with care;
His mother so good did all that she could
To nurse him and teach him with care.

Away by the sea that was red
Stood Moses, the servant of God;
In God he confided, the sea was divided
While upward he lifted his rod.

Chorus

And the Jews safely crossed, but Pharaoh's brave host
Was drowned in the water and lost;
The Jews safely crossed, but Pharaoh's brave host
Was drowned in the water and lost.

Away by the mountain so high
Stood Moses with tremb'ling and awe;
With lightning and thunder, with signs and with
wonder,

The Lord gave Moses His Law.

Final Chorus

And he wrote it all down on tablets of stone,
 Before he returned to the sky;
 He wrote it all down on tablets of stone,
 Before he returned to the sky.

No. 1341

THE PHILANDERING SOLDIER

also known as

The Bugle Boy	A Soldier Rode from East
The Bugle Britches	to West
The Soldier and His Lady	A Soldier Rode to the West
The Soldier and the Maid	The Soldier's Farewell
The Soldier Lover	The Trooper and the Maid

This is an 18th century British ballad, but merely one of a group of such maiden-soldier songs telling more or less the same story. This ballad is not always sung to the same tune, so we have included two under TUNES (A & B), with B being from the Child collection.

The Soldier's Farewell is a common title, and the Confederate Civil War ballad of that title is not to be confused with this piece.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SBW), No. 65	Child, V, 172, 424
Barry (BBM), 371-373	Christie, II, 210
Brewster (BSI), 166-169	Davis (MTBV), 356-360
Brown, II, 198-199; IV, 125-126	Davis (TBV), 544-546, 606
Brown (BLNC), 9	Edwards (CHSB), 56
Bulletin (FSSN), VII, 11	Gainer, 102-103
Buchan (ABS), I, 230	Greig & Keith, 246-248, 278
Campbell & Sharp, No. 37	

Jamieson, II, 158

Ord, 365

Leach (BB), 684-686

Randolph, I, 213-214

Moore (BFSS), 141-143

Sedley, 18-19

Niles (BB), 341-346

Sharp, I, 305-307

Silverman, I, 94-95

The Philandering Soldier

A soldier came from Fayetteville town,
And he was tired and weary;
He knocked upon a farmer's door
And called for Flo, his dearie,
And called for Flo, his dearie.

By chance sweet Flo was in the house,
And she was bright and cheery;
She ran downstairs to let him in
And welcome home her dearie, (2).

She ran upstairs to make the bed,
And made it fine and steady;
She then removed her petticoat,
Saying, "Soldier, are you ready?" (2)

They loved each other thro' the night,
And talked till they were weary;
They fell asleep before the dawn,
With eyes both tired and dreary, (2).

He heard the bugle call next morn
And knew he must be going;
But first he woke the charming maid,
So she could hear it blowing, (2).

"The time has come and I must go.
It grieves my heart to leave you,
But if I ever pass this way
I'll come again and see you, (2)."

"O when shall we two meet again,
 When shall we meet and marry?"
 "When cockle-shells turn silver bells,
 But now I must not tarry, (2)."

No. 1342

PIE IN THE SKY

also known as

The Preacher and the Slave You'll Eat Pie Bye and Bye

This is one of the socio-economic parodies written by Joe Hill, legendary radical "labor movement" poet of the United States. Hill, a member of IWW (Industrial Workers of the World), was executed in Utah in 1915.

REFERENCES

Anderson (H), 210	Lingenfelter, 544-545
Arnett, 146	Loesser, 295-296
Berger, 48-50	Lomax (FSNA), 423-424
Botkin (AFL), 886-887	Milburn, 83-85
Dobie (CG), 39-40	Sandburg (AS), 222
Downes, 332, <u>or</u> 388	Silber (SGAW), 298-301
Fowke (SWF), 155-157	Silverman, I, 411
Glazer (SW), 9	Stavis, 10-11
Greenway, 185	Toelken (NTB), 14-15
Irwin (ATUS), 250	Weavers, 160-162
IWW (3d ed., 1910), 26	Webb (MTFL), 39-40
Kornbluh, 133	Whitman, 110-111

Pie in the Sky

Tune: Sweet Bye and Bye

Long-haired preachers come here every night,
 And they tell you what's wrong and what's right;

When you ask about something to eat,
They all answer with voices so sweet:

Chorus

You'll get pie, bye and bye,
In that glorious land in the sky;
Watch and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die!

And the starvation army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray,
Till they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy rollers and jumpers come out,
And they holler and jump and they shout,
But when eating time comes around they will say,
"You'll eat great on that glorious day!"

No. 1343

PIG IN THE PARLOR

also known as

My Father and Mother	My Mother and Father Were Irish
Were Irish	That Was Irish, Too

This song has enjoyed a wide circulation in America for many years. In England it has been associated with a game song, Bull in the Park (see Gomme, I, 50-51 & 120-121). Song has also been reported as a ring game in America. The tune source seems to be The Duke of Marlborough, which contributed to at least a half dozen songs known to American tradition.

For comparative examples in this Master Book, see:
The Bear Went Over the Mountain, Drinking Song VIII,

and Christ Was Born in Bethlehem.

This song may be lengthened simply by adding different animals and placing them in different rooms in the house.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| Ames (MPP), 296 | McCollum, 102 |
| Ball, 12 | McLendon, 220 |
| Botkin (APPS), 290-293 | Morris, 445 |
| Brown, I, 107-108; III,
113; V, 56-57 | Northall, 564-565 |
| Burne, 519-520 | Owens (ST), 52-53 |
| Coffin & Cohen, 70-71 | Piper (SPPG), 283-284 |
| Gardner (FSH), 237 | Pound (SFSN), XXVII, No. 10 |
| Gardner (SPPG), 117-118 | Pub (TFLS), XIII, 327 |
| Heck, 22 | Quarterly (SFL), VI, 196 |
| Jour (AFL), XXIV, 298;
XXXI, 152; XLII,
211; XLIV, 12 | Randolph, III, 305-306 |
| Mahan, 44-46 | Randolph (OPP), 211 |
| | Randolph (Ozarks), 151-153 |
| | Rorie, 356 |
| | Wolford, 81-82 |

Pig in the Parlor

My father and mother were Irish,
My father and mother were Irish,
My father and mother were Irish,
And I am Irish too.
And I am Irish too,
And I am Irish too,
My father and mother were Irish,
And I am Irish too.

We kept a pig in the parlor, etc.

We kept a cow in the kitchen, etc.

We kept chickens under the bed, etc.

No. 1344

PIG TOWN FLING

also known as

Kelton's Reel

Pig-town Hoedown

This is a traditional tune used for Square dancing. If it has a text I wasn't able to find it. For a version of the air, see TUNES, No. 1345. For other versions, see Linscott, 71 and Shaw, 388.

No. 1345PILGRIM I

This the first of five numbered Pilgrim songs given below. Like the other four, this is a folk hymn. The tune is better known than the text. For songs set to this tune, or to variations thereof, see Daniel Monroe in Rickaby, 184, 229; Lady and the Dragoon in Sharp, I, 337; Rebel Soldier in Sharp, II, 215; and Sheffield Apprentice in Sharp, II, 66.

For religious use of the tune, see Carden, 147; Hauser, 392; Ingalls, 54; Jackson (KH), 57; Jackson (SFS), 124; James, 201; McCurry, 117; Western Psalmodist, 46; and White & King, 201.

Pilgrim I

Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
Who're bound for Canaan's land,
Take courage and fight valiantly—
Stand fast with sword in hand.
Our Captain's gone before us,
Our Father's only Son;

So pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear,
But let us follow on.

Come, all you pilgrim travelers,
Fresh courage take with me;
Meantime I'll tell you how I came
This happy land to see.
Through faith, the glorious telescope,
I view'd the worlds above,
And God the Father reconciled,
Which fills my heart with love.

No. 1346

PILGRIM II

also known as

The Pilgrim of Sorrow
Pilgrim's Song

Poor, or Po' Pilgrim
Sometimes I'm Almost Driven

This, the second song in the "pilgrim" series, is similar in mood and theme to Wayfaring Stranger (see elsewhere in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

Dett, 169
Gainer, 192-193
Hayes, 77-78

Jackson (WSSU), 271-272
Randolph, IV, 44-45 B

Pilgrim II

I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow,
Cast out in this wide world to roam;
My brothers and sisters won't own me,
They say that I'm weak and I'm poor.

But Jesus, the Father Almighty,
Has bade me to enter the door.

Chorus

Sometimes I'm almost driven,
Till I know not where to roam.
I've heard of a city called Heaven—
I've started to make it my home.

My mother has reached the bright glory,
My father's still walking in sin;
My brothers and sisters won't own me,
Because I am trying to get in.

When friends and relations forsake me,
And troubles roll round me so high,
I think of the kind words of Jesus,
"Poor pilgrims, I am always nigh."

O, soon I shall reach the bright glory,
Where mortals no more do complain;
The ship that will take me is coming,
The Captain is calling my name.

No. 1347

PILGRIM III

also known as

I Am a Pilgrim

I'm a Pilgrim and a Stranger
Pilgrim Stranger

According to tradition, this is the campground hymn
Ann Rutledge was singing when Abraham Lincoln first
met her.

REFERENCES

Benziger, 16-17

Chapple (HS), 170

Lair (SLL), 14

Silber (HSB), 48

Leisy, 173

Silverman, II, 77

Pilgrim III

I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
I can tarry only for a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
Where holy fountains are ever flowing:
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
I can tarry only for a night.

I shall journey to a city
Where the Lord provides the only light;
There's only gladness, and there's no crying,
And there's no sadness, and there's no dying:
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
I can tarry only for a night.

O, the glory will be shining,
And my heart is longing to be there.
Thro' all this country, so dark and dreary,
For years I've wandered forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
I can tarry only for a night.

No. 1348

PILGRIM IV

also known as

I'm Going to Live Forever

The Pilgrim's Song

This folk hymn is set to a variation of an old Irish
tune, The Winter It Is Past (see Petrie, No. 439).

For an early version, see Hillman (1868), 369 and Jackson (SPS), 136.

Pilgrim IV

O, sinners, I have found a land
That doth abound with fruit as sweet as honey;
The more I eat, I find the more
I am inclined to shout and sing hosanna.

Chorus

My soul doth long to go where I may fully know
Thy glories of my Savior;
And as I pass along I'll sing the Christian's song,
I'm going to live forever!

Perhaps you think me wild, or simple as a child—
I am a child of glory;
I was born from above, my sould is filled with love,
I love to tell the story.

My soul now sits and sings, and practices her wings,
And contemplates the hour
When the messenger shall say: "Come quit this house
of clay,
And with bright angels tower."

No. 1349

PILGRIM V

also known as

I'm a Poor Mourning
Pilgrim

I Weep and I Mourn

Poor Mourning Pilgrim

Weeping Pilgrim

You May Tell Them, Father

This song is classified as a "Revival Spiritual" by Jackson, who tells us that it first appeared "in the 1859 edition of the Sacred Harp."

There are similarities between this song and two secular pieces, I'm a Poor Lonesome Cowboy and Rebel Soldier.

REFERENCES

Cobb (SH), 226

Jackson (WSSU), 234

Jackson (SFS), 187

White & King, 417

Pilgrim V

You may tell them, father, when you see them,
I'm a poor mourning pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's
Land.

I weep and I mourn, and move slowly on;
I'm a poor mourning pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's
Land.

While the sun is shining, I'm bound to say:
I'm a poor mourning pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's
Land.

There's no resting place as I go on my way,
I'm a poor mourning pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's
Land.

No. 1350

PINK PAJAMAS

This is a parody of John Brown's Body (see in MB), probably written by some college student. All college graduates over 40 seem to be familiar with the song. For another version, see Best, 117.

Pink PajamasTune: John Brown's Body

I wear my pink pajamas
 In the summer when it's hot,
 I wear my flannel nighties
 In the winter when it's not;
 And sometimes in the springtime,
 And sometimes in the fall,
 I jump right in between the sheets
 With nothing on at all!

Chorus

Glory, glory, what's it to you? (3)
 If I jump in between the sheets
 With nothing on at all?

No. 1351

THE PIRATES OF SCOTLAND I
 also known as

Andrew Bardan, <u>or</u> : Bardeen,	The Life and Death of
Barton, Bataan, Batan,	Andrew Barton
Bateen, Battan, Batten,	Sir Andrew Bardan*
Batting, Bordeen,	The Three Brothers
Briton, Marteen, Martin,	Three Brothers of Merry
Martine.	Scotland
Andy Bardan, <u>or</u> : Bardon, <u>or</u> :	Three Loving Brothers
Bratann	*"Sir" <u>may be affixed</u>
	<u>to all name titles.</u>

In the opinion of many recognized collectors, this and the following ballad are two parts of one ballad. Most reference lists seem to take this sameness for granted, with many making no specific distinction between the two ballads.

In America, however, there is a distinction of some importance to be made: Pirates of Scotland II is far more popular and more widely spread than Pirates of Scotland I.

The ballad(s) spring from a historical situation. In 1474, a ship owned by John Barton was captured by the Portuguese and its cargo confiscated. The King of Scotland issued to John Barton letters of reprisal against the Portuguese. The Bartons (brothers and sons) interpreted their letters of reprisal quite liberally, and began preying on ships belonging to nations other than Portugal. England's Henry VIII, angered by attacks on English ships, sent the two sons of the Earl of Surrey to track down Sir Andrew Barton and eliminate him. This was done with dispatch, and Henry VIII defended his action to the Scottish throne on the grounds that he had rid the seas of a pirate. The affair eventually led to war and the Battle of Flodden, where James IV, king of Scotland, lost his life.

References to both I and II are given below

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (EFSS), 20 | Eddy, 78-79 |
| Baring-Gould (SW), III, 2 | Farnsworth, 10-13 |
| Barry (BBM), 248-258, 483 | Flanders, IV, 15-44 |
| Barry (MWS), 64-65 | Flanders (BMNE), 72-74,
201-203 |
| Belden (BS), 87-89 | Flanders (CSV), 8-9 |
| Broadwood (ETSC), 30 | Friedman, 348-358 |
| Child, III, 334-350; IV,
393-396; V, 423 | Gainer, 82-83 |
| Coffin, 113-114 | Gardner (BSSM), 211-213 |
| Cox (FSS), 150-151 | Gray, 80-81 |
| Creighton (TSNS), 86-87 | Hales, III, 399, 403 |
| Davis (MTBV), 290-299 | Halliwell (ENBE), VII, 4 |

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| Hubbard, 32-33 | Mackenzie, 61, 394 |
| Ives (SB), 46-47 | Moore (BFSS), 115-117 |
| Jour (AFL), XVIII, 302-303; XXV, 171; XXX, 327; XLV, 160 | Percy (RAEP), II, 188-208 |
| Jour (FSS), I, 162; IV, 92, 301; VIII, 182 | Quarterly (SFL), II, 205 |
| Karpeles, 103-106 | Quiller-Couch, 684-697 |
| Karpeles (FSE), 36-37 | Randolph, I, 177-178 |
| Karpeles (FSN), II, No. 6 | Ritson (SCES), I, 313 |
| Kidson (FSNC), 4-5 | Roberts (IP), 76-78 |
| Kidson (TT), 31-32 | Roxburghe Ballads, I, 2 |
| Kinsley, 504-519 | Sharp (EFS), I, No. 1 |
| Leach (BB), 615-616 | Sharp (100), 1-3 |
| Laisy, 158-159 | Silber (HSB), 57 |
| | Silverman, II, 256 |
| | Smith (SCB), 156-158 |
| | Williams (FSUT), 78-79 |

The Pirates of Scotland I (Andrew Barton)

It happened in a mid-summer month,
While birds sang songs in ev'ry tree,
King Henry VIII addressed himself
To merchants who sailed the salt sea.

King Henry would a progress ride;
Over the river of Thames passed he,
Unto a mountain-top he walked
Some naturally pleasures for to see.

Then forty merchants he espied,
Who sailed their ships upon the main;
No sooner had this group arrived
Than to the king they did complain.

"O, please, Your Grace, we cannot sail
To France, Holland, or anywhere;
Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
And robs us of our merchant-wares."

Wexed was the king, and turned to them,
Said to the lords of high degree:
Have I not one lord within my realm
Who'll fetch that traitor unto me?

Lord Charles Howard to him replied:
"I will, my liege, with heart and hand.
If it please you grant me leave," he said,
"I will perform what you command.

"The Scottish knight I vow to seek
In what place soever he be,
And bring ashore, with all his might,
Or, into Scotland he shall carry me."

He had not been long upon the sea,
No more in days than two or three,
Till one Henry Hunt he there espeid,
A merchant of Newcastle was he.

"Canst thou show me," the lord did say,
"As thou didst sail by day and night,
A Scottish rover of the sea
By name of Andrew Barton, knight?"

"As I, my lord, did pass from France,
A Bordeaux voyage to take so far,
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
Who robbed me of my merchant-ware."

The merchant set Lord Howard a glass,
So well apparent in his sight
That on the morrow, as his promise was,
He saw Andrew Barton, knight.

Sir Andrew Barton on seeing him
Chose to sail by scornfully,
As though he cared not a pin at all
For him and all his company.

Lord Howard then did make a shot,
And gave Sir Andrew's ship a scar;
In at his deck it came so hot, it killed
Some fifteen of his men of war.

Then Henry Hunt, with rigor hot,
Sailed bravely on the other side,
And likewise fired at the pirate's deck,
And fifty more of the pirates died.

His men being slain, then up amain
Sir Andrew did climb with speed;
For armor of proof he had put on,
And threat of arrow did not heed.

"Come hither, Horsly," said the lord,
"See thine arrow aim aright.
Great means to thee I will afford—
If you speed, I'll make you a knight."

Then Horsly spied a private place,
With perfect eye, in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace
And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

They boarded then his gallant ship,
With right good will and all their main;
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
Besides as many more were slain.

Lord Howard went where Andrew lay
And quickly he cut off his head;
"I should forsake England many a day,
If you were alive as you are dead."

No. 1352

THE PIRATES OF SCOTLAND II

also known as

Bolender Martin	Three Brothers of Merry Scotland
Henry Martin	Three Brothers of Scotland
Henry Martyn	Three Loving Brothers
The Pirates	The Three Scotch Robbers

For information regarding this ballad, see headnotes to The Pirates of Scotland I, and the list of works under "references."

The Pirates of Scotland II (Henry Martin)

In Scotland there lived three brothers of late,
In Scotland there lived brothers three,
And they did cast lots which should rob on the sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

The lot it did fall to young Henry Martin,
The fairest of all the three;
And he had to turn robber all on the salt sea,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

He'd not been sailing past a long winter's night,
Past a long winter's night so free,
Before he espied a lofty, fine ship
Come sailing all on the salt sea.

"O, where are you bound for?" cried Henry Martin.
"O, where are you bound for?" cried he.
"I'm a rich laden ship bound for fair England,
And pray you to let me pass free."

"O, no! O, no!" cried Henry Martin.
"O, no! that never can be,

For I have turned robber all on the salt sea,
To maintain my two brothers and me.

"Heave down your main track, likewise your main tie,
And bow yourself under my lee;
For your rich glowing gold I will take all away,
And your fair bodies drown in the salt sea."

Then broadside to broadside they merrily fought,
For fully two hours or three,
When, by chance, Henry gave he a broadside
And right down to the bottom went she.

Bad news! Bad news! unto old England,
Bad news I tell unto thee:
For your rich glowing gold is all wasted away
And your mariners are drown'd in the salt sea!

No. 1353

THE PLAINS OF MEXICO
also known as

On the Plains of Mexico
Santa Anna

Santiana
Santy Ana, Anna, or Anno

A shanty with some resemblance to Stormalong (see in MB), but no definite relationship between the two has been established. For a partial adaptation, see The Bay of Mexico in this Master Book. For a similar work song, see Sandy Anna in Parrish, 206. For another land use adaptation, see City of the Golden 'Fifties by Pauline Jackson (University of California Press, 1941), pp. 85-89 and Botkin (SA), 254.

The Santy in Harlow, 39-40, is not related to this shanty at all.

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Briggs, 170	Mackenzie, 262-263
Bullen & Arnold, 15	Niles (SMM), 82
Colcord, 34-35, <u>or</u> 84-85	Patterson, 231
Doerflinger, 78-80	Robinson, 102
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Farnsworth, 108	Scott (BA), 186-187
Grainger, No. 150	Sharp (EFC-2), No. 1
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Jour (FSS), III, 236- 238; V, 33	Smith (MW), 47
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Lomax (OSC), 206-208	Trevine, 18
Lomax (USA), 136-137	Weavers, 40-41
	Whall (SS), 450
	Whall (SSS), 65

The Plains of Mexico

O, have you heard the latest news?

Heave away, Santy Anna!

The Yankees took ol' Vera Cruz,

All on the plains of Mexico!

O, Santy Anna fought for fame, etc.

And that is how he gained his name, etc.

O, Santy had a wooden leg, etc.

He used it for a wooden peg, etc.

Ol' Gen'ral Taylor came one day, etc.

An' Santy Anna ran away, etc.

We chased the Mex's up and down, etc.

We captured Santy Anna's town, etc.

O, Santy Anna's day is o'er, etc.

And we'll fight with him no more, etc.

The ladies fair I do adore, etc.

I love 'em when I go ashore, etc.

No. 1354

THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO

also known as

Waterloo

Wellington and Waterloo

The Battle at Waterloo is one of the world's most famous and historic battles. Ballad singers and songwriters dealt with this battle frequently. There are dozens of songs about Waterloo, including Disguised Lover VIII A & B given elsewhere in this Master Book.

For two other songs entitled The Plains of Waterloo, see Greenleaf, 172 and Grieg & Duncan, No. 152.

REFERENCES

Christie, I, 266-267

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Dean, 118-119

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Ford (VSBS), I, 59-63

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Notes, 7th series, V, 106

Kidson (TT), 120-123

Peacock, III, 1016

Sharp, II, 176

The Plains of Waterloo

Come all you boys and gather round, come listen unto me,
And I'll tell you of a battle fought in the wars of
Germany.

I have fought thro' Spain, Portugal and France and
Russia too;

But little did I think I was reserved for the plains of
Waterloo.

At ten o'clock on Sunday the bloody fight began,
And raged from that moment to the setting of the sun;
My pen it cannot half relate the glories of that day—
We fought the French at Waterloo and made them run away.

The eighteenth of June, eighteen-hundred and fifteen,
Both horse and foot they did advance, most glorious to
be seen;

Both horse and foot they did advance, the bugle horn
it blew—

The sons of France were made to dance on the plains of
Waterloo.

Our cavalry advanced, and with true and valiant hearts
Our infantry and artillery both nobly played their parts.
The small arms they did rattle, the great guns did roar,
And many a valiant soldier lay bleeding in his gore.

Napoleon made a bold attack in front of Mount St. Jean,
And two of his best battalions thought the village to
gain;

Our infantry first charged them and made them face about;
Sir William, with his hard brigade soon cut them all to
rout.

As for Sir William Ponsonby, I'm sorry for to say,
That leading the Enniskillen dragoons, he was slain that
day.

In front of his brigade he fell, which grieves me very
sore;

I saw him die as I passed by, with many thousands more.

Napoleon, like a fighting cock, far mounted on a car,
He much did wish to represent great Mar, the God of War.
On a high platform he did stand and, like a cock, he crew;
He dropped his wings and turned his tail to us at Waterloo.

Lord Wellington commanded us all on that glorious day,
Where many a brave soldier in death's cold arms did lay;
Where many arms did rattle, and cannons loud did roar
At Waterloo, where Frenchmen their fate did deplore.

When Buonaparte at last perceived the victory we had won,
He did lament in bitter tears, saying, "Oh! my darling
son,

I will set off for Paris straight, to have him crowned
anew

Before they hear of my defeat on the plains of Waterloo."

So let us give our praise to God, who did the victory
give,

And may we all remember Him as long as we do live;
To God above give all the praise, and we'll remember too,
That He gave to us the victory on the plains of Waterloo.

No. 1355

THE POACHER

also known as

The Bold Poacher

The Lincolnshire Poacher

This song dates back, supposedly, to the reign of England's George IV. The tune is even better known than the words, because it has been used for several other songs, including a "high class popular song" entitled In the Spring of the Year by J. R. Planche. For another folk song set to the same tune, see The Baker's Wife in this Master Book. The tune was also used for the nationally popular The Thing

recorded by Phil Harris and others.

For an entirely different song with a similar title,
see Scarborough (SC), 351-352 & 451.

REFERENCES

Ashton (MSB), 202-203

Leisy, 216-217

Bantock, 59-60

Sharp (RCFS), 84-85

Chappell (PMOT), II, 732-733

Silber (HSB), 117

Silverman, I, 68

The Poacher

When I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I serv'd my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear.
Oh! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year.

As me and my comrade were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for whom we did not
care;
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er
anywhere,
Oh! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year.

As me and my comrade were setting four or five,
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive.
We took the hare alive, my boys, and thro' the woods
did steer,
Oh! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of
the year.

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged home,
We took him to a neighbor's house, and sold him for a
crown;

We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell
you where,
Oh! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his
deer,
Oh! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year.

No. 1356

POLITICAL AND PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN SONGS

Political songs in this Master Book are generally those songs written for and sung in political campaigns, usually, but not always, at the national or Presidential level. There are, of course, songs not associated with election campaigns that are quite political, and these are so identified.

The number of popular elections in the United States is greater than the total in all the rest of the world combined. What concerns us here, in this work, is the musical part of these elections—for what is a candidate without a song?

American tradition is filled to the brim with songs created for and about political movements, political issues, and Presidential campaigns. From the very beginning American political movements used songs as a mean of conveying thoughts; pro and con songs were turned out by the thousands. Labor groups, women's groups, third, fourth and fifth parties, and temperance people all joined the musical fray.

The first political songs were more laudatory than political; they were not campaign songs at all. In 1789 the candidates had not yet organized effective partisan parties, so the songs were primarily pieces "in praise of" George Washington and John Adams. But this changed during the summer of 1800. Then, for the first time, America witnessed a bipartisan battle for the Presidency.

On the other hand, in those early years, Presidential candidates did not personally electioneer—that was considered bad taste. Instead, the contest was waged through the press and with songs. John Adams was the Federalist candidate and Thomas Jefferson was supported by the Democratic-Republicans. In song after song after song the opposing ideologies were expressed and attacked in turn. Since all these songs were set to well-known tunes, the public had no trouble singing them.

This was the first American "musical campaign", and it was the deathbell for the Federalists—though they did not realize it. Federalists were people of wealth and class importance, well-trained economically and philosophically in the ways of an aristocratic society, and were ardent supporters of what modern economists call the "trickle down" theory. In brief, they were more interested in protecting their money and property and class than in allowing their fellow Americans any more liberty. Their slogan, expressed in a few words by John Jay, was: "Those who own the country ought to govern it."

It is an American historical fact that most wealthy merchants, landowners, and professional people, such as lawyers, professors, preachers, etc., were Federalists. Naturally, they had almost complete control of the press. They captured many votes by wrapping their projects in the name and reputation of George Washington, who was one of them. They pretended not to be politicians at all, which is the biggest lie they ever told. They carried on their organization work and made their nominations in secret caucuses. Then they went too far: In the Congress

they passed the Alien and Sedition Acts, practically making it a crime to be a Democratic-Republican. Thomas Jefferson won the election, but not without a struggle in the House of Representatives. He put an end to the Alien and Sedition laws. From then on political songs played an ever more important part in campaigns. By the time of the 1840 Presidential campaign, the number of songs introduced by the Whig Party alone, on behalf of their candidate, William Henry Harrison, set a record for musical politics that was not equaled until a new Republican Party nominated Abraham Lincoln. The singing campaign launched by the Whigs was nourished and replenished by a deluge of songster and sheet music. The Whigs endlessly reiterated the simple-minded theme that served in lieu of a platform: the virtues of Old Tip, log cabins, and hard cider—as opposed to the depravities of the evil Little Magician (Martin Van Buren) and his lawless crew.

William Henry Harrison won the election. He rode to his inauguration on horseback, stood in freezing weather for two hours without an overcoat, delivered an inaugural address that was probably one of the most boring ever made, attended three inaugural balls, and, then, exactly one month later died.

Predating Harrison and the deluge of Whig songs was the Presidential campaign of Andrew Jackson. There was a river of songs praising Jackson, the hero of New Orleans. Jackson, of course, was more popular than the songs, for he was dearly beloved by the common people—who sent him to the White House and kept him there for a second term. Andrew Jackson was the first genuine "man of the people" ever to seek the presidency, and the first to have control of his own political machine organized on a national scale. He was so popular that his campaign all but ignored his opponent, John Q. Adams. In the 1832 campaign, the opposition issued a song depicting Jackson as King Andrew.

Jackson was re-elected by a landslide.

The American propensity for political songs reached its highest and lowest fulfillment during the Abraham Lincoln campaign and the years of the Civil War. More than two thousand political songs were published during the first year of the Civil War. People on both sides of the conflict placed great reliance on the songs, and, paradoxically, the belligerents of both sides often adopted the selfsame tunes to express their conflicting ideologies. Following the Civil War the use of songs for political purposes continued, but never again were to reach the fury and numbers that had steadily built-up over the preceding years.

One political group turned out a continuous series of songs, and that group was powered by the Temperance people. Vocally speaking, during the 19th century, liquor's enemies were much more active than its friends. Even in our own time most songs dealing with alcoholic consumption are of the temperance variety. Temperance songs became a regular commercial line of music. There even exists a temperance parody on the Star Spangled Banner.

For many years the temperance songs enjoyed great popularity. And along with drinking went gambling. To judge by the songs, drinking and gambling were the cardinal evils in the United States. Very seldom was a gambler not presented as a drunkard.

Nevertheless, there was an opposing view. Many songwriters struck back, praising the consumption of wine and whiskey. While temperance folk sang Lips That Touch Liquor Will Never Touch Mine the pro-alcohol folk sang Pass Around The Bottle.

Since the "temperance blitz" the nearest thing in song activity was the modern Civil Rights movement. This political movement, too, resorted to the old traditional tunes, religious as well as secular, to support their

cause. Old may not be better but where causes expressed through song are concerned it is sometimes more effective.

Unfortunately, most all folk song collectors elected to ignore this vast body of traditional political material, just as they ignored "gold rush" and "religious" songs. Yet, with rare exceptions, these songs were more popular with the common people of America than any of the ballads published in the folk collections.

The number of these songs in this Master Book is not as high as I would have preferred, but the question of space made it necessary to selectively give a representative group only.

No. 1357

POLK vs CLAY I
also known as

Polk and Dallas

New Yankee Doodle

This is one of a series of songs created for political purposes in the Presidential campaign of 1844. Throughout that campaign the Whigs believed their candidate, Henry Clay, was a shoo-in. From the beginning, the big question was "Who is Polk?"

Compared with Clay, James Knox Polk was a political novice, a Jacksonian democrat, and little known outside Tennessee and Washington, D. C. Henry Clay, on the other hand, was nationally known; he had been seeking the Presidency since the campaign of 1824, when Andrew Jackson lost to John Q. Adams. Unfortunately for Clay, however, Andrew Jackson became President in 1828 and thereafter dominated American politics until he was too old and too feeble to speak out. It was Jackson who engineered the Democratic nomination for James K. Polk in 1844, making him the first "dark horse" ever to win his party's nomination.

Polk's victory over Clay was due to the expansionist issue: he stood for annexing Texas and extending United States territory to the Pacific, which meant getting England out of Oregon and Mexico out of California. According to Secretary of the Navy George Bancroft, Polk confided to him in 1845, shortly after his (Polk's) inauguration, that he had only four goals: "One, a reduction of the tariff; another, the independent treasury; a third, the settlement of the Oregon boundary question; and, lastly, the acquisition of California." Judging only by his campaign promises and stated intentions, James K. Polk became the first (and perhaps remains the only) American President to do exactly what he claimed he would do in office. And once he had accomplished these things, Polk quit, refusing to run for a second term.

In addition to Clay and Polk, there was the Liberty Party candidate, James G. Birney—and it was his influence in New York that took votes away from Clay, giving that important state to Polk.

Songs for and against all three Presidential candidates circulated widely in 1844, but only seven of these are given in this Master Book.

For two Liberty Party songs promoting James G. Birney, see Get Off the Track and We're For Freedom Through the Land in Silber (SAVB), 53, 54.

For other songs praising Polk and blasting Clay, see: Hard Times; Jimmy Polk of Tennessee; Polk, Dallas and Texas; That Same Old Tune; and Two Dollars a Day and Roast Beef in Silber (SAVB), 49-52.

The song below, which was first published as Polk and Dallas in the Democratic Lute and Polk and Dallas Minstrel, was distributed by the Democratic Party. "Dallas" refers to George M. Dallas, candidate for Vice-President. For a reprint of the text, see Luther, 113.

Polk vs Clay ITune: Yankee Doodle

With Polk and Dallas in our van,
Say, what have we to fear, sirs?
Poor Henry Clay's a used-up man,
His party's in the rear, sirs.

The people will have better men
To execute their laws, sirs;
The magic names of Tip and Ty
To humbug folks won't do, sirs!

Their coons are dead, their cabins down,
Hard cider grown quite stale, sirs;
And at the people's with'ring frown,
Their leader grows quite pale, sirs.

No. 1358

POLK vs CLAY II

also known as

Clay and Frelinghuysen

Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen

Henry Clay was one of the prime-movers of the Whig Party, which came into national prominence in 1840. Prior to that year, the Whigs were united only one point: their hatred of Andrew Jackson and all Jacksonians.

The Whig Party was composed of various elements, such as friends of the U. S. Bank, which Jackson destroyed, high tariff and anti-Masonic people in the North, and Nullifiers in the South. Leaders of the Whigs were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, and the Party dwindled to oblivion following the defeat of their Presidential candidate Winfield Scott, in 1852, and the death of both Clay and Webster that same year.

The Whig Party elected only two Presidents: William H.

Harrison in 1840 and Zachary Taylor in 1848. In 1844, they rejected their own President, John Tyler, who had assumed office when Harrison died after serving for only one month.

At their 1844 convention, the Whigs nominated Henry Clay and Frederick T. Frelinghuysen. They felt strong enough to ignore Tyler and elect Clay. Then they compound that error in judgment by making a worse one: They not only attacked Polk, but they were also musically vicious to John Tyler, the Whig incumbent (see Polk vs Clay II C).

In the 1844 campaign, the coon-skin cap replaced the log cabin and hard cider barrel as the Whig emblem, and, as a result, the "coon" song came into existence. The expression "coon" had only to do with a type of head-wear; it did not refer to black people. It was much later that the term became a racial slur.

The first in this series of songs (Polk vs Clay II A) was published in the Whig Banner Melodist; the second (Polk vs Clay II B) was issued in sheet music form; and the third (Polk vs Clay II C) was also published in the Whig Melodist.

For other reprints of these texts, see Lawrence, 308-309, 314 and Silber (SAVB), 50.

Note: The "Kendall" referred to in the text of Polk vs Clay II B is Amos Kendall, a publicist and a Democ-rack. The term "wires," as used in the same text, means "wire-pulling."

Polk vs Clay II C aka Away With the Traitor Tyler is what the Whigs thought of President John Tyler, who was a member of the Whig Party.

POLK vs CLAY II A

Tune: Old Dan Tucker

A first rate rhyme was made of late,
By a Whig from the Buckeye State;
It goes to that familiar tune
Which old Dan Tucker taught the coon.

Chorus

And it's hurrah! the country's rising
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the country's rising
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen!

There's no two names that can be found,
Altho' you search the country 'round,
More terror to that clan comprising
Than Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

Clay's a patriot through and through,
And so is Frelinghuysen, too;
They are men of truth and candor,
Who can't be hurt by loco slander!

Polk vs Clay II B

Tune: Old Dan Tucker

The skies are bright, our hearts are light,
As one man all the Whigs unite!
We'll set our songs to good old tunes,
For there is music in these Coons.

Chorus

Hurra! Hurra! the people's rising
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen!
Hurra! Hurra! the people's rising
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen!

The Loco's hearts are very sore,
To see the Whigs in Baltimore;

And they begin to think with reason,
This will be a great "Coon" season!

O Frelinghuysen's Jersey blue,
A noble Whig and honest, too,
And he will make "New Jersey" feel
Whigs pay respect to her broad seal.

He is a man of truth and candor,
That even Kendall dare not slander;
And when he gets into a fight,
Lord! how the Jersey Coons will bite!

Sly Matty Van's a man of doubt,
He wires in and he wires out;
You cannot tell when on the track,
If he's running on, or coming back.

United heart and hand are we,
From nothern lake to southern sea,
From east to west, the people's rising
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen!

Polk vs Clay II C Tune: Away With Melancholy
aka Away With the Traitor Tyler!

Away with the traitor Tyler!
Down with the Veto King!
Our Party's base reviler!
Whilst the people cheerily sing,
Hurrah!

Though for years of sorrow
We've cursed the traitor's crime,
Yet we wait a glorious morrow
And sternly, sternly "bide our time,"
Hurrah!

But as from the horizon
Now breaks our triumph's day,
Behold our Frelinghuysen,
And glorious Harry Clay,
Hurrah!

No. 1359

POLK vs CLAY III
also known as
FARMER CLAY

Despite their short existence and dismal record, it is probable that the Whigs were responsible for more political campaign songs than all other competitive parties combined. Although he lost the election, it is clear that Clay won the musical battle in 1844.

For other songs favoring Clay, see: Clear the Way for Harry Clay, Great Harry Clay, Harry of the West, and Workingmen's Song in Silber (SAVB), 48. Also see: Here's to You Harry Clay in Lawrence, 311.

The song below is from the National Clay Minstrel and, more recently, from Luther, 113.

Polk vs Clay III

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Shout Yankee Doodle! Whigs, huzza!
We're done with Captain Tyler;
He who has been his country's flaw
Shall never more defile 'er!

For Farmer Clay then, boys, hurrah!
And proudly here proclaim him
The great, the good, the valiant Hal,
And shout whene'er you name him!

For long and loud the country calls
For the bold Ashland farmer;
Bravest when danger most appalls—
With him, no foe shall harm 'er!

No. 1360

POLK vs CLAY IV

also known as

The Democratic Ode

The Mill-Boy of the Slashes

Henry Clay had a long political career. He served as a Senator from Kentucky in 1806-1807, 1810-1811, 1831-1842, 1849-1852, and was in the House of Representatives in 1811-1814, 1815-1821, and 1823-1825. Prior to the War of 1812, he was the leader of the "war hawks." He served as Secretary of State from 1825 to 1829. He also formulated the national program for internal improvement, tariff protection, the rechartering of the Bank of the United States, and pushed the Missouri Compromise through the House. He was the National Republican candidate for President in 1832, and the Whig party candidate in 1844. After that, he denounced extremists in both North and South, asserted the superior claims of the Union, and sponsored the Compromise of 1850. He became known as the Great Pacificator and the Great Compromiser.

Of the two songs below, the first is pro-Clay and the second is pro-Polk. Both were set to the same tune.

Polk vs Clay IV B appeared in the Richmond Enquirer, July 26, 1844. It is reprinted in Lawrence, 315.

Polk vs Clay IV A

Tune: Rosin the Bow

Come forward, you brave sons of Neptune,
Come forward without more delay,
And rally around your protector,
The Statesman, the Patriot Clay.

Chorus

We'll hail him our noble Commander,
Stand by him by night and by day;
At the helm of the ship of the Nation,
We'll be safe when conducted by Clay.

Polk vs Clay IV B

Tune: Rosin the Bow

November election is coming,
To arms, all true Democrats, rise!
Fear not the loud braying and drumming
In which all Whig argument lies.

In which all Whig argument lies,
In which all Whig argument lies,
Fear not the loud braying and drumming
In which all Whig argument lies!

All over the country, the rally
Of Democrats gladdens the land;
They gather from mountain and valley—
Whole armies are on every hand!

Whole armies are on every hand, etc.

The Whigs obtained power and station
By thousands of promises made;
Deceived and defrauded the nation,
And its best interests betrayed.

And its best interests betrayed, etc.

To millions they promised in 'forty,
Roast beef and two dollars a day;

And many a working man thought he
Might trust in the promise of Clay.
Might trust in the promise of Clay, etc.

But when the election was over,
Hear how the duped voter laments:
The lead nags were rolling in clover—
The others outside of the fence!
The others outside of the fence, etc.

No. 1361

POLK vs CLAY V
also known as

Clear the Track for Old Kentucky Henry Clay

The Whigs struck back at the Democrats with yet more
songs, but the Democrats came right back with the fol-
lowing piece of political satire.

For a text from traditional sources, see Hudson (FSM),
211.

Polk vs Clay V

Tune: Old Dan Tucker

Henry Clay, he climbed a tree
And stuck his bill in for to see!
The lizards caught him by the snout
And he hollered for the coons to pull him out!

Chorus

Get out of the way! Roll on lucky;
Clear the track for old Kentucky!

Henry Clay came a-riding a jack,
He rode on his belly to save his back!
O, riding a goat and leading a sheep,
He won't get back till the middle of the week!

No. 1362

POLK vs CLAY VI
also known as
Hurrah for Henry Clay!

The two songs below were both known as Hurrah for Henry Clay!, and both of them were sung during the 1844 campaign for President. The text of song A is from the Whig newspaper, That Same Old Coon, Dayton, Ohio, June 22, 1844.

In song B, the word "protection" is a pun having to do with the high tariff that Clay proposed as a "fair protection to American industry."

Polk vs Clay VI A

Tune: Bob and Joan

The loco foco's thought, when Captain Tyler went over,
The Whigs would go to pot and they would live in clover.
They've found out their mistake: We don't care a copper
about him;
They're welcome to all they'll make, and we shall do
better without him!

Chorus

Hurrah for Henry Clay! Nobody cares for Tyler!
Van Buren is out of the way, and Polk will soon burst
his boiler!

They thought we couldn't sing because the Captain
turn'd traitor,
But now they know one thing: Ol' Tyler's a small potato!

The coons are not all dead, hard cider's as plenty
as ever—

We've got Henry Clay at our head; he'll never desert
us, never!

We'll keep the Coons alive, to catch the Loco's
chickens;

And the fourth of March, forty-five, the Captain will
leave the diggings!

Then sing and be jolly, ye Whigs! the Loco's are getting
the colic!

But we'll be as merry as grigs, and elect Henry Clay in
a frolic!

Polk vs Clay VI B

Tune: Lucy Neal

The Farmers and Mechanics,
A patriotic band,
Will elect for President
The farmer of Ashland.

Chorus

Hurrah for Henry Clay!
Hurrah for Henry Clay!
He's bound to be our President,
I've heard the people say!

The ladies, bless the lovely band,
Our country's Joy and Pride,
They go for Harry hand and hand—
Maid, matron, belle and bride.

To gain Protection for themselves,
They'll marry and marry away,
And tell their lovers, husbands, sons,
To vote for Harry Clay.

No. 1363

POLK vs CLAY VII

also known as

Oh, Coony, Coony Clay

This is the last of the series of songs from the Presidential campaign of 1844. It is a Democratic satirical criticism of Clay and the Whigs.

For another reprint of the text, see Lawrence, 315.

Polk vs Clay VII

Oh, coony, coony Clay,
The rich man is your god:
You raise the manufacturer,
But doom the poor to plod.

Chorus

Oh, coony, coony Clay!
Oh, coony, coony Clay,
All for to be President—
You'll never see the day!

Oh, coony, coony Clay,
You'd starve the working man,
Press his children to the earth
With tyrant's iron hand.

Oh, coony, coony Clay,
Your tariff's mighty high;
You make the poor man dearly pay
For clothes to keep him dry.

Oh, coony, coony Clay,
Your bank ain't worth a pin!
You issue promises to pay,
But never call them in.

Oh, coony, coony Clay,
 We'll do without you sure,
 For Polk and Dallas are the boys
 Your tyranny to cure!

No. 1364

POLLY BOND

also known as

As Jimmie Went A-Hunting	Molly Bendon and Jimmy
At the Setting of the Sun	Randolph
Death of Molly Benden	Molly Bond, Van, <u>or</u> Vaughn
Jimmy Ransom	Molly Vaunder, <u>or</u> Vonder
Johnnie Randal, <u>or</u> Randle	Molly Whan
Johnny Randle	Peggy Baun
Mollie Bender, <u>or</u> Bond	Polly Band, Baun, <u>or</u> Bawn
Mollie Vaughn, <u>or</u> Vaunders	Polly Bonn, Van, <u>or</u> Vaughn
Molly Banding, Baun, <u>or</u>	Polly Wand
Bawn	Pretty Polly
	The Shooting of His Dear

An old Irish ballad that was widely circulated in the United States throughout the 19th century. The earliest known record of this ballad is Jamieson's Printed Circular Letter of 1799. An incomplete text, entitled Lord Kenneth and Fair Ellinour is in Jamieson, I, 193-199. For an extensive history of the ballad, see the article by Kittredge in Jour (AFL), XXX, 358. According to Cox (FSS), a variant titled Molly Whan was issued by Pitts as a slip-song early in the 19th century.

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151-152	Cox (FSS), 339-341, 529
Bulletin (FSSN), X, 12-13	Creighton (MFS), 111

Davis (FSV), 68-69	Korson (PSL), 46-47
Eddy, 194	Laws (AB), 0 36, 243
Friedman, 26	Leach (BB), 700-701
Gardner (BSSM), 66-68	Linscott, 274-276
Halpert (SBFS), 56-58	Moore (BFSS), 169-171
Hudson (BSM), 136	Morris, 399-401
Hudson (FSM), 145-146	O'Lochlainn, No. 29
Hudson (SMFL), 36-37	Petrie, Nos. 724 & 1171
Jour (AFL), XXII, 387; XXX, 358-360	Pound, 78-79
Jour (EFDSS), VII, 241	Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 176
Jour (FSS), II, 59; VII, 17	Randolph, I, 254-257
Jour (IFSS), III, 25	Randolph (Ozarks), 174-175
Joyce (AIM), 20	Scarborough (SC), 116-117
Joyce (OIFMS), 220	Sharp, I, 328-332
Karpeles, 113-114	Sharp (FSFS), No. 16
	Treat, 32

Polly Bond

Come all you hunters who follow the gun,
And sometimes go hunting after setting of the sun,
I've a story of a hunter who went out in the dark,
And oh! and alas! he shot his sweetheart!

Chorus

She had her apron wrapped around her
And he took her for a swan,
And it's oh! and alas! he did shoot Polly Bond!

Polly was walking, a rain storm came on,
And under a tree stood she, the shower to shun;
Jimmy Randal was out hunting, even tho' it was dark;
He shot at his love and he well hit his mark!

Jimmy ran to her, and to her he said:
 "O Polly, forgive me for the blood I have shed!
 You know, dear Polly, you're the joy of my life;
 I always intended to make you my wife."

His father came to him, his head it was gray,
 "O Jimmy, O Jimmy, you must not run away;
 For the shooting of Polly was an accident, son,
 And you're not to blame—so why should you run?"

Jimmy was taken and led off to jail,
 All bound with strong chains, his fate to bewail.
 On the day of his trial, Polly's ghost did appear,
 And said to the judge, "Jimmy Randal goes clear!"

Inserted Chorus

"With my apron wrapt around me, he mistook me for
 a swan;

And he never intended to harm Polly Bond."

Come all you lovers who carry a gun,
 Beware of late hunting after setting of the sun.
 Or perhaps it will happen as it happened to me,
 You'll kill your own true love out under a tree.

No. 1365

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON
 also known as

Jennie, or Kittie, Put
 the Kettle On

Mollie, or Molly, or Sally,
 Put the Kettle On

An old English nursery rhyme that was set to music. In America, the piece became a game song. Botkin recovered a gam version in Oklahoma that has "a choosing and kissing formula borrowed from 'Come, Philanders'...". Also

see and compare Housekeeping in Newell, 173.

For a version adapted by rural blacks, see Jackson,
Put the Kettle On in Talley, 17.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Armitage, I, 56 | Halliwell (NRE), No. 131 |
| Bertail, 54 | Heck, 35 |
| Botkin (APPS), 66-67,
293 | Luther, 253 |
| Cambiaire, 133 | Mother Goose, 76 |
| Dearmer (ST), 38 | Perrow, XXVI, 138 |
| Ford (TMA), 85, 399 | Sullivan, II, 183 |
| Graham (TNR), 40 | Wier (SCLS), 235 |
| | Wier (YAM), I, 116 |

Polly, Put the Kettle On

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all take tea.

Slice your bread and butter thin,
Thin enough for you and me;
Choose the one you love the best
And we'll all take tea.

Now put down the giner cake, (2)
Stir the fire and let it bake,
And we'll all take tea.

Put the muffins down to roast, (2)
Blow the fire and make it toast,
And we'll all take tea.

Polly, set the table out, (2)
Move the dishes all about,
And we'll all take tea.

No. 1366

POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

also known as

Sing Polly Wolly Doodle

This novelty song is both well-known and easily available in the United States. According to Fuld, American Popular Music, the earliest published version was probably in 1880, in William H. Hills' Students' Songs.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| Best, 35 | Loesser, 114-116 |
| Brown, II, 538; V, 307-308 | Luther, 253 |
| Chamberlain, 224 | Most (PCS), 72 |
| Chapple (HS), 436 | Oberndorfer, 120-121 |
| Ford (OTFM), 37 | Silverman, I, 356 |
| Ford (TMA), 66, 420-421 | Songs (15), 96 |
| Kennedy (AB), 167 | Spaeth (REW), 92 |
| Kennedy (TAB), 302-303 | Waite, 94-95 |
| Leisy (IAS), 40-41 | Wier (SWWS), 172 |
| Lewis, 113 | Wilder, 70-71 |
| | Winn (2), 112-113 |
| | Zanzig, 97 |

Polly Wolly Doodle

Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal,
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all day,
My Sally am a spunky gal,
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all day.

Chorus

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, I'm goin' away.
I'm a-goin' to Louisiana
For to see my Susianna,
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all day.

Oh, I came to a river an' I couldn't get across, etc.
I jumped on a 'gator; I thought he was a hoss, etc.

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair, etc.
With curly eyes and laughing hair, etc.

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track, etc.
A-pickin' his teeth wid a carpet tack, etc.

Oh, I went to bed but it wasn't no use, etc.
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost, etc.

Behind de barn, down on my knees, etc.
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze, etc.

He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin' cough, etc.
He sneezed his head and his tail right off, etc.

No. 1367

POMPEY RAN AWAY

In 1775 this musical piece was published as a "Negroe Jig," and it was and is obviously a dance tune. No words are known, but that does not mean words do not exist.

According to Nathan, this is one of the earliest examples of the musical blend that resulted from the musical intercourse between the black slaves and the white society—a blend of European and primitive music styles.

Our version is from Nathan, 187.

See under: TUNES

No. 1368POOR BOY I

also known as

Bow Down Your Head and Cry	Hang Down Your Head and
Coon Can	Cry, Po' Boy
The Coon-Can Game	Hung Down My Head and Cried

This is one of many "Po' Boy" songs, all of which deal with "things gone wrong." Similar songs do not use the "po' boy" expression and do not have refrains. For an example of this type, see Hobo Song I in this Master Book.

This "Poor Boy" is given in two versions—and both A and B represent the more common type. Poor Boy II (No. 1370) represents the non-refrain type.

Version A is a Negro treatment. Version B is a Southern mountain adaptation.

This is not related to the Po' Boy given in Lomax (ABFS), 142-143. That song is merely a fragment of The Cryder-ville Jail (see Prisoner's Song IX in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 12-13	Leisy (SPS), 44-45
Best, 14	Lomax (CS-1938), 159-161
Downes (1940), 326-328	Sandburg (AS), 30-32,
Downes (1943), 382-384	310-311
Finger (FB), 75-77	Scarborough (NFS), 87-89
Ives (SB), 256-257	Whitman, 181

Poor Boy I (Version A)

My mother called me to her death-bed side,
And said these words to me:
"If you don't change your evil ways,
They'll send you to the penitentiary!"

They'll send you to the penitentiary, poor boy,
They'll send you to the penitentiary;
If you don't change your evil ways,
They'll send you to the penitentiary.

I sat me down for to play coon-can,
Could barely read my hand,
Just thinkin' 'bout that gal of mine—
She ran off with another man.

She ran off with another man, poor boy, etc.

I'm standin' there at Fifth an' Main,
In front of the big department store,
Policeman taps my arm and says,
"You ain't never gonna kill no more!"

You ain't never gonna kill no more, poor boy, etc.

O mister judge, mister judge,
What are you gonnad do with me?
"If the jury finds you guilty, poor boy,
I'll send you to the penitentiary!"

I'll send you to the penitentiary, poor boy, etc.

The jury found me guilty too,
The clerk he wrote it down,
The judge pronounced his sentence then,
"Ten long years in Raleigh town!"

Ten long years in Raleigh town, poor boy, etc.

It was a cold and a stormy night,
The clouds were dark with rain;
Ain't got a friend no where on earth,
And nobody knows my name!

And nobody knows my name, poor boy, etc.

VERSION B

As I went down to the river, poor boy,
To see the ships sail by,
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one,
And she didn't wave goodbye.

Chorus

Hung down my head and cried, poor boy,
Hung down my head and cried!
O, I can't forget the woman I love,
Hung down my head and cried!

I courted her many a month, poor boy,
And fin'lly won her hand,
But just before our wedding day,
She met a gamblin' man.

He came at me with his big knife, poor boy,
I shot him full of lead;
He dropped his knife and he called her name,
And then he fell down dead.

They locked me in the jailhouse, poor boy,
And days and weeks rolled by;
They found me guilty of murder one,
The Judge said I must die.

No. 1369

POOR BOY II
also known as

The Gambler
Run Off With Another Man,
Poor Boy

Ten Thousand Miles Away
from Home
The Woman I Love

This song is merely a variation of the preceding one. Sandburg's title, Ten Thousand Miles Away From Home, is used for other songs and is also a floating line. The major difference between the song below and Poor Boy I is the repetitive refrain "Hung down my head and cried, poor boy." Other differences are due to the folk process and adaptation. For two adaptations, see Botkin (RFL), 459-460 and Sandburg (AS), 456-457.

Poor Boy II

Ten thousand miles away from home
And I don't even know my name,
'Cause thinkin' about the woman I love
Is drivin' me insane.

I went down to the new depot,
To see the trains go by;
The woman I loved will never come back,
And I wish that I could die.

It was right here some months ago,
Not far from where I stand,
I happened to see the woman I love
In the arms of another man.

The arms of another man, poor boy,
In the arms of another man;
I happened to see the woman I love
In the arms of another man.

I turned my face away, poor boy,
And I tried to hide my pain;
I stood and watched the woman I love
Get aboard that midnight train.

"Good morning, mister Engineer,
I hope I'm not too late;
I'm leavin' this town forever, poor boy,
If you'll let me ride your freight."

I threw my life away, poor boy,
When I started out to roam;
I'll never forgive the woman I love
For the way she wrecked my home.

The way she wrecked my home, poor boy,
For the love another man;
I never will love a woman again,
But I'll do the best I can.

No. 1379

POOR HOMELESS BOY

also known as

A Farmer's Boy	Poor Little Sailor, <u>or</u>
The Fisherman's Boy	Soldier Boy
The Little Soldier's Boy	The Soldier's Boy
The Orphan Boy	Soldier's Homeless Boy
The Poor Fisherman's Boy	The Soldier's Poor Little Boy

This is one of those "sentimental" songs so popular during the 19th century. The traditional versions derive from broadsides published in England and the United States: Pitts, Ryle, Such, DeMarsan and Wehman.

According to Cox this song may be an imitation of "The Fisherman's Boy," common in English broadsides. For a version, see Greenleaf, 200.

Another forerunner is the Poor Smuggler's Boy in Ashton (MSB), 240.

The song below is ascribed to Charles Bender on a broadside issued at Philadelphia by J. H. Johnson.

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|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Belden (BS), 273-275 | Hubbard, 193-195 |
| Brewster (BSI), 304-306 | Jour (AFL), XXXV, 366 |
| Brown, II, 396-397; IV, 221-222 | Jour (FSS), VIII, 38-39 |
| Cox (FSS), 275-276 | Karpeles (EFS), II, 387 |
| Cox (TBFS), 104 | Kidson (EPS), 102 |
| Cox (TBWV), 88 | Laws, Q 28 & Q 29 |
| DeMarsan (SJ), I, 32 | Randolph, I, 311; IV, 182-183 |
| Eddy, 178-179, 297-298 | Shoemaker (MMP), 74 |
| Fuson, 186 | Shoemaker (NPM), 61, 71-72 |
| Gainer, 159 | Songster (124), 57 |
| Greenleaf, 200-201 | Stout, 117-118 |

Poor Homeless Boy

The snow is fast a-falling,
And the wind on loudly roars,
When a poor little child, quite frozen,
Came up to the rich lady's door.
He spied her from the window so high,
Which filled his heart with joy:
"For mercy sake some pity on me take,
I'm a soldier's poor little boy.

"My mama died when I was young,
And Papa went to war;
In many battles he took part,
And he wears a battle scar.
Many a mile on his knapsack
He carried me with joy,
But now he's dead and I'm alone,
Just a soldier's poor little boy."

The lady rose from where she sat,
 And opened wide her door:
 "Come in, come in unhappy child,
 For you must roam no more;
 My only son in the war was slain,
 My son, my pride, my joy!
 And shelter will I gladly give
 To a soldier's poor little boy."

No. 1371

POOR LONESOME COWBOY

also known as

I'm a Poor Lonesome
 Cowboy

Poor Cowboy
 Soy Pobre Vaquere

In the Southwest this song is known in two languages,
 English and Spanish. It is also sung to varied melodies.

Version B is the Spanish version.

REFERENCES

Felton, 74-78	Lomax (CS-1919), 32-33
Fife, 229-230	Lomax (CS-1938), 290-291
Larkin, 107-110, <u>or</u> 112-115	Sackett, 46
Lomax (ABFS), 418	Sandburg (AS), 273
	Sandburg (NAS), 101
	Silverman, I, 30-31

Poor Lonesome Cowboy (Version A)

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
 I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
 I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
 And a long ways from home.

I ain't got no mother, (3)
To buy the clothes I wear.

I ain't got no father, (3)
To tell me how to live.

I ain't got no sister, (3)
To sing and play with me.

I ain't got no brother, (3)
To chase the girls with me.

I ain't got no sweetheart, (3)
To hug and kiss with me.

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, (3)
And a long ways from home.

Soy Pobre VaqueroVERSION BPoor Cowboy

Soy pobre vaquero,
No tengo padre,
Ni hermana, ni hermano,
O no, O no, O no.

Soy pobre vaquero,
No tengo madre,
Ni hermana, ni hermano,
O no, O no, O no.

Soy pobre vaquero,
No tengo gato,
Ni perro, ni caballo,
O no, O no, O no.

Soy pobre vaquero,
No tengo dinero,
Ni tequila, ni tobacco,
O no, O no, O no.

I'm a poor cowboy,
I have no father,
Nor sister, nor brother,
O no, O no, O no.

I'm a poor cowboy,
I have no mother,
Nor sister, nor brother,
O no, O no, O no.

I'm a poor cowboy,
I have no cat,
Nor dog, nor horse,
O no, O no, O no.

I'm a poor cowboy,
I have no money,
Nor tequila, nor tobacco,
O no, O no, O no.

No. 1372

POOR MARY SITS A-WEEPING

also known as

Mary Sits A-Weeping

This is an American version of an old English game-song. Girls and boys play the game together but, sometimes, it is played by girls without boys.

According to Hudson, Sally Walker (see in MB) is a version of this song. I think he was perhaps misled by an English version known as Poor Sally Sits A-Weeping, which is in Sharp (ECFS), 18-19.

REFERENCES

Broadwood (ECS), 76

Gomme, II, 46-62

Linscott, 47-49

Moorat, 23

Perkins, 21

Poor Mary Sits A-Weeping

Poor Mary sits a-weeping,
A-weeping, a-weeping,
Poor Mary sits a-weeping
All on a summer's day.

O, why are you a-weeping, etc.
All on a summer's day.

I'm weeping for my sweetheart, etc.
All on a summer's day.

O, Mary, choose your lover, etc.
All on a summer's day.

O kiss her once, kiss her twice, etc.
Kiss her three times over.

No. 1373POOR OLD HORSE I

also known as

Old Horse Old Hoss, Old Hoss The Sailor's Grace

This is an English sea-shanty that was adapted from a land song, and it has several relatives and variations, including Poor Old Man I in this Master Book.

Colcord refers to this song as "grace before meat, when the beef-kids came in from the galley..." Doerflinger explains it better: "When the watch gathered in the forecastle for the midday meal, the youngest man went along to the galley and came back carrying the wooden mess kit laden with boiled chunks of salt beef or salt pork. Ships' salt beef, especially when of bad quality, was known as 'salt horse'...."

As "grace before meat" the words were recited, not sung, and were:

Old horse, old horse, what brought you here?
You have been dead for many a year.
You carted stones from Ballyhack
Till you fell down and broke your back.

You put up with sore abuse;
Now you're salted down for sailors' use.
Who pick your bones and suck the juice.
And if you don't believe it's true,
Look in the harness cask—you'll find a
horse and shoe!

The shanty was referred to by Dana in Two Years Before the Mast, which means that it was known to American sailors at that time.

Linscott, who recovered a New England version, said the tune "seems to be an offshoot of Mulberry Bush" (see in MB).

Doerflinger, p. 21, gives a partial text of this shanty set to the tune of Blow the Man Down (see in MB). For a parody, see Winn (2), 220-221.

REFERENCES

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Brown, III, 258	Flanders (BMNE), 226-227
Bullen & Arnold, 25	Gray, 104-105
Clements, 90	Harlow, 69
Colcord, 206	Hugill (1), 556-557
Davis (SSC), 86-87	Linscott, 142-144
Derby, 288	Luce, 224
Doerflinger, 160	Sharp (EFC-2), No. 47
	Whall (SSS), 119

Poor Old Horse I

Old horse, old horse, what brought you here?
"From here and there to Portland Pier,
I've hauled up stone for many a year;
And I was killed by much abuse,
Then salted down for sailors' use.
The sailors they do me despise:
They turn me over and damn my eyes,
They cut up my meat and pick my bones,
And throw the rest to Davy Jones."

No. 1374

POOR OLD HORSE II

This old English song is one of several in which the animal tells the story. According to Sharp (100), it "was evidently one that was sung during the ceremony

of the hobby horse....A kindred ceremony, also associated with a song, The Dead Horse, is still celebrated by sailors after they have been a month at sea."

For a version of The Dead Horse, see Poor Old Man I in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (EFSS), No. 20 | Mason, 49 |
| Baring-Gould (SW), No. 77 | Reeves, 175-177 |
| Farnsworth, 32 | Sharp (FSE), IV, 16-17 |
| Jour (FSS), I, 75, 260; | Sharp (100), 196-197 |
| XX, 263 | Stokoe, 60-61 |
| Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 378 | Williams (FSUT), 155-156 |

Poor Old Horse II

When I was young and in my prime,
And in my stable lay,
They gave to me the very best of corn
As well as choicest hay.
Poor old horse! You must die!

Oh, once I had a stable warm
To keep me safe from harm,
But now, alas! they've turned me out
To roam in heat and storm.
Poor old horse! You must die!

My master used to ride me out
O'er many gate and stile;
O'er hedge and ditch and meadow I've gone,
And borne him many a mile.
Poor old horse! You must die!

Now I am old and quite done for,
And fit for naught at all;

I'm forced to eat the weeds and grass
 Around the churchyard wall.
 Poor old horse! You must die!

My hide unto the huntsman give,
 My shoes just throw away;
 The dogs can eat my rotten flesh,
 For that's how I'll decay.
 Poor old horse! You must die!

No. 1375

POOR OLD MAN I
 also known as

The Dead Horse	Old Man, Your Horse Will
The Dead Horse Shanty	Die
I Say So	Poor Old Horse
	Poor Old Joe

This shanty is sometimes confused in reference lists with Poor Old Horse I (see above), but there is no discernible relationship between the two.

According to Bone, this "is the only shanty" he knew that was "composed definitely for entertainment."

Colcord, who found a melodic relationship between this shanty and Roll the Cotton Down, says it was "used on American ships for halliards and sometimes capstan," but "was used on British ships in connection with a celebration which was held on board ship when one month had passed at sea."

The celebration referred to had to do with money advanced to sailors by boarding masters or captains, usually the first month's pay, so they could afford to sail. According to Doerflinger, "Until his advance, which went to his boarding master, had been worked off, the old-time sailorman felt he was 'working to pay for a dead horse.'"

After a month at sea, the crew came out of the fore-castle dragging a scarecrow horse and singing the shanty below. They hoisted the dead horse up to the lee main yard-arm, cut it free and watched it fall into the ocean and float off. The custom faded out around the 1890s, but sailors on both sides of the Atlantic continued to sing the shanty.

The text is far from original. Many lines are obviously from other songs, such as Charleston Gals and Old Folks, Young Folks (see in MB).

See and compare He Is My Horse in Talley, 16.

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- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Baltzer, I, 93 | King, 5 |
| Bone, 48-50 | Linscott, 134-135 |
| Colcord, 63-64 | Oberndorfer, 69 |
| Davis (SSC), 88-89 | Robinson, 69, 71 |
| Doerflinger, 14 | Sandburg (AS), 406 |
| Finger (FB), 62-63 | Sharp (EFC-2), 19, 73 |
| Grainger, No. 168 | Shay (ASSC), 26 |
| Gray, 105-106 | Terry, I, xvi, 48 |
| Harlow, 68-69 | Trevine, 19 |
| Hugill (1), 554-556 | Trident, 97 |
| | Whall (SSS), 119 |

Poor Old Man I

I walked out upon the road one day,
For they say so, and they know so,
I saw an old man with a load of hay—
Oh! poor old man!

Poor old man, your horse is lame, says I;
And I say so, and I know so!
It's plain to see your horse is going to die—
Oh! poor old man!

If he dies, it will be my loss,
 And I say so, and I know so;
 And if he lives, he will be my hoss—
 Oh! poor old man!

If he dies, I will tan his skin,
 And I say so, and I know so;
 And if he lives, I will ride him again—
 Oh! poor old man!

Many days and nights I rode him hard,
 And I say so, and I know so;
 I plan to bury him in my backyard—
 Oh! poor old man!

Growl you may, but go ahead you must!
 And I say so, and I know so;
 If you growl too loud your head they'll
 bust!
 Oh! poor old man!

No. 1376

POOR OLD MAN II

also known as

Johnny, Come Down to Backstay	Johnny, Walk Along to Hilo
Johnny, Come Down to Hilo	O Johnny, Come to Hilo
Johnny, Come to Hilo	When Johnnie Comes Down to Hilo

This is a "put together" or compounded shanty. The first stanza is from Poor Old Man I (above). Other lines are from such songs as Stephen Foster's Uncle Ned in Brown, III, 505, Carmer (SRA), 134, and Hog-Eye I (elsewhere in this Master Book).

The similarities between this and other songs are to be found in the text, not in the melody, which, as Colcord pointed out, "is distinctive enough." Hugill says the tune is of Irish origin.

For a common title but unrelated song, see Johnny's Gone to Hilo in Chase (AFTS), 159.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| Brown, V, 502-503 | Hugill (;). 266-267, 273 |
| Bullen & Arnold, 9 | Lomax (ABFS), 484 |
| Colcord, 101-102 | Morris, 56-57 |
| Doerflinger, 71-72 | Sampson, 30 |
| Emrich (FAL), 454 | Sharp (EFC-2), 105 |
| Farnsworth, 105-107 | Shay (ASSC), 26 |
| | Shay (IMWS), 83 |

Poor Old Man II

O, a poor old man came riding by,
Says I, "Old man, your horse will die."
O, Johnny, come to Hilo.
O, poor old man.

Chorus

O, wake her! O, shake her!
O, shake that gal with the blue dress on!
O, Johnny, come to Hilo!
O, poor old man.

Never seen the like since I was born—
A big buck nigger with sea-boots on!, etc.

O, I once knew a nigger, his name was Ned,
He had no hair on the top of his head!, etc.

O, was you ever in Frisco Bay,
Where pretty gals beg you to stay?, etc.

Well, I told the captain I had to go,
Says he, "Old man, the boat won't row!", etc.

O, I had a dream just the other night;
I got real drunk and saw the light!, etc.

No. 1377

THE POOR SAILOR BOY

also known as

The Crafty Ploughman's

Garland

Johnnie, or Johnny

The Prince of Morocco

The Prince of Spain

The Sailor Boy

The Young Farmer's Policy

to Gain a Fair Lady

An English broadside that dates back to at least 1750.
So far as we know, the song was first in Percy's Col-
lection of Broad sides and Garlands, I, 23 (on file at
Harvard University Library).

For a song telling a similar story, see The Crafty Lover
in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 222-224

Randolph, I, 354-356

Flanders (NGMS), 38-40

Poor Sailor Boy

I knew a poor sailor boy with a heart brave and bold;
He wooed a lady fair, and she was rich with gold.
Her father said, "Now daughter, if it is your intent
To marry that poor sailor boy, I'll never give consent."

She wrote her love a letter, and to him it was sent,
For she would have him know her father's hard intent.

My heart, she wrote, is sincere, my love is deep and
true;

I'll never marry anyone, unless I marry you.

My father is determined, but he objects in vain;
I'll cross the salty ocean, and live o'er in Spain.
The sailor was heart-broken, and made a quick reply:
"I will deceive your father, dear, or else I'll surely
die."

He purchased clothes of color, and homeward then did
steer;
And like a duke or prince, in pearls did appear,
With star of gold on his chest, he saw his love again.
Her father he was very pleased to greet a prince of
Spain.

So hand in hand together, away to church they went,
And there they were married with her father's consent.
The old man was more joyous than e'er before or since,
To see his only daughter fair all married to a prince.

He beamed and told his daughter, "Twelve thousand pounds
I'll give,
And that shall be your portion as long as you live."
And while the flowing glasses were being passed around,
He counted out and gave to them the whole twelve thou-
sand pounds.

"Old man, do you not know me?" the sailor then did say;
"I am the poor sailor boy you once turned away.
You have been fairly taken in, and I am set for life,
For I now have twelve thousand pounds and, also, a
lovely wife."

"You can go to the devil and burn for all your lies!
My daughter you have stole, and my gold likewise!

If I had once suspected that this was all a plot,
It's not a single penny, boy, you would have ever
got!"

No. 1378

POP! GOES THE WEASEL

Burl Ives reminds us that the tune of this widely known American song was once used for Cornwallis' Country Dance (see in MB). In fact, both the tune and the title line was taken from an old English dance-and-game song, which contains the follow words:

Half a pound of typ'ny rice,
Half a pound of treacle;
Mix it up and make it nice,—
Pop goes the weasel!

In the United States, with a change in words, the song became nationally popular. The "weasel" referred to is not the animal, but, as Randolph said, it is "a metal tool used by hat-makers in England" in olden times, and the weasel "was often popped (meaning pawned)." The term, Pop! Goes the Weasel, and the tune proved suitable for parody and satire, so naturally both were used for political and other kinds of songs. One such song is an 1855 broadside dealing with New York's Mayor Wood and his pro-temperance attitude and the trouble England and France were experiencing with the Russian port of Sevastopol during the Crimean War:

Brandy Smash and Lager Bier
Mayor Wood did wheedle,
But every night he takes a drop
Of Pop! goes the weasel.
Queen Victoria is very sick,
Napoleon's got the measles,
Sevastopol's not taken yet,
Pop! goes the weasel.

Out in San Francisco, where thousands had gone in hopes of finding wealth in the gold fields, the song was also parodied with a description of the hardships endured on a trip around the Horn (see Gold Seeker IV in this Master Book).

Three versions are given below, with the first being the original popular song and B, a game song, and C, a stage-type parody.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Agay (2), 93 | Levy, 245-246 |
| Arnett, 40 | Linscott, 107-108 |
| Ball, 23-24 | Lloyd, 45 |
| Bertail, 136 | Mackenzie (SH), 127 |
| Botkin (APPS), 93, 99 | McCollum, 106 |
| Brown, III, 30 | Pound (SFSN), XXVII, No. |
| Cox (SG), 246-247 | 16, 71 |
| Douthitt, 34 | Quarterly (SFL), VI, 246 |
| Duncan (PPHC), 10-11 | Randolph, III, 368-369 |
| Durlacher, 42 | Shaw, 393 |
| Forbush, 79-80 | Silverman, I, 372 |
| Ford (OTFM), 36 | Thomas (SG), 88-89 |
| Ford (TMA), 40, 411, 444 | Warnick, 164-165 |
| Gardner (FSH), 237 | Wier (YAM), I, 68 |
| Gardner (SPPG), 119 | Wilder, 72-73 |
| Gomme, II, 63-64 | Winn (1), 100-101 |
| Jour (AFL), XXXIII, 119; | Wolford, 83-84 |
| XLIV, 23 | Yolen, 88-89 |

Pop! Goes the Weasel (Version A)

A penny for a spool of thread,
A penny for a needle;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop! goes the weasel.

All around the chicken house,
The monkey chased the weasel;
Every time the monkey jumps,
Pop! goes the weasel.

Rufus caught the whooping cough,
Sally caught the measles;
That's the way the doctor goes,
Pop! goes the weasel.

.....

VERSION B

also known as

All Around the Vinegar Jug

All around the vinegar jug,
The monkey chased the weasel;
All around the vinegar jug,
Pop! goes the weasel.

Five cents for a spool of thread,
A penny for a needle;
That's the way my money goes,
Pop! goes the weasel.

If you will buy the baby's clothes,
I will buy the cradle,
And the cow will give the milk,
Pop! goes the weasel.

.....

VERSION C

also known as

Pop! Goes the Question

List to me, sweet maiden pray,
Pop! goes the question!
Will you marry me, yea, or nay?
Pop! goes the question!

I've no time to plead or sigh,
No patience to wait for by-and-by;
Snare me now, or I'm sure to fly.
Pop! goes the question!

Ask Papa. Oh! fiddle-de-dee,
Pop! goes the question!
Fathers and lovers ne'er agree.
Pop! goes the question!

He can't tell what I want to know,
Whether you love, sweet, or no;
To ask him, that would be very slow—
Pop! goes the question!

No. 1379

PO' SHINE

Roustabout work song from the Mississippi River country,
recovered by and printed in Wheeler (SD), 18.

Po' Shine

You can't do me lak you done Po' Shine;
Paid off evuhbody, an' you didn't pay Shine.

He worked all summer an' all the fall,
Celebratin' Christmas in his overalls.

"Captain, captain, is my money come?"

"Be here today if yuh gotta have some."

Shine, you oughta be here when we get paid off;
I got mo' money than the walkin' boss.

There ain't but one man that I do fear—
Big Jack Johnson, an' he ain't 'lowed her.

You can't do me lak you done Po' Shine;
You took his money, but yuh can't take mine!

No. 1380

THE POSSUM I

also known as

Possum Up A Gum Tree

A minstrel show song by Dan Emmett. A sheet music edition was copyrighted in 1824 and published in London, England, by J. Willis & Co. The song became popular in America as a result of exposure on minstrel-show stages, and it spawned many later variations, one of which is Possum II in this Master Book.
See Nathan, 47.

The Possum I

Possum up a Gum-tree, up he go, up he go,
Raccoon in the hollow down below, down below.
Him pull him by him's long tail,
Pully hawl, pully hawl,
Then how him whoop and hallow,
Scream and bawl, scream and bawl.
Possum up a Gum-tree,
Raccoon in the hollow,
Him pull him by him's long tail,
Then how him whoop and hallow.

No. 1381

THE POSSUM II

also known as

Little Gal At Our House	Raccoon Up de 'Simmon Tree
Old Raccoon	Raccoon Up de Tree
Possum Up a Gum Stump	Shake Them 'Simmons Down
Possum Up a 'Simmon Tree	Shake the Parsimmons Down

This song may be older than the preceding one, but that is merely supposition based upon expressions like "possum up a Gum stump" and "shake them 'simmons down." We find the same words in many old songs. For examples, see: Old Rattler in Brown, V, 120-121; Karo Song in Scarborough, 170; and Liza Anne in Sharp, II, No. 243.

The A and B versions below are closely related but yet have significant differences.

Other songs containing lines used in versions A and B are: Opossum in Sharp, II, 353-354, or Ding Dong Dingle O in this Master Book; Brudder Eph'em in Bass, 330; Cotten Field Song in Lomax (ABFS), 241; and Old Bob Ridley in Perrow, XXVI, 131-132, Songster (115), 155-157 and White, 138, 236-237. For version B lines, see Shady Grove in Combs (CFBB), 242 and Uncle Joe Cut Off Toe in Jour (AFL), XXIV, 318, XXVII, 294-295, and Randolph, III, 133.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 295-296	Ford (OTFM), 5
Brown, III, 206-208; V, 119-120, 543	Lomax (ABFS), 238
Campbell & Sharp, No. 88	Randolph, II, 361
	Shearin (SKFS), 38
	Talley, 3, 34-35

The Possum II(Version A)

Possum up the 'simmon tree,
An' the Raccoon in the hollow,
An' the Possum said, Wake up, Black Snake,
June-Bug stole a half a dolla'!

Raccoon up the 'simmon tree,
An' the possum on the ground;
The raccoon spit in de possum's face,
Possum slap the raccoon down.

Possum said to the raccoon, Sir!
An' he grinned down on his foe:
If you want these good old 'simmons now,
You can climb up where they grow!

.....

VERSION B

Possum in the old Gum stump,
The coonie in the holler;
A pretty girl down at our house
As fat as she can waller.

Possum up the old Gum stump,
His jaws all black an' dirty;
I'll go an' kiss that pretty gal,
An' hug her till twelve-thirty.

Possum in the old Gum stump,
But a good man's hard to find;
You better love me, pretty girl,
Or you'll get the other kind.

No. 1382

POSSUM MEAT

also known as

Carve Dat Possum

An Opossum Hunt

Carve 'em to the Heart

The Possum Song

This song and dance tune is ascribed to Sam Lucas in Johnson (RAS), 149. Randolph, II, gives three unrelated "possum" songs under the same title and as versions A, B and C. Talley has a "possum" version containing elements of all three of the Randolph songs. It is Talley's version given below.

REFERENCES

Odum ((FSFP), 375-376

Talley, 23-24

Odum (NHS), 240-241

Thede, 69

Randolph, II, 357-358

Waite, 52-53

Wier (BTS), 90

Possum Meat

Possum meat am good an' sweet,
Carve 'im to de heart,
I always finds it good to eat,
Carve 'im to de heart.

Chorus

Carve dat possum! Carve dat possum!
Carve dat possum! Carve 'im to de heart!

My dog tree, I got to see, etc.
A great big possum up dat tree, etc.

I retch up an' pull him in, etc.
An' dat ole possum 'gin to grin, etc.

I took him home an' drest him off, etc.
 Dat night I laid him in de fros', etc.

De way I cooked dat possum sound, etc.
 I fust parboiled, den baked him brown, etc.

I put sweet 'taters in de pan, etc.
 'Twas de bigges' eatin' in de lan'!, etc.

No. 1383

PRAY ON I

also known as

Pray On, Pray On

The Union Break of Day

This old American slave sprititual was first published
 in Allen (SSUS), 97, in 1868 (later reprints on p. 97,
 or p. 152).

Also see Sun Don't Set In De Mornin' in Dett, 23.

Pray On I

Pray on, pray on, pray ondem light us over;
 Pray on, pray on, de union break of day.
 My sister, you come to see baptize,
 In the union break of day;
 My 'loved sister, you come to see baptize,
 In de union break of day.

No. 1384

PRAY ON II

also known as

In the River of Jordan

Pray On, Pray On

This is one of the old slave spirituals sung by the

original Fisk Jubilee Singers. The spiritual has circulated for at least a hundred and fifty years, and probably longer.

REFERENCES

Marsh (SJS), 153

Pike, 235

Work (ANSS), 81

Pray On II

In the river of Jordan John baptized,
How I long to be baptized!
In the river of Jordan John baptized,
To the dying Lamb.

Chorus

Pray on! Pray on! Pray on, ye mournin' souls!
Pray on! Pray on! Unto the dying Lamb!

We baptize all that come by faith, etc.

Here's another one come to be baptized, etc.

No. 1385

PRAY ON III

also known as

Every Day Be Sunday Bye and Bye Funeral Hymn

Since this spiritual appears in only two published collections of the number available, neither of which offers factual information concerning it, there is not much that can be said. It seems to have originated in the latter part of the 19th century.

The other versions are in Fuson, 207 and Work (ANSS), 213.

Pray On III

My Lord saw Peter by the sea!
Every day be Sunday bye and bye!
He said to Peter, "Follow me!"
Every day be Sunday bye and bye!

Chorus

Pray on! Pray on!
Every day be Sunday bye and bye!
Pray on! Pray on!
Every day be Sunday bye and bye!

My Lord said, "Sinner, I'm the way!" etc.
So brother, sister, kneel and pray! etc.

O come along now—don't get lost! etc.
A little faith is all it cost! etc.

No. 1386

THE PREACHER AND THE BEAR

also known as

The Preacher Went Out Hunting

This song, copyrighted and published in 1904, has since assumed a place in America's traditional list of songs. The piece is credited to "Williams and Arizona" on the label of a phonograph record I owned in 1928.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 511-512; V, 283-284	Kennedy (TAB), 185-187 Kolb, 222-223
Charters, 86-87	Shearin (SKFS), 31
Ford (TMA), 300-302	Shellans, 80-81
Jour (AFL), XXXII, 360-361	White, 210

The Preacher and the Bear

A preacher he went hunting, 'twas on one Sunday morn.
Of course, it was against religion but he took his
gun along.

He killed himself some very fine quail, and one little
measly hare;

And on his way, going back home, he met a great big
grizzly bear!

Spoken:

He cast his eyes to the Lord in the skies and offered
up this prayer:

"Oh, Lord, you delivered Daniel from the lion's den,
An' Jonah from the belly of the whale,
An' all the Hebrew children from the fiery furnace,—
which the good book do declare.

Now, Lord, if'n you won't help me, Oh, please don't
help that bear!

The bear marched out into the middle of the road,
The better his victim to see;
The preacher got excited, climbed up a 'simmon tree!
That ol' bear he reared up, an' started shakin' that
tree;

The preacher held on to a limb, and rolled his eyes
To the Lord in the skies, and these words were said
by him:

Repeat:

Oh, Lord, you delivered Daniel, etc.

The Preacher sat up there a-thinking: What will my
congregation say

If they should hear that their own parson had gone
huntin' on the sabbath day?

He climbed up higher in the tree, in hopes of some help
to call,

But the limb broke loose under his feet, and he
started in to fall!

Repeat:

Oh, Lord, you delivered Daniel, etc.

The bear looked up and waited, as the preacher came
tumbling down;

But the preacher got out his long-knife before he hit
the ground.

The bear he growled, the preacher yelled, and they
made an awful din;

And he cast his eyes to the Lord in the skies and once
more said to him:

Repeat:

Oh, Lord, you delivered Daniel, etc.

No. 1387

PRETTY BIRDY

also known as

The Bonny Birdy

The Tattletale Birdy

This is an American version of an old English ballad.
According to Child, "the main part of the action is
the same as in Little Musgrave" (see Handsome Marty
Gray in this Master Book).

The version below is from Niles (BB), 199-201. For
other versions, see Child, II, 260-261 and Jamieson,
I, 162.

Pretty Birdy

Pretty birdy, pretty birdy,
Oh where was you hatched?
"Away down in the swamp,
Where I learned to fly and scratch."

Tag Chorus

Oh, Rinny day, Oh, Rinny way,
Oh, Rinny, Rin-na-til-la-day.

Pretty birdy, pretty birdy,
What do you eat?
"White bread and cow's milk
And a little sweet meat."

Pretty birdy, pretty birdy,
What did you then?
"I was given to a lady
What lives in the glen."

Pretty birdy, pretty birdy,
What did you there?
"I watched my mistress,
Your own lady fair."

Pretty birdy, pretty birdy,
What did you see?
"Your mistress making free
With men— one, two, three."

Pretty birdy, pretty birdy,
You lie and you lie!
"I couldn't lie more than
You lie, if I try."

Pretty birdy, pretty birdy,
Where shall I go?
"Home to shoot your mistress
For doing you so low."

No. 1388THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW I

also known as

The Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow

An Irish song with a melody that became popular with fiddle-players and square dancers.

For examples of songs using the same or like title, see The Little Maid Milking Her Cow in Ford (TMA), 324-325; Roving in the Dew and Seventeen Come Sunday elsewhere in this Master Book under Zestful Wooer II & IV.

The melody used for this song was taken from an older Irish ballad called Collen Dhas Croothe Na Mo.

For a Gaelic version, see Breatnac, 167-168. For a traditional American fiddle version, see Ford (OTFM), 30 or Ford (TMA), 110.

The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow I

'Twas eve, and the stars began creeping,
Though sunset still crimsoned the west,
When sounds thro' the hushed air came creeping,
That ruffled the peace of my breast.
My form in the twilight concealing,
I sat myself down on my plough,
While sang, full of sadness and feeling,
A pretty girl milking her cow.

No. 1389THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW II

also known as

Who's the Pretty Girl Milkin' the Cow?

Irish love song that has steadily declined in traditional popularity in the United States. For a traditional ver-

sion, see Sandburg (AS), 40. For a professionally arranged version, see Wier (LS), 100.

The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow II

'Twas on a bright mornin' last summer,
That I first heard his voice speakin' low,
As he said to the colleen beside him,
"Who's that pretty girl milkin' her cow?"
Och! many times often you met me,
And told me that I should be
Your darlin' A-cushla, Alanna,
Mavourneen, Asuilish, Machree.

I have not the manners or graces
Of the girls in the world where you move;
I have not their beautiful faces,
But, oh! I've a heart that can love!
If it please you I'll dress me in satin,
And jewels rare I'll put on my brow,
But och! don't be after forgettin'
Your pretty girl milkin' her cow.

No. 1390

THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER GOAT

also known as

The Pretty Maid Milking Her Goat

This is a parody of the preceding song that seems to have survived only in Pennsylvania. Korson printed it at least three times, and once with music. See Korson (MMP), 69-70, (PSL), 370-371, and (SBAM), 57-58.

The Pretty Girl Milking Her Goat Tune: Same as Above.

Once upon a cold winter's mornin',
As I went off to work for my grub,
I heard a girl sing most charmin'
As she sat on the heel of a tub.
With a mouth that was large and commodious,
A small boy could skate down her throat;
Her loud bullfrog-bass voice was melodious,
As she sat there milking her goat.

I stood and I gazed at this creature,
And was smashed in half by surprise.
Thinks I, she's some goddess of nature,
Or the queen of Pittsburgh in disguise.
I speaks to her, smiling and civil,
"Do you warble that poem by note?"
I was told to inquire of the Devil,
By the pretty girl milking her goat.

I says, "Dearest lady, have patience,
Till you've heard what I do propose.
Come, leave all your wealthy relations,
Come, and travel with me, my sweet rose;
Your everyday dress will be silken,
And to show how on you I dote,
I'll take holt of the tail while you're
milking,

And help you to pump your old goat."

"Don't stand there," she said, giving me taffy,
And think me a foolish galoot!
I know I could never be happy,
Not with you and your number nine boots.
You're nothing but but a common railroader,
I can tell by the mud on your coat;
And to none but a red-ash coal loader
Will my pappy give me and this goat."

No. 1391

PRETTY PEGGY, O!

also known as

Bonnie (Bonny) Lass o' Fyvie Pretty Girl of Darby, O!
Peggy, O! Pretty Peggy of Derby

As The Bonny Lass o' Fyvie this song arrived in North Carolina during colonial times, brought over by Scottish settlers. As Pretty Peggy of Derby the song came to America in the form of an English broadside issued by Pitts. A derivative of each form is given below, with A being from England and B being from Scotland. Americanized versions have dropped European places and personal names from their texts, replacing them with with local terms and places.

A version found in Indiana was used by children there as a game song.

Thomas Moore, mistakenly thinking it was an Irish tune, used it for his Evelyn's Bower and thereby caused Pretty Girl of Derby O to be referred to in some collections as an Irish song.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Belden (BS), 169 | Hudson (FSM), 165-166 |
| Brown, III, 456-457; V,
254-255 | Jour (AFL), XLIX, 256-257 |
| Campbell & Sharp, No. 95 | Ord, 304-305 |
| Christie, I, 276 | Scott (BA), 20-22 |
| Edwards (CHSB), 45-46 | Sedley, 154-155 |
| Ford (VSBS), 121 | Sewanee Review, XIX, 326 |
| Greig, I, art. 15 | Sharp, II, 59-61 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 84 | Silber (HSB), 54 |
| | Silverman, I, 120 |
| | Weavers, 106-109 |

Pretty Peggy, O! (Version A)

As we marched down thro' Carolina, O,
As we marched down thro' Carolina, O,
Our captain fell in love with a lady like
 a dove,
And she said her name was pretty Peggy, O!

O come along with me, pretty Peggy, O! (2)
In coaches you shall ride, if you will be my
 bride,
And I'll never leave your side, pretty Peggy, O!

I simply can't agree, Captain Willy, O! (2)
It should be plain to see why I can't go with
 thee,
And leave so far behind my poor Mama, O!

Come trippin' down the stair, pretty Peggy, O! (2)
Come trippin' down the stair, and we'll end this
 affair;
Just bid a fond, last farewell to your Willy, O!

If I do not return, pretty Peggy, O (2)
If I do not return, in my heart I will yearn,
And long for no one but you, pretty Peggy, O!

Our captain Willy's dead, pretty Peggy, O! (2)
Our captain Willy's dead, he was shot through
 the head,
And he is buried down in Louisiana, O!

VERSION B

There was a troop of Irish dragoons
That came marching through Fyvie O;
The captain fell in love with a bonnie,
 bonnie lass,
Her name it is called pretty Peggy, O.

"O come down the stairs, pretty Peggy," he said,
"O come down the stairs, pretty Peggy, O;
O come down the stairs, comb aside your yellow hair,
Take the last farewell of your daddy, O.

"It's I'll give ye ribbons, love, I'll give ye rings,
And I'll give ye necklaces of lammer, O;
And I'll give ye silken gowns flounced to your knees,
If ye would come down to my chamber, O."

"I thank you for the ribbons, love, I thank you for
your rings,
I thank you for your necklaces of lammer, O;
I do not want gowns to suit my degree,
I would scorn to be seen in your chamber, O.

"A soldier's wife I never shall be,
A soldier shall never enjoy me, O;
For I never do intend to go to a foreign land,
So I never shall marry a soldier, O."

Early next morning we all marched away,
And O, but the captain he was sorry, O,
For the drums they did beat, o'er the bonnie bogs
of Gight,
And the band played the Lowlands of Fyvie, O.

Long, long ere they came to old Meldrum town,
Their captain they had to carry, O;
And long, long are they came to bonnie Aberdeen,
They had their captain to bury, O.

Green grow the birches on bonnie Ythanside,
And low lie the Lowlands of Fyvie, O;
Our captain's name was Ned, and he died for the
maid,
He died for the Chambermaid of Fyvie, O.

No. 1392

PRETTY POLLY

also known as

Come, Polly, Pretty Polly	The Perjured Ship's
Come, Pretty Polly	Carpenter
Confession	Polly
The Cruel Ship's Carpenter	Polly and Sweet William
Dying Polly	Polly's Love
The Gaspard, <u>or</u> Gosport	Pretty Molly, <u>or</u> Polly
Tragedy	Sally Monroe
Little Mollie, <u>or</u> Molly,	The Ship's Carpenter
<u>or</u> Polly	Young Beeham

This is a descendent of one of the oldest known "murdered girl" ballads. All versions known to American tradition are derived from The Gaspard, or Gosport Tragedy, which, according to Roxburghe, dates back to at least 1750, or to a ballad condensed from it and issued as a broadside: Polly's Love, or The Cruel Ship Carpenter.

In the original story, a sailor stabs his mistress when he discovers she is pregnant or learns that she is about to have a baby. After killing her the sailor flees abroad ship, where he was confronted by her ghost (see version A below). Both sailor and ghost are missing from most American versions (see version B below). Because of the central character's name, Pretty Polly is frequently confused with the following ballads in this Master Book: Margaret's Ghost, Myra Belle Lee, and Masquerading Woman XI.

The Gosport Tragedy was published in the United States as a chapbook in 1816 and 1829 (see Harvard College Library, 25276, 43, 8 D).

Broadsides were issued by Bebbington, Manchester, No. 343; Cadman, Manchester, No. 213; Catnach; Dalton, New York, No. 17; Gilbert, Newcastle, No. 59; and Such, No. 142.

Acomic stage version, Molly the Betrayed, or The Fog-Bound Vessel, was popular around the mid-19th century. Versions of the parody are in Ebsworth (RB), VIII, 143 and Sam Cowell's Budget from Yankee Land, p. 12.

The Pretty Polly in Eddy, 159-160 is in no way related to this one.

There are several "murdered girl" songs that bear a strong resemblance to Pretty Polly. For example, see The Knoxville Girl in this Master Book.

Three separate versions are given below (A, B & C).

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| Ashton (RSS), 86 | Ives (SB), 66-67 |
| Brewster (BSI), 298-299 | Jour (AFL), XLII, 276-278; |
| Brown, II, 234-240; IV, | XLIV, 107-108; XLV, |
| 137-138; V, 53 | 134-135 |
| Bulletin (TFS), III, 85 | Jour (FSS), I, 172-173 |
| Cambiaire, 74-75 | Karpeles, 115-116 |
| Campbell & Sharp, No. 39 | Karpeles (FSE), I, 237-240 |
| Christie, II, 99 | Kincaid No. 1, 35 |
| Combs (FSKH), 35-37 | Kittredge (BRK), 261-264 |
| Combs (FSMEU), 144 | Laws P 36, 268 |
| Cox (FSS), 308-310, 528 | Leach, No. 20 |
| Cox (TBFS), 73, 78 | Leach (BB), 698-700 |
| Cox (TBWV), 62 | Lomax (OSC), 172-174 |
| Creighton (TSNS), 114-120 | Lomax (PB), 44 |
| Ebsworth (RB), VIII, 173-174 | Lomax (USA), 304-305 |
| Edwards (CHSB), 217 | Luther, 45-46 |
| Fuson, 69-70 | Mackenzie, 96-98, 396 |
| Greenleaf, 120 | Mackenzie (QB), 55-58 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 201 | Moore (BFSS), 158-159 |
| Henry (FSSH), 229-232 | Morris, 341-342 |
| Henry (SSSA), 53-54, 63 | New (1), 69 |
| Hubbard, 60 | Niles (MSHF), 2-3 |
| | Okun, 48-49 |

Peacock, II, 404-406
Randolph, II, 112-114
Roberts (IP), 108-110
Roberts (SBS), 103-104
Scarborough (SC), 128-
134, 395-398

Sharp, I, 317-327
Sharp (FSFS), IV, 8-12
Silber (HSB), 25
Silverman, I, 74
Songster (62), 232
Wyman (LT), 79-81
Wyman (TKMS), 110-115

Pretty Polly (Version A)

In fair Worcester City and in Worcestershire,
There lived a young and pretty maid with long
and golden hair;
A handsome young man came courting her, to be
his dear,
And he followed the trade of a ship's carpenter.

The king wanted seamen for to sail on the sea,
Which caused this young and fair maiden to sigh
and to say,

"O William, O William, don't you go to sea;
Remember the vows and your promises to me."

It was early one morning, some time before day,
He came to his Polly and to her did say:
"Come, rise up, pretty Polly, and come along with me,
Before we are married my friends we shall see."

He led her thro' groves and thro' valleys so deep,
Which caused this young damsel to wring her hands
and weep:

"O William, O William, you're leading me astray
On purpose, my innocent life to betray."

"'Tis true, O 'tis true, every word that you say,
For I've labored all night to have your grave
ready today!"

The grave it was open and a spade was standing by,
Which caused this fair damsel to weep and to cry.

"O pardon, O pardon, O pardon my life!
O William, I won't covet for to be your loving wife;
I'll travel the country that I may set you free,—
O pardon, O pardon, my baby and me."

"No pardon, no pardon! no time for to stand!"
And he pulled out a long knife, which he held all in
his hand.

He pressed it into her heart until the blood did flow,
Then into the grave her poor body did throw.

He covered her over so safe and secure,
And thought that poor, dear Polly was well-hidden,
for sure;

He went to his captain to sail the world around,
Before the truth of murder could be dug up and found.

'Twas early one morning, before it was day,
Our captain called us to him and these words he did say:
"A murderer's on board here! and he must now be found;
Our ship's she's in mourning, she will not sail round."

Then up spoke a sailor: "O, indeed it's not I!"
Then up spoke another, and he made the same reply;
then up stepped young William, and he did stamp and
swear:

"Indeed it's not me! that I vow and declare."

He turned from the captain, and he turned with great
speed,

And met his dearest Polly, which made his heart to bleed.
She rent him, she stripped him, and tore him all in
three,

Because he had murdered both her and her baby!

VERSION B

O, once I was a gambler, I sat around in town!
O, once I was a gambler, I sat around in town!
I courted Polly Turner, and she turned my world
upside down.

O, where is pretty Polly? O, yonder she stands! (2)
With rings on her fingers and yellow-gold bands.

He led her thro' the bushes, into the forest deep! (2)
And paid to her no never mind when she began to weep.

"O Willie, darlin' Willie, I'm scared of your way, (2)
All night we've roamed the mountains and I fear you'll
lead me astray."

Another mile they traveled and Polly then did spy, (2)
A new and fresh dug grave with a shovel lying near by.

She threw her arms around him, and she began to weep; (2)
He struck her with the shovel and she fell, forever
asleep!

He covered up her body and turned away to go, (2)
He murdered Pretty Polly where the mountain waters flow.

VERSION C

Up yonder in Ashville a lady did dwell, (2)
With beauty beyond my poor words to tell.

I courted pretty Polly the live-long night, (2)
And I planned to rob her before day-light.

"Come on, pretty Polly, and go with me, (2)
Before we get married some pleasure we'll see."

'Twas over the hills and down the valley so deep, (2)
At last pretty Polly began to weep.

"O Willy! O Willy! why treat me this way? (2)
I think you are leading my body astray."

A mile more or less, and fair Polly did spy (2)
A newly dug grave and a shovel near-by.

"O Polly, O Polly, you're guessing just right! (2)
I've finished the grave I was digging last night."

She threw her arms around him and trembled with fear, (2)
"O how can you kill one who loves you so dear?"

"No time for to talk, and no time for to stand," (2)
He said as he drew forth a knife in his hand.

He stabbed her and stabbed her, her heart's blood did
flow, (2)

And down in the grave pretty Polly did go.

He covered her body and turned to go home, (2)
And left little birds in the trees to mourn.

No. 1393

THE PRIDE OF KILDARE I

also known as

Norah, the Pride of Kildare

Where Irish songwriters are concerned many a girl was
"the pride of Kildare." We give only two of them here,
Norah and Susan. Norah, the Pride of Kildare was com-
posed by John Parry. See Ditson (100SI), 16-17 and
Universal (ISB), 146. For Susan, see The Pride of

Kildare II in this Master Book.

The Pride of Kildare I

More lovely than Flora is charming young Norah,
The joy of my heart and the pride of Kildare;
I ne'er can deceive her, for sadly would grieve her
To find that I sigh for another less fair.
Her heart with truth teeming, her eyes with smile
 beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?

No. 1394

THE PRIDE OF KILDARE II

also known as

Little Susie, the Pride of	Pretty Susie, the Pride of
Kildare	Kildare
Pretty Susan	Susan of Kildare

This song was issued in broadside by Catnach and by Fortey, and it is obviously Irish in origin. It is not related to The Pride of Kildare I given above. For an unrelated Irish love song, see Jennie, The Flower of Kildare in Dean, 71-72 and Hudson (FTM), 45.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 368-369	Keyes, 3
Creighton (FSNB), 108-109	Laws P 6, 251
Gardner (FSH), 216-217	Manny, 279
Jour (FSS), VI, 11-12	O'Lochlainn (2), 164

The Pride of Kildare II

When first from sea I landed I had a roving mind;
Undaunted I rambled my true love to find.
When I met pretty Susan with her cheeks like the rose,
And her bosom more fair than the lily that grows.

Her fair eyes did glitter like the bright star of
night,
And the robe she was wearing was costly and white;
Her dear neck was shaded with her long raven hair—
They called her pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

Long time I courted her till I wasted my store;
Her love turned to hatred because I was poor.
She said, "I love another, whose fortune I'll share,
So begone from pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare!"

Oh, my heart ached next morning, as lonely I did
stray;

I saw Susan with a man coming my way.
And as I passed by them with a mind full of care,
I sighed for pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

Sometimes I am jovial, sometimes I am sad,
Since my love is courted by some other lad.
Now we're at a distance, no more I'll despair,—
My blessings on fair Susan, the pride of Kildare!

No. 1395

THE PRIDE OF THE PLAIN

also known as

Pattonia, or Pattonio,
the Pride of the Plains

Plantonio, the Pride of
the Plains

The words date back into the 19th century, and they

were set to a 17th century tune. The tune was also used for the English ballad known as The Waggoner's Boy.

A modern version was recorded by Marty Robbins for Columbia Records, but author-composer credits on that record and the sheet music published as a result of that record, are limited to that particular arrangement. The song itself has been in the Public Domain for half a century, and perhaps even longer.

Margaret Larkin printed the song as early as 1931.

REFERENCES

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| Felton, 80-83 | Lingenfelter, 264-265 |
| Fife, 184-185 | Lomax (CS-1938), 356-358 |
| Fowke, 249 | Malone (FB), 155-159 |
| Larkin, 111-113, <u>or</u> | Ohrlin, 58-60 |
| 116-118 | Randolph, II, 242-243 |
| Laws (NAB), 138-139 | |

The Pride of the Plain

I'll tell you a story, a story I know
Of a horse I once owned back in New Mexico;
He was swift as an ant'lope, and black as a crow,
And the star on his forehead was whiter than snow.
His arched neck was hidden by his long, flowing mane,
And I called him Plantonio, the pride of the Plain.
His hair, like a lady's, was glossy and fine,
He was restless and proud, but so gentle and kind,
Plantonio, the pride of the plain,
Plantonio, the pride of the plain.

The country was new and the settlers were scarce,
But the Indians on the warpath were savage and fierce.
Oh, sixteen brave rangers were sent out from the post;
They never came back, and we knew they were lost.

The captain stepped up and said, "Someone must go
For the aid and protection of New Mexico."
A dozen young fellows straight forward said, "Here!"
But the captain saw me and Plantonio quite near;
Plantonio, the pride of the plain, (2).

Plantonio stood by me his nose in my hand,
Said the captain, "Your horse is the best in the land.
You're good for the riding, you're the lightest man
here;

On the back of that mustang you'll have nothing to fear."
Then, proud of my pony, I answered, "You know,
Plantonio and I are both willing to go.
For speed and endurance I'll truth in the black."
Then they all shook my hand, and I mounted his back.
Plantonio, the pride of the plain, (2).

I rode down the pathway, turned his head to the right;
The black struck a trot, and he kept it all night.
It was early next morning we were still on the go,
Down to the black borders of old Mexico.
When right in behind me I heard a sharp yell,
And I knew that the redskins were giving me hell!
I spoke to Plantonio, drew up on his rein,
Spoke his name softly and struck his dark mane.
Plantonio, the pride of the plain, (2).

Plantonio he answered with a nod of his head,
And his black body lengthened as faster he sped;
Then I reached the fort and tried to dismount,
But an arrow so deep I could not discount.
That arrow you see there, the one on the wall,
Had entered my foot, stirrup, saddle and all.
It pleased me to know I'd not ridden in vain—
Plantonio, Plantonio, the pride of the plain!
Plantonio, the pride of the plain, (2).

No. 1396THE PRINCESS ROYAL

also known as

The Bold Prince Royal

The Fair Prince Royal

The Bold Princess Royal

The Fair Princess Royal

This pirate ballad may, according to Stan Hugill, date back to the 17th century. Many collectors associate this song with George Aloe and the Sweepstake, an old English ballad without tradition in the United States. For a variation, see The Royal Prince Regent in Eckstorm, 256-257.

REFERENCES

- | | |
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| Barry (BBM), 413-415 | Jour (EFDSS), IV, 184-185 |
| Beck (FLS), 170-171 | Jour (FSS), I, 62, 103; II, |
| Chappell (FSRA), 52 | 145, 170 |
| Clements, 61 | Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 284 |
| Colcord, 148-149 | Kidson (GEFS), 34-35 |
| Creighton (MFS), 153 | Laws, K 29, 155 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 107-109 | Leach, 196 |
| Doerflinger, 142-143 | Peacock, III, 835-836 |
| Gordon (OSMS 6/15/27), 190 | Sharp (ECFS), II, 82-83 |
| Greenleaf, 78-80 | Sharp (EFS), I, 32 |
| Creig & Duncan, No. 47 | Sharp (FSE), II, 40-42 |
| Hugill (1), 421 | Shay (IMWS), 98-99 |
| Hugill (2), 5 | Thomas (PBPS), 225-226 |

The Princess Royal

On the tenth day of April we sailed from the strand,
On the bold Princess Royal, bound to the Rio Grande.
From eastward to the westward, we sailed o'er the sea,
With forty brave seamen in our ship's company.

We had not been sailing but one day or two
When the man on look-out cried: "A strange ship
in view!"

A strange sail to windward, and she seemed to lay by,
And all from her mizzen black colors did fly!

"Oh, my God!" cried the captain, "Now what shall we do?
If that's a black pirate, he'll soon put us through!"
"Oh, no," said our chief mate, "That ne'er will be so!
We'll shake out our topsails and from him we'll go!"

Then this bloody bold pirate hove up alongside;
Thro' a loud speaking-horn, "Whence came you?" he
cried.

Our captain, being witty for to answer him so,
Said, "We're from ol' London, bound down to Mexico."

"Then back your main-topsail and heave your ship to,
For I have some letters to send on by you."

"When I back my main topsail and heave my ship to,
I'll be in some harbor, not alongside of you!"

He chased us to windward an hour or two,
He chased us to loo'ard, but nothing could do;
He fired his bow-chaser, and thought to prevail,
But the bold Princess Royal soon showed him her tail.

"And now, my brave fellows, since the pirate is done,
Go down to your grog, boys, go down every one;
Go down to your grog, boys, and be of good cheer—
For while we have sea-room, no pirate we'll fear!"

No. 1397PRISONER'S SONG I

also known as

Adieu to All Judges and	I Have a Ship on the Ocean
Juries	I'm Going to My New Jail
The Great Ship	Tomorrow
Here's Adieu to All Judges	Meet Me By Moonlight
and Juries	Meet Me In the Moonlight
If I Had the Wings of an	Meet Me Tonight In the
Angel	Moonlight
I Had a Little Ship	Moonlight
I Have a Great Ship on the	New Jail
Ocean	Ship on the Ocean

The Prisoner's Song with which most Americans are now familiar was first published in 1924 by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. That song, written by Guy Massey, became a nationwide hit when the record (Columbia 257D) by Vernon Dalhart was released.

The Massey text was little more than a casual rewrite of version B below. Version B was derived, in my opinion, from version A, an older English song.

It is only fair to point out that at least three recognized folk song collectors, Frank C. Brown, Vance Randolph and Carl Sandburg, were of the opinion that B is a derivative of the popular English song, Meet Me By Moonlight, written by J. Augustus Wade who died in 1875 at age 75. For a version of that song, see Johnson (FS), 374-375, Bantock, 203-204, or Hatton, 28. Except for the title line "meet me by moonlight," I fail to see any relationship between the two songs at all.

I agree with Dorothy Scarborough, who said of version B, "In my opinion, the song is older than even Sandburg thinks, and is derived from an antique mountain song

New Jail, which in turn is clearly traceable to an old English song, Here's Adieu to All Judges and Juries." That song is given below as version A. Prisoner's Song I has three basic motives: the jail cell, the moonlight, and the ship. One or the other of these motives are found in many "prisoner" songs, but never more than two at once. For a song with the 'jail cell' only, see Prisoner's Song II in this Master Book, or the songs in Henry (BMFS), 50-55 and (FSSH), 327. For a song with both 'the ship' and 'the moonlight' but minus the 'jail cell,' see Cox (FSWV), 71-72. For a song with 'the ship' only, see Jour (AFL), XLV, 82-83 and Odum (NWS), 83-84.

REFERENCES

<u>For version A:</u>	Fuson, 143
Jour (FSS), I, 135	Randolph, IV, 226-228
Scarborough (SC), 346	Richardson (AMS), 55
<u>For version B:</u>	Sandburg (AS), 216-217
Brown, III, 411-416; V,	Scarborough (SC), 347-
246	351, 449-450
Cox (TBFS), 193	Shellans, 74
	Stout, 49

Prisoner's Song I (Version A)

It's adieu to all judges and juries,
To justice and Old Baily, too;
For seven long years you've transported
And denied me a love that is true.

O, if I had wings like an eagle,
Wings like an eagle and could fly,
I'd soar thro' clouds 'til I found her,
For without her I surely will die.

O, hard is this place of confinement
That keeps me from my heart's delight;
It's shackles and chains all bound round me,
And a plank for my pillow at night.

If I ever return from the ocean,
It's riches galore for my dear;
And it's all for the sake of my Molly
That I'll cross the salt sea without fear.

VERSION B

Meet me, O! meet me, my darling,
Meet me in the moonlight alone;
I have a sad story to tell you,
A story that's never been told.

I'm going to a new jail tomorrow,
A place where I've never been before,
With those cold iron bars all around me
And a jailor with keys to the door.

I'm going to that new jail tomorrow,
And it's there I'll have to pay my fine;
And the worst of the hurts I will suffer
Is leaving my own true love behind.

Oh, if I had wings like an angel,
Some angel wings so I could fly,
I would fly to the arms of my darling
And there I'd be willing to die.

But I have no wings like an angel,
And I know I never will fly!
I'll sit in my jail cell in sorrow,
Deep sorrow, and wait for to die.

If I had a ship on the ocean,
A ship filled with silver and gold,
Before my sweet darling should suffer,
I'd have that ship anchored and sold.

I wish I had someone to love me,
Somebody to call me their own;
Somebody to stay with me always,
Who never would leave me alone.

No. 1398

PRISONER'S SONG II

also known as

My Ole Home In Tennessee	Seven Long Years in a Prison
Sad and Lonely	Cell
Seven Long Years	Seven Long Years in State
	Prison

This song has a long tradition in American folk music and was once widely known and popular. Gordon printed a text in Adventure Magazine, Jan. 1, 1927, and several music publishers have included versions in song folios. There is considerable variation in the traditional texts, but one is usually able to identify them and properly refer to their origin.

In some reference lists, this song is associated with Prisoner's Song I B, probably because of stanzas 4 and 5, which are merely floaters.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 416-417; V,	Creighton (SBNS), 309
246-247	Henry (BMFS), 54-55
Cox (FSWV), 71-72	Henry (FSSH), 327

Mackenzie, 303, 403-404

Pound (SFSN), VIII, No. 6

Odum (NWS), 83-84

Sandburg (AS), 218-219

Prisoner's Song II

I'm thinking tonight of my old home,
Among the hills of old Tennessee;
I'm thinking tonight of my old friends
And I wonder if they ever think of me.

Chorus

Sad, sad and lonely,
Here in a cell singing my song,
Thinking of the days long gone by me,
And the things that I did wrong.

I have a father and a mother—
They live in a town by the sea;
I have a brother and a sister,
But they are now gone, lost forever to me.

It's seven long years in state prison,
For seven more years I must remain;
I knocked a man down in an alley
And stole all his money, his gold watch
and chain.

If I had the wings of a sparrow
Across this wide world I would fly;
I'd fly to the arms of my darling,
And in her sweet arms I'd lay me down
and die.

It's hard to be here in this prison,
Far from my heart's one true delight,
With nothing but cold bars around me,
And a stone for my pillow every night.

It's seven more years I must stay here,
It's seven long years to regret;
It's seven long years to remember
All the bad things I'd like most to forget!

If I had it all to do over,
I'd stay at home in old Tennessee;
I'd never go ramblin' for pleasure,
And my sweet darling would still be with me.

No. 1399

PRISONER'S SONG III

also known as

Locked in the Walls of	Locked Up, Locked Up in Prison
Prison	Locked Up in the Walls of
Locked Up in Prison	Prison
	Poor Boy

This is a "poor boy" as well as a "prison" song, which is a rare combination. The only printed folk version of this song I've seen is in Randolph, II, 75, and there the tune is different. For some reason that I cannot comprehend, Randolph referred readers to versions of John Hardy (B, C, D, E, F & G) in Cox (FSS), 179-185.

Prisoner's Song III

Locked up, locked up in prison,
Locked up in a narrow cell;
Locked up, locked up in prison, poor boy,
No one to go my bail.

Chorus

One foot upon the platform,
The other foot on the train.
Oh, take me back to Raleigh, poor boy,
To wear a ball and chain.

If I had lots of money,
I'd bury it in my trunk;
Or else I'd surely gamble, poor boy,
And maybe I'd get drunk.

Oh, never trust a woman,—
You'll find they are all the same!
Locked up, locked up in prison, poor boy,
And no one knows my name.

No. 1400

PRISONER'S SONG IV
also known as

The Convict's Lament

A Prisoner for Life

This is one of several songs known as A Prisoner for Life, or The Convict's Lament. All these songs tell a similar story, though none are exactly the same.

A De Marsan broadside of this song directs that it be sung to the tune of Hunt the Buffalo (see Invitation to Adventure I & II in this Master Book). A copy of the broadside is on file in the Los Angeles Public Library.

Mrs. Read, a Fayetteville, Arkansas newspaper editor, told Randolph that "singers credit this song to William Alexander, convicted murderer at Fort Smith, Arkansas, January 21, 1890." (Alexander was one of the many criminals sentenced to death by Isaac Parker, the famous "hanging judge" of Western history.)

For a song containing many of the same lines as this one, see The Dock Bishop in Jour (AFL), XXV, 151.

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Bulletin (FSSN), VI, 18-19	Moore (BFSS), 353-355
Lomax (CS-1919), 200-203	Randolph, II, 147-151
Lomax (CS-1938), 88-90	Silverman, I, 71

Prisoner's Song IV

My father advised me when I was quite young,
"Don't drink or gamble and bad company shun.
These words you'll remember when I'm old and gray,
And long after I'm sleepin' down under the clay."

I kept on ramblin' with a terrible band,
Till I was attacked by the laws of the land;
Got caught and convicted for mail robbery,
And nine years they gave me far across the salt sea.

Farewell to the greenfields, to meadows adieu;
Your rocks and your mountains I now leave to you.
No more by your beauty shall my eyes be blest;
They're taking me from you to a place of no rest.

I met my old father a-leaving the docks,
And with tears in his eyes he tore his old locks:
"Oh, son, you are ruined! I warned you before,
And now we are parting and I'll see you no more!"

If I were on shipboard with Molly by me,
Bound down in strong Ireland I'd feel myself free;
But bound down in prison and kept like a slave,
Because in my country I did not behave.

No change in my prison, I suffer and sigh;
My heart sinks within me—I wish I could die!

The cause of my ruin was me most of all,
And now I must labor behind the stone wall.

Fare you well, dear comrades, I'm willing to own,
That such a wild outcast has never been known.
Adieu to my freedom, and Molly, my wife,—
May God pardon and pity a prisoner for life.

No. 1401

PRISONER'S SONG V

also known as

Adieu, Adieu, Hard Was	Newry Town
My Fate	Rake and Rambling Boy
The Flash Lad	The Rambling Boy
In Newry Town	Rich and Rambling Boy
The Irish Robber	The Rich Rambler
I Robbed Old Nelse	The Robber
I Was a Rake and Rambling	The Wild and Wicked Youth
Boy	The Wretched Rambling Boy

Here we have an Americanized version of an English-Irish broadside ballad, The Flash Lad, or Newry Town. It has a story similar in theme to The Unfortunate Rake (see Unfortunate Life I in this Master Book).

Broadsides of this ballad were issued by Catnach, Paul, T. Birt, Bebbington, Cadman, C. Croshaw, Such, Durham, and George Walker. Pitts published it as a stall ballad as well as a broadside.

Due to one of this song's more popular titles, The Rambling Boy, it has sometimes been associated with other songs known by the same title. For example, the Rambling Boy in Lomax (CS-1919), 397-398 is not related to the song given below but is, in fact, an ancestor

of The Butcher Boy (see Unfaithful Lover IV in this Master Book).

For a similar song, see The Wretched Rambling Boy in Cambiaire, 43-44. Also compare The Reek and Rambling Boy in Lomax (OSC), 314-315.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (GCS), 39 | Jour (FSS), I, 114; II, 291; |
| Barrett, No. 19 | III, 294; VIII, 190, |
| Belden (BS), 136-137 | 277 |
| Brown, II, 355-356; IV, | Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 243 |
| 204-207 | Laws, L 12, 172 |
| Combs (FSMEU), 215-216 | Lomax (FSNA), 192-193 |
| Combs (FSUS), 184-185 | O'Lochlainn (2), 70 |
| Davis (FSV), 282-283 | Paddy, 60 |
| Ford (BB), Nos. 3187-88, | Randolph, II, 83-85 |
| 3282 | Reeves, 178-179 |
| Fuson, 63-64 | Roberts (SBS), 105-106 |
| Gordon (OSMS 4/20/24), | Sharp (EFS), II, 79 |
| 191 | Sharp (FSFS), No. 120 |
| Henry (FSSH), 327-328 | Sharp (100), 187-189 |
| | Shearin (SKFS), 17 |
| | Silverman, II, 333 |

Prisoner's Song V

Well, I'm a rake and a ramblin' boy,
There's many a city I did enjoy,
But now I've married me a pretty little wife,
And I love her dearer than I love my wife.

My love's a fair and a beautiful sight,
And seeing her happy was sheer delight;
To maintain her spirit both fine and gay,
I went out robbing on the main highway.

I never have robbed no poor man yet,
I've never been in a workingman's debt,
But all the wealthy men who came my way,
Proved to be my victims and I made them pay.

I went to town for to have me some fun,
But as it turned out I had to run;
The sheriff's posse came, a dozen or two,
And I was captured by that stinkin' crew.

My father cried, "Oh, my darling son!"
My wife was weeping, "I am undone!"
My mother tore her gray hair and loudly cried,
"Oh, in his cradle he should have died!"

When I am dead and at long last free,
A flashy funeral I'd like for me;
Let none but bold robbers attend my wake,
And serve them whiskey for my journey's sake.

May six fair maids carry me along,
For many a maiden has shared my song;
And later they may say, and speak the truth,
"He was wild and wicked, but a loving youth."

No. 1402

PRISONER'S SONG VI

also known as

Logan County Court House	The Poor Boy
The Logan County Jail	When I Was a Little Boy, I
	Lived at Market Square

This song is made-up largely of lines and stanzas
found in other songs, but like many such pieces it
has carved its independent niche in traditional song.

There are several variations in print but, as Cox says in his notes, "No doubt there were many such songs as this made and lost concerning persons and happenings of local interest."

For examples of songs sharing lines and stanzas with this one, see Root Hog or Die in Lomax (CS-1919), 254-257 and the same song under the title The Bad Boy in Lomax (CS-1938), 161-163; The Dallas County Jail and When I Was a Cowboy in Randolph, II, 32-36; Bob Sims in Combs (FSMEU), 216-217.

REFERENCES

Brown, IV, 354-355

Henry (FSSH), 329-330

Cox (FSS), 212-214

Randolph, II, 36-37 E

Prisoner's Song VI

When I was a poor boy, I stood upon the square,
And I would pocket money—I knew it wasn't fair;
But then I started gambling and rode the outlaw trail.
That's why they've got me locked up now in the Logan
 county jail.

On a mornin' early—'twas in the month of May—
I spied a man a-ridin' slow, and not too far away;
He kept right on a-ridin', and rode straight up to me.
He said, "Come on along, my boy, there's a jail that
 you must see."

When we reached the city, he locked me in the jail,
And all my friends went back on me, no one would go
 my bail.

I used to wear a big hat and thought the world was
 mine,

But here I am in this damn jail, and the sun has ceased
 to shine.

Guess I've been a bad boy—you've heard it all before;
But if I'm ever free again, I won't do wrong no more.
So listen, you young fellows: Don't ride the outlaw
trail.

For if you do one day you'll be in the Logan county
jail.

No. 1403

PRISONER'S SONG VII

also known as

Bellevue Gaol	Kirkdale Gaol
Boston Jail	Kirtle Gaol
Bridewell Mail	The Town Hall
County Gaol, <u>or</u> Jail	Wakefield Gaol

This English ballad apparently entered the United States during the 1860s. Judging by the number of times it was printed, the song must have gained some degree of popularity; but it was also a transient popularity, for it is only rarely encountered in U. S. tradition.

Broadside versions were issued by Bebbington, Manchester, No. 132; De Marsan, List 12, No. 12; Harkness, Preston, Nos. 481 & 582; W. S. Fortey; and Ryle & Co.

In the version below the American "jail" has replaced the English "gaol," and Boston has replaced Bellevue, Kirkdale and Wakefield.

REFERENCES

Belden (PLSB), No. 109	O'Connor, 121
De Marsan (I), 167	Songster (113), 58-59
Mackenzie, 358, 406	Songster (126), 36-37

Songster (171), 12-13

Songster (197), 48-49

Songster (194), 32-33

Wehman (ISB), No. 3, 71

Prisoner's Song VII

Come, all you young and ramblin' boys,
And heed the words that I now say:
I've known misfortunes great and small,
And I am here to tell it all.
Now once I lived a joyous life,
Devoid of care and free of strife;
I'd go to bed and fall asleep,
No evil spirits around me creep.
But then I robbed a bank in town,
And three policemen ran me down.
They cuffed my hands and kicked my tail,
Then hauled me off to Boston jail!

I walked about the prison yard
A-thinking my case was very hard,
When suddenly I heard a din
And guards yelled out, "You men, fall in!"
Oh, then it was as stiff as starch,
With "Right about! and quick-step march!"
Some moaned and groaned, some broke the lines,
And some were showing their bare behinds.
They fed us soup and cold cornbread,
And then lights out and go to bed,
Upon a bunk as hard as nail—
'Twould kill the devil in Boston jail!

Each Sunday morn it fell our lot
To scrub a cell and clean our pot;
And then about the cell we'd lurch
Till we fell in to go to church.
Oh, then such dresses you might view:

One leg yellow, the other blue,
One sleeve yellow, the other gray;
Then came the parson to preach and pray:
"Elijah went up in a cloud,
Old Laz'rus wore a tattered shroud,
And Jonah lived inside a whale—"
A damn sight better than Boston jail!

No. 1404

PRISONER'S SONG VIII

also known as
The County Jail

This song was a well-known piece among hoboes during the 1930s. Versions appeared on jailhouse walls and the walls of service station rest rooms all over the country. The language was not of an acceptable kind, so the text was never printed. In fact, I have seen a text in only one folk song collection: Gardner (BSSM), 357..

The text below, with a tune, came to me from Hugh Cross, a professional singer-songwriter, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1937.

Prisoner's Song VIII

As I stood on a corner, not doing any harm,
Along came a big policeman and took me by the arm.
He took me to the corner and cuffed me to a rail;
Along came a new patrol car and took me off to jail.

The county jail was crowded with pimps and drunks
galore;
I got an old wool blanket and a bed on the floor.

I woke up one morning and looked upon the wall,—
Bedbugs and big cockroaches were up there playing
ball!

The score read nine to twenty, the bedbugs were ahead;
I got so damn excited, boys, I nearly lost my head.
They brought us in some breakfast, the bread was hard
and stale,
The coffee tastes like piss, boys, here in the county
jail!

No. 1405

PRISONER'S SONG IX

also known as

Atlanta Jail	Hard Times in Mount Holly
Cryderville Jail	Jail
The Durant Jail	It's Hard Times in Lan-
Durham Jail	caster Jail
Hard, Hard Times	Louisville Jail
Hard Times	Po' Boy

This song is obviously a re-write of Hard Times IV (in this Master Book). It is known by innumerable titles, since a singer will usually locate the jail in his own area. Lomax has a text placing the prison in New Orleans. He also changes titles from collection to collection. In ABFS it's Cryderville Jail and in FSNA it's Hard Times.

The A and B versions below are representative of the many versions available, several of which are on the vulgar side.

The tune is also used for Hard Times IV in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 887-888
Brown, III, 419-420; V,
231-233
Galvin, 192
Halpert (SBFS), 67-68

Lomax (ABFS), 138-143
Lomax (CS-1938), 176-177
Lomax (FSNA), 438-439
Lomax (USA), 316-317
Silverman, II, 349

Prisoner's Song IX (Version A)

The Louisville jail is not jail at all,
The lice in that joint are chewing the wall.
There's a big bull ring in the middle of the floor,
And a damned old jailor just outside the door.

Chorus

It's real hard times in the Louisville jail,
Real hard times, O Lord!

The jailor's a thief, your clothes he will sell,
Your pockets he'll pick,—god damn him to hell!
Our beds are all made of rotten old rugs,
And when we lay down we're covered with bugs.

I wrote to my mother to send me a knife,
For the lice and the bedbugs have threatened my life!
And here's to the lawyer—he'll come to your cell
And swear he will clear you in spite of all hell!

The lawyer gets money before all the rest,
Then tells you, "Plead guilty. I think that is best."
In court, Judge Simpkins will read out the law,
And a bigger damn fool no one ever saw!

Now look at our sheriff, a drunken old sot,
And the crooked-est rascal that e'er was begot!
And the food they serve us to the pigs should be fed,—
To hell with the sheriff! I wish he was dead!

Well, now I have come to the end of my song,
And I'll leave it with you when I move along.
I'm happy to get it off of my mind,
And them that don't like it can kiss my behind!

VERSION B

Stay away from Atlanta, whatever you do:
The city cops are bastards! the sheriff is too!

Chorus

And it's hard times in Atlanta jail!
Yes, it's hard times in Atlanta jail!

Your hands and your feet are chained down to the floor;
Oh! never was I treated so badly before!

When the judge read the verdict, he looked straight
at me
And said, "Young man, in prison is where you should be."

Oh, the food from the kitchen is heavy as lead,
And nothing but the worst of old soup and corn-bread!

If I had ol' judge Carter where he has got me,
I'd pardon him tomorrow and let him go free!

Oh, the lice in this prison are bigger than flies!
The roaches and bedbugs are mammoth in size!

Cap'n Jack is our jailor, a very nice man,
If you ask him a favor, it's done—if he can.

With comin' of Sunday, I'll have you to know,
We listen to a sermon by some holy ol' Joe!

It's "repent, you lost sinners! or suffer in hell!"
I wonder where he thinks we, in prison, now dwell?

No. 1406

THE PROMISED LAND

also known as

I Got a Mother	Martin
I'll Journey On to the	Over in the Promised Land
Promised Land	'Way Over in the Promised Land
In the Promised Land	We Have Fathers Over Yonder

This old campground revivalist hymn has come down to us in several variated versions, two of which are included here.

McCurry, The Social Harp (1855), dates his version back to 1854 and ascribes it to himself. See version B below.

A rewritten version, copyrighted in 1915 by W. J. Ramsey, was published under the title, I Have a Mother in the Promised Land.

Brown, III, has an American Indian version called Cherokee Hymn. Brown, III, 630-631 gives the text of a song, I Am Going Where the Blood Flows Stronger, which may very well be related to this song.

For similar songs, see Over Yonders Ocean, or We Have Fathers Over Yonder in Chase (AFTS), 170 and Dobie (TBE), 177.

For two different songs that share a title in common with ours, see Jordan's Stormy Banks and Safe In the Promised Land in this Master Book.

Also see and compare the Indian song in Belden (BS), 459.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 685-686	Jackson (SFS), 200
Bulletin (TFS), X, 177	Jackson (WSSU), 262
Chapple (HS), 473	McCurry, 29
Coleman, 84	White, 114-115

The Promised Land (Version A)

I have a father in the Promised Land,
I have a father in the Promised Land;
My father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the Promised Land.

Chorus

I'm away, I'm away, to the Promised Land!
I'm away, I'm away, to the Promised Land!
My father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the Promised Land.

I have a Saviour in the Promised Land, (2)
My Saviour calls me, I must go, etc.

I have a crown in the Promised Land, (2)
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the Promised Land.

I hope to meet you in the Promised Land, (2)
At Jesus' feet a joyous band!
We'll praise Him in the Promised Land.

VERSION B

We have fathers in the Promised Land, (2)
I hope one day we'll all get there,
'Way over in the Promised Land.

Chorus

Away over in the Promised Land, (2)
I hope one day we'll all get there,
'Way over in the Promised Land.

We have mothers in the Promised Land, etc.

We have sisters in the Promised Land, etc.

No. 1407

PROMISES OF FREEDOM

also known as

My Old Marster

My Old Mistis

My Old Massa

My Ole Mistus Promised Me

This is an old "blackface" minstrel song, circa 1850s. The stanzas beginning "my old mistis promise me" and "my old massa promise me" are floaters; they appear in many 19th century songs. Sometimes, as in the case of version C below, the stanzas are attached to the chorus of another song, thus creating a dual variation. For examples, see the ring-game song from Georgia in Jour (AFL), XXX, 220 and Picayune Butler and Pore Mournah in Scarborough (NFS), 164-165, 194. The three versions below (A-B-C) are all sung to the same melody.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 502-503

Talley, 25-26, 408

Scarborough (NFS), 223-224

White, 152

Promises of Freedom (Version A)

My ol' Mistis promise me,
When she die I would be free;
She lived so long her head got bald—
She had no mind to die at all!

My ol' Mistis said to me,
"Sam, I'm gonna set you free."
But when her head got slick an' bald,
You couldn't kill her with a maul!

That ol' woman never die;
Nose all hooked an' skin all dry!

But then one day she's dead an' gone,
An' lef' me here a-slavin' on.

Massa likewise promise me
When he die he'd set me free;
But then ol' Massa made a will
To keep me here a-slavin' still.

Yes, ol' Massa promise me,
But his will don't set me free.
A dose of poisin help'd him 'long,
An' may the devil do him wrong!

VERSION B

My ole massa promised me,
When he died he'd set me free;
But now ole massa's dead a year
An' this ole nigger still right here!

Chorus

Oh, Rufus, git the hoe cake, dear!
Oh, Rufus, git the hoe cake, dear!

My ole missus promised me,
When she die I would be free;
But she done die las' Sunday morn
An' I'm still here a-hoein' corn!

All them promises they made me,
Don't help now, 'cause I ain't free.
I hope they both went straight to hell,
An' pray to God they sizzle well!

VERSION C

Marster Jim he promise me
When he die I would go free.

An' dat's a fact dat ain't no lie,
But dat ole man's too mean to die!

Chorus

Jim crank corn, an' I don't care!
Jim crack corn, an' I don't care!
Oh, Jim crack corn, an' I don't care!
Work like a dog an' git nowhere!

My white mistis come an' said,
"You'll be free soon as I'm dead."
I don't believe one word she say,
'Cause all she do is loaf all day.

No. 1408

THE PROTESTANT GAME

also known as

The Baptist Game	Come, All Ye Young People
Come, All Ye Young Men in	that's Wending You Way
Your Wicked Ways	Joggle Along

This is an American adaptation of an English game known as Joggle Along (see Gomme, I, 285-286). It's religious titles originated in the United States, and probably because the game was enjoyed by pious protestants who did not dance. For a different song containing the first stanza of this one, see Old Maids in Backus, 297.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 314 Botkin (APPS), 170-171 Newell, 101-102

The Protestant Game

Come, all you young men,
In your evil ways,
And sow your wild oats
In your youthful days.
You shall be happy,
You shall be happy,
When you grow old.

The night is far spent,
The day's coming on,
So give us your arm
And we'll jog along.
You shall be happy,
You shall be happy,
When you grow old.

No. 1409

PUSH BOAT

A river shanty. Men sang this song as they propelled the boat with long poles. Therefore, it has been set down as a work song. Such songs do not, generally, have a wide audience.

REFERENCES

Botkin (MRF), 567-568

Thomas (BMMK), 35-37

Glass (SFRF), 43-44

Thomas (SG), 24-25

Push Boat

Going up the river
From Catlettsburg to Pike,
Working on a pushboat
For old man Jeggry's Ike.

Working on a push-boat
For fifty cents a day;
Buy my girl a brand new dress
And throw the rest away.

Pushing mighty hard, boys,
Sandbar's in the way;
Workin' like a sonuvabitch
For mighty scanty pay!

Going down the river,
I live in Buffalo;
Lordy, lordy, gal o' mine,
Don't I hate to go!

I wish I had a nickel,
I wish I had a dime;
I'd spend it on some pretty girl
And love her mighty fine.

No. 1410

PUSH THE BUSINESS ON
also known as
To Push the Business On

This dance-game song came to the United States in published form from England; it was used in grammar schools and, afterwards, by children without the aid of the printed page.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 95
Farnsworth, 96-97

Gomme, II, 86-89
Hornby, 28

Push the Business On

I'll buy a horse and steal a pig,
And all the world shall have a jig;
And I'll do all that ever I can
To push the business on.

To push the business on,
And I'll do all that ever I can
To push the business on.

I'll hug a girl and steal a kiss,
I'll smack her lips and never miss!
And I'll do all that ever I can
To push the business on, etc.

No. 1411

PUT MY LITTLE SHOES AWAY

This song was written in 1873 by Samuel Mitchell and Charles E. Pratt; it was still popular through the 1930s. Song has been printed in countless folios and songbooks, usually of the country music performer kind.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 10
Neely, 257-258

Randolph, IV, 178-180
Roberts (IP), 276-277
Spaeth (WSM), 25-26

Put My Little Shoes Away

Now come bathe my forehead, mother,
For I'm growing very weak;
Let one drop of water, mother,
Fall upon my burning cheek.
Tell my loving little schoolmates
That I never more will play;
Give them all my toys but, mother,
Put my little shoes away.

Santa Claus, he gave them to me,
With a lot of other things,
And I think he brought an angel
With a pair of golden wings.
You will do this, won't you, mother?
Put my little shoes away—
Give them all my toys but, mother,
Put my little shoes away.

Soon the baby will be larger,
And they will fit his tiny feet;
Oh, won't he look so handsome, mother,
As he walks upon the street?
I am tired now, dear mother,
So remember what I say:
Give them all my toys but, mother,
Put my little shoes away.

No. 1412

PUTTING ON THE STYLE

This old popular satire obtained a new lease on life during the folk craze of the 1950s. It was especially liked by college students.

For a similar song, see You've Got to Put On Airs in Brewster (BSI), 332 or Putting on Airs in Randolph, III, 230-231, which is a folk version of Folks That Put On Airs, by H. Angelo and W. H. Coulson, published in 1863 by Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES

Brewster (BSI), 332-333

Cazden, I, 60-61

Cox (FSS), 514-515

Leisy (SP), 22-23

Pound (SFSN), XXII, No. 19

Randolph, III, 229-230

Seeger (6), 68

Silber (HSB), 68

Silverman, I, 343

Putting on the Style

Young man in a big car, driving like he's mad;
It's a brand new auto he borrowed from his dad.
He puffs upon a cigar just to make his girl friend
 smile,
But she knows he's only putting on the style.

Chorus

Putting on the agony, putting on the style,
That's what all the young folks are doing all the while;
And as I look around me, I'm very apt to smile,
To see so many people putting on the style.

Sweet young girl goes to church just to see the boys:
Laughs and giggles at every little noise,
Then turns this way a little, then turns that way awhile,
But everybody knows she's only putting on the style.

Preacher in the pulpit shouts with all his might,
Glory hallelujah! ain't he a fearsome sight!
One would think that Satan's coming up the aisle,
But it's only the preacher putting on the style.

Doctor comes to see you, sits and holds your hand;
Writes out a prescription and says you're really grand.
And all the time he is talking he wears a great big
 smile,—
Thinks he'll make more money putting on the style.

Young man home from college makes a big display
With a great big jawbreak that he can hardly say;
It can't be found in Webster's, and won't be for awhile,
But everybody knows he's only putting on the style.

There's a young executive in his charcoal gray,
Talking with some union men who've come to have their
 say;

Sitting at his office desk, wearing a toothpaste
smile,
But everybody knows he's only putting on the style.

Congressman from Washington looking mighty slick,
Wants to be elected and go back there right quick;
Waves his hands and hollers and waves the flag awhile,
But everybody knows he's only putting on the style.

Young man playing scientist, he seeks the final cause;
He asks, debates sick questions, states philosophic
laws:

On God and man, with man like God, he tries to reconcile,
But everybody knows he's only putting on the style.

No. 1413

QUAND J'ÉTAIS CHEZ MON PÈRE

also known as

At the Well, Oh!	La Fille Au Cresson
The Girl at the Fountain	La Fontaine est Profonde
J'allais Cueillir du Cresson	The Water-Cress Girl
	The Well is Deep

This dance and work song dates back to the 17th century; it was brought here by French explorers, traders and settlers. It is more popular in French Canada than in the United States, but versions were recovered in Indiana and New Orleans.

For two French-Canadian variations, see La Bibournois and Vive Napoleon in Gagnon, 74 & 76.

Other versions of the song below can be seen in Barbeau (FFC), 140-142 and (JSOQ), 178; Gagnon, 70-73; and Tiersot (SP), 52-58.

Quand J'étais Chez Mon Père

Quand j'étais chez mon père,
Quand j'étais chez mon père,
Petite et jeune étions,
Dondaine, don,
Petite et jeune étions,
Dondaine.

M'envoie -t-à la fontaine (2)
Pour pêcher du poisson,
Dondaine, don, etc.

La fontaine est profonde, (2)
j'me suis coulée au fond,
Dondaine, don, etc.

Par ici-t-il y passe (2)
Trois cavaliers barons,
Dondaine, don, etc.

-Que denneriez-vous, belle, (2)
Qui vous tir'rait du fond?
Dondaine, don, etc.

-Tirez, tirez, dit-elle, (2)
Après ça, nous verrons...
Dondaine, don, etc.

Quand la bell' fut tirée, (2)
S'en fut à la maison,
Dondaine, don, etc.

S'assit sur la fenêtre, (2)
Compose une chanson,
Dondaine, don, etc.

-Ce n'est pas ça, la belle, (2)
Que nous vous demandons,
Dondaine, don, etc.

C'est votre coeur en gage, (2)
Savoir si nous l'aurons,
Dondaine, don, etc.

-Mon petit coeur en gage, (2)
N'est pas pour un baron,
Dondaine, don, etc.

Ma mère me le garde, (2)
Pour mon joli mignon,
Dondaine, don, etc.

ENGLISH VERSION

While living with my father, (2)
And but a little thing,
Rummy tum tum,
O such a little thing,
Rum tum tum.

To fill my little pitcher, (2)
I'll go down to the spring, etc.

The spring was quite deep there, (2)
I stumbled and fell in, etc.

Now riding down the highway, (2)
There came three titled men, etc.

"What will you give us, maiden, (2)
If we should set you free?", etc.

"First lift me out," she replied, (2)
Then leave the gift to me," etc.

As soon as they had freed her, (2)
Into her house she sprang, etc.

Then looking out the window, (2)
A song to them she sang, etc.

"We want more than songs, maiden, (2)
For we are stalwart men, etc.

"It is your love so fickle (2)
That we desire to win," etc.

"My fickle heart," she answered, (2)
"Will never go to thee," etc.

"It's guarded by my mother (2)
For one quite dear to me," etc.

No. 1414

QUANTRELL

This is a song dealing with a real person's exploits,
but it is not historical in a factual sense. William

Clarke Quantrell, a school teacher who became a Civil War free-booter, made frontier history when he and his raiders sacked and burned Lawrence, Kansas, in 1863. It was with Quantrell that Frank and Jesse James began their careers of robbery and murder. For information and songs about Frank and Jesse, see Jesse James I & II in this Master Book.

Several songs dealt with Quantrell and his career, some literary and some folk. An example of a literary song, see Call of Quantrell in Belden (BS), 353-354. For a different folk song, see Charlie Quantrell in Lomax (CS-1938), 144-146; Ohrlin, 67-68; or Wells, 302-303.

Quantrell was fatally wounded in a fight with Federal troops in Kentucky in 1865.

Also see Creighton (TSNS), 232 and Lomax (FSNA), 347-348.

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 113
Finger (FB), 64-65
Koch (2), 22-23

Lingenfelter, 314-315
Lomax (ABFS), 132-133
Lomax (CS-1938), 142-143

Quantrell

O listen, bold robbers, a story you'll hear
Of Quantrell the raider whom thousands did fear.
With a band of wild rebels in double-quick time,
He rode into Kansas for pillage and crime.

Chorus

Riding and shouting the wild Rebel yell,
Shooting and looting, they followed Quantrell.

They came to burn Lawrence, to make the town pay
For blows that the Yankees had struck far away.
When the signal was given, they charged into town,
With orders from Quantrell to burn the place down!

The people of Lawrence got ready to fight,
But Quantrell's wild rebels soon filled them with
fright.

When the town-folk surrendered, the pillage began,
And Lawrence fell burning according to plan.

They came to burn Lawrence, to pillage and prey;
Jim Lane he was up at the break of the day,
He saw them a-comin' and trembled in fright,
Then crawled in a corn-crib, to get out of sight.

Oh! Quantrell's a fighter, a bold-hearted boy,
A brave man or woman he'd never annoy;
He takes from the wealthy and gives to the poor,—
For brave men there's never a bolt to the door.

No. 1415

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION

also known as

The Confession of Queen
Eleanor

The Dying Queen
Queen Eleanor

This song deals with historical events of the 12th century, but the song itself does not date back that far. The woman named in this song is Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of Louis VII, king of France, and, later, wife of Henry II, king of England. The facts, except for the pointing out that Eleanor was the queen and Rosamond Clifford of Woodstock was the king's mistress, are at considerable variance with the story told by the song.

Eleanor was born in the south of France in 1122. She was the daughter and heiress of William Duke of Geienne and Count of Poitou who, as his last official act, offered her in marriage to Louis Capet, heir to the

French throne. Eleanor and Louis were married at Bordeaux, Sunday, July 25, 1137. On March 21, 1152, King Louis announced a "decree of separation" from Queen Eleanor and returned to her, in Percy's words, "those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France." About two months later, ex-Queen Eleanor married 19-year-old Henry Plantagent, Duke of Normandy, Count of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine. She was at least ten years older than Henry, who, in 1154, became Henry II, king of England. As Queen of England, Eleanor bore Henry five sons and three daughters. Two of her sons became kings of England.

King Louis of France divorce Eleanor because of her affairs with other men, but Henry II of England became disgusted because of her never-ending jealousy. It is a matter of record that Henry II had two illegitimate children by Rosamond Clifford, but there is no evidence to support the contention that Rosamond was poisoned by Eleanor. Folklore is seldom restricted by historical fact, and it should surprise no one to learn that there is no evidence to support the charge made in this song that Eleanor had an affair with the Earl Marshal. Nor is her death, as described in the song, related in any way to the historical facts.

Eleanor inspired her sons to rebel against Henry, which they did; and, in an attempt to escape to them in 1173, the queen was discovered in her male disguise and was placed in confinement. Her confinement apparently continued until Henry's death in 1189.

Eleanor died at the age of 83, March 30, 1204, in the 6th year of the reign of her youngest son, John. Her tomb is between those of Henry II, her husband, and Richard the Lion-Heart, her son.

For a ballad dealing with the same story, see Fair Rosamond in Linscott, 193-195.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Aytoun (1859), I, 196 | Greig & Duncan, No. 208 |
| Barry (BBM), 462-465 | Greig & Keith, 100-101 |
| Buchan (GSEI), 77 | Kinloch (ASB), 247 |
| Child, III, 257-264 | Leach (BB), 431-433 |
| Collection (O), I, 18 | Niles (BB), 260-263 |
| Ebsworth (BB), II, No. 26 | Percy (RAEP), II, 164-168 |
| Flanders, III, 127-132 | Utterson, 22 |

Queen Eleanor's Confession

The Queen is sick, and she will die!
Fa la le la, fa la le lu.
The Queen is sick, and she will die!
Send her two preachers speed-ee-lie!
Fa la le la, fa la le lu.

The King was one, the Earl the other, etc.
My first born came by another, etc.

My daughter's were not Henry's get, etc.
Their beauty leaves me no regret, etc.

I like my second son the least, etc.
He looks exactly like the priest, etc.

I hid the poison in a bag, etc.
To poison those who did me bad, etc.

I poisoned sweet, fair Rosamond, etc.
She bare the king another son, etc.

The king removed his priestly gown, etc.
And gave Earl Marshal many a frown, etc.

The Queen she moaned and death obeyed, etc.
And shrieked and cried she was betrayed, etc.

No. 1416

QUEEN JANE

also known as

Death of Queen Jane
The Death of Sweet Jane

Jane Was a Neighbor
Sweet Jane's Death

This ballad tells the legendary tale of the birth of Prince Edward and the death of Jane Seymour, in 1537. Actually, the birth of Henry VIII's son was quite natural, but the queen died 12 days later. There are many versions extant, some with the royal characters replaced, but the ballad was never very popular in the United States.

A Scottish version in the Macmath MS., 68, is entirely different from the version given below.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| Barry (BBM), 466 | Jamieson, I, 182 |
| Bell (APBS), 113 | Jour (FSS), II, 221; III, |
| Bulletin (FSSN), II, 7-8 | 67; V, 256 |
| Child, III, 372-376 | Kinloch (ASB), 116 |
| Coffin, 115-116 | Leach (BB), 478-480 |
| Davis (TBV), 419-420 | Niles (BB), 271-275 |
| Evans, III, 92 | Scarborough (SC), 254, 422 |
| Flanders (CSV), 12-13 | Sharp, I, 230-232 |
| Friedman, 285-286 | Sharp (100), 68-69 |
| Greig & Keith, 106-107 | Silverman, I, 223 |
| Herd MSS, I, 103 | Wells, 47 |
| Hudson (SC), 6 | Williams (EFS), 31 |

Queen Jane

Queen Jane suffered labor for five days or more,
And the women all grew weary, and the mid-wife gave o'er;
Her husband was sent for with horse-back and speed,
For to be with Sweet Jane in her hour of need.

He came to her bedside, he held her small hand,
And he spoke softly to her, and heard her demand:
"O Henry, dear Henry, please listen to me—
I'm going to die, but save our baby."

"O no, my sweet darling, that will never be;
I would rather lose the baby and keep you with me."
O first she made a moan, and then a crying sound;
Then they did operate, and the baby was found.

The baby was christened that very same day,
While in the grip of death its sweet mother lay.
Five men went before her, and five more walked behind;
King Henry he wept, but could not ease his mind.

O he wept and he mourned, and his hair he tore,
For the flower of his heart was gone forevermore.
He stood by the river where once she did stand,
And mourned for sweet Jane, fairest in the land.

No. 1417

QUESTION AND ANSWER SONG

also known as

That's Why the Darkie Was	Why Was the Darkie
Born	Born?

Southern rural song that has been used in modern times
by the Freedom Movement, 1950s-1960s. For a version
by James Bevel and Bernice Reagon, written for Freedom
Movement, see Carawan, 58-61.

See and compare the Song About Snowball in Arnold, 102.

Question and Answer Song

Tell me, why was the darkie born?
Tell me, why was the darkie born?
Somebody had to pick the cotton,
Somebody had to shuck the corn,
Somebody had to work for nothing,
And that's why the darkie was born!
That's why the darkie was born!

Tell me, why was the darkie born? (2)
Somebody had to cry at midnight,
Somebody had to weep and mourn,
Somebody had to build a great nation,
And that's why the darkie was born!
That's why the darkie was born!

Tell me, why was the darkie born? (2)
Somebody had to beat the drums,
Somebody had to blow the horn,
Somebody had to sing the blues,
And that's why the darkie was born!
That's why the darkie was born!

Tell me, why was the darkie born? (2)
Somebody had to go to jail,
Somebody had to walk a picket line,
Somebody had to fight for freedom,
And that's why the darkie was born!
That's why the darkie was born!

No. 1418

THE QUILTING PARTY

also known as

Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

Seeing Nellie Home

When I Saw Sweet

Nellie Home

A literary song that has managed to survive in oral circulation. It was published in 1858 and words and music are ascribed to F. Kyle and J. Fletcher. Parts of the melody appear in several later songs, including the first few bars of Yes, We Have No Bananas.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Best, 108 | Mackenzie (SH), 56-57 |
| Brown, III, 343-344 | Most (PCS), 17 |
| Chamberlain, 80 | Oberndorfer, 122 |
| Chapple (HS), 403 | Silverman, I, 86 |
| Levy (GN), 101 | Songs (15), 9 |
| Lewis, 66 | Staton, 131 |
| Lloyd, 48 | Waite, 88 |
| Luther, 260 | Wier (SWWS), 171 |

The Quilting Party

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone,
And from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus

I was seeing Nellie home,
And from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam;
And from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

No. 1419

QUIT YOUR MEANNESS

This is a "temperance" song, with words and music by
Charles M. Fillmore; it is No. 13 in Prohibition Songs,
edited by Charles M. and J. H. Fillmore, Cincinnati and
New York, 1903.

Quit Your Meanness

I used to drink my toddy whenever I saw fit,
But when I got religion I tho't I'd better quit.

Chorus

I quit, I quit, I very quickly quit;
And when you get religion, all meanness
you will quit.

I used to vote for license, and argue, too, for it;
But when I got religion, I tho't I'd better quit.

The friends of prohibition, I used to taunt and twit;
But when I got religion, I tho't I'd better quit.

The good old style religion, will cleanse the vilest
heart,
You're sure to quit your meanness, when once you get
that sort.

No. 1420

RAILROAD BILL

also known as

I'm Looking for Railroad
BillIt's Lookin' for Railroad
Bill

It's That Bad Railorad Bill

Southern Negro song. According to Burt, Railroad Bill was a black man by the name of Morris Slater, who was an outlaw from 1894 to March 7, 1897, when he was surrounded and killed. He was shot to death at Atmore, Alabama, by sheriff E. S. McMillan.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 240-241	Robinson (YF), 54-55
Burt, 200-202	Sandburg (AS), 384-385
Edwards (CHSB), 222	Scarborough (NFS), 251-253
Laws (NAB), 239	Shay (PF-1), 92-94
Leisy, 271-272	Shay (PF-3), 48-50
Lomax (ABFS), 118-120	Silber (HSB), 105
Lomax (FSNA), 568-569	Silverman, II, 342
Odum (NHS), 198-202	Work (ANSS), 240

Railroad Bill

Railroad Bill, Railroad Bill,
He never worked, and he never will,
That bad Railroad Bill!

Railroad Bill, looked so neat,
Shot all the lights out on Main street;
That bad Railroad Bill!

Old John Bull rode the train,
He came to town in the fallin' rain,
Came lookin' for Railroad Bill!

Folks done said, "Better turn back!
Yonder's ol' Bill, comin' down the track,
That bad Railroad Bill!"

Railroad Bill, mean ol' son,
He shot John Bull with a big six-gun!
That bad Railroad Bill!

Ten police, dressed in blue,
Came down the street two by two,
Lookin' for Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill said 'fore he died,
"Gonna grab me a train and ride!"
Ride on, Railraod Bill!

Shot him dead 'gainst the wall!
Ol' corn whiskey done caused it all.
Goodbye, Railroad Bill.

No. 1421

THE RAILROAD CORRAL

A cowboy song that deals with driving cattle and the end of the trail. The railroad corral was the last stop on a cattle drive, the point at which the cattle were shipped to waiting stockyards.

The melody is an adaptation of The Irish Washerwoman (see in this Master Book).

According to Fife, the words were written by Joseph Mills Hanson and first published in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, Oct., 1904, p. 681.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 5

Clark (CS), 5

Downes (1940), 232-233

Downes (1943), 274-275

Fife, 208-209

Lomax (CS-1938), 42-44

Frey, 92-93

Lomax (FSNA), 367

Hanson, 52-53

Sackett, 24-25

Leisy (LAS), 60-61

Sires, 22-23

Lingenfelter, 376-377

Thorp (1921), 132-134

Lomax (SC-1919), 318-319

White (GALD), 38-39

The Railroad Corral

We're up in the mornin' at dawning of day,
The chuck wagon's busy with flapjacks in play;
While the herd is a-stir over hillside and vale,
With the night-riders rounding them into the trail.

Come, take up your cinches, and shake out your reins;
Come, wake up your old bronco and break for the plains.
Come, roust out your steers from the long chapparal,
For the outfit is off to the railroad corral.

The sun circles upward, the steers, as they plod,
Are pounding to powder the hot prairie sod;
It seems, as the dust makes you dizzy and sick,
That we'll never reach noon, and the cool shady crick.

So tie up your kerchief and ply up your nag,
And dry up your grumbles, and try not to lag;
Come with your steers from the long chapparal—
We're far on the road to the railroad corral.

The longest of days must reach evening at last,
When hills are all climbed and the cricks are all passed,
And the tired herd droops in the yellowing light—
Let them loaf, if they will, for the railroad's in sight!

So flap up your holster and snap up your belt.
Come, strap up the saddle whose lap you have felt;
Goodbye to the steers and the long chapparal!
There's a town waiting there by the railroad corral!

No. 1422

RAISE A RUCKUS TONIGHT

also known as

Come Along, Little Children Get On Board, Little
Come On, Chillun, Won't You Children
Come Along? Raise a Rucus, or Rukus
Tonight

This began as a minstrel-show song, and was one of the most popular pieces in the South. There are many versions, black as well as white; and lines show-up in other songs. For example, see Fair Mona in Brown, III, 559 A. For a game version, see Talley, 90-91. Also see and compare The Gospel Train in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 558-560; V,	Lomax (USA), 90-91
323	Odum (NWS), 173-175
Leisy, 272-274	Okun, 66-67
Lomax (ABFS), 253-254	Silber (HSB), 89
Lomax (PB), 65	Silverman, I, 405
	White, 180, 245, 409

Raise a Ruckus Tonight

Put them taters in that oven,
Raise a ruckus tonight!
Lordy, how I dearly love 'em,
Raise a ruckus tonight!

Put them black-eyes in that pot,
Raise a ruckus tonight!
Add some ham, and cook it hot,
Raise a ruckus tonight!

Chorus

Come along, little children, come along,
While the moon is shining bright;
Come along, little children, come along,
We're gonna raise a ruckus tonight!

Banjo's hangin' upon the wall, etc.
Ain't been tuned since way last fall, etc.

Train is comin' down the track, etc.
Git on board and never come back, etc.

Chorus

Git aboard, little children, git aboard,
While the moon is shining bright;
Git aboard, little children, git aboard,
We're gonna raise a ruckus tonight!

This ol' train ain't slowin' down, etc.
Hear dem wheels all turnin' round, etc.

Called my honey, paid my fare, etc.
Pretty soon I'm gonna be there, etc.

No. 1423

THE RAKES OF MALLOW

This old Irish-English tune has been used for several songs and two well-known dances. The melody is in Burk Thumoth's Twelve English and Twelve Irish Airs, London, circa 1745-1750 and Johnson's Two Hundred Country Dances, VI, London, 1751. The same tune is used in America and England for two dances: Morning Star and The Waves of Troy. It is sometimes printed under the two dance titles and as The Rakes of London. It is also known in England as Rakes of Marlow and Rakes of Mall.

The "Rakes," said Moffat, "were the young gentlemen of the last century who frequented the 'waters' of Mallow."

For a revivalist hymn using the tune, see Morning Star in McCurry, 138.

REFERENCES

Burchenal (FDOH), 13

Linscott, 98-99

Joyce (AIM), 262

Moffat (MI), 21

The Rakes of Mallow

Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, swearing, sinking,
 Ever raking, never thinking
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.
 Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
 Bacchus' true begotten sons,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

No. 1424

RANZO RAY

also known as

The Bully Boat

Rando Ray

The Chanty-man's Song

Sing Hilo, Me Ranzo Ray

Huckleberry Hunting

We'll Ranzo Ray, or Way

Oh, What Did You Give for

The Wild Goose Nation, or

Your Fine Leg of Mutton?

Shanty

According to Colcord, the best known version of this shanty may be the result of two distinct songs coming together. It may also be that both songs derived from a minstrel song by Dan Emmett, De Wild Goose Nation.

REFERENCES

Bullen & Arnold, 18	Mackenzie, 266, 401
Colcord, 23, 69	Robinson, 41
Davis (SSC), 50-51	Sharp (EFC-2), 17
Doerflinger, 32-33	Smith (MW), 21
Harper's (7/1882), 285	Terry, I, 26-27
Hugill (1), 247-251	Terry (SS), 45
Jour (FSS), V, 39	Whall (SSS), 98

Ranzo Ray

Did you ever see a wild goose floating on the ocean?
To me way, aye, aye, away, o aye!

Oh, it's just like the young girls when they take a
notion!

To me way aye, aye, Ranzo Ray!

Oh, the boys and girls went out huckleberry hunting,
To me way, etc.

Oh, the boys and girls went out huckleberry hunting,
To me way, etc.

Oh, a little girl ran off and the boy ran after, etc.
Oh, the girl ran away, but the boy he ran faster, etc.

"I'll be your beau," he said, "if you'll let me be
your feller," etc.

But the little girl said, "No! My sweetheart's Johnny
Heller," etc.

Oh, were you ever o'er yonder in the Wild Goose
Nation? etc.

With the boys and the girls on a big plantation?, etc.

No. 1425

RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW

also known as

The Braes of Yarrow
The Water of Gamrie

Willie's Rare
Yarrow

This ballad is frequently confused with The Lonely Glens of Yarrow (see in this Master Book), but it is a distinct and separate song. The original story of this ballad is apparently lost; it is now a matter of speculation, and never quite clear. For additional information, see headnotes to The Lonely Glens of Yarrow.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| Buchan (ABS), I, 245 | Kinsley, 593 |
| Child, IV, 178 | Leach (BB), 570-572 |
| Christie, I, 66 | Ord, 454 |
| Cromek (1810), II, 196 | Quarterly (NYF-1952), 243 |
| Eddy, 69-70 | Quiller-Couch, 416 |
| Gibbs MS., 370 | Ramsay (TTM), 242 |
| Herd, I, 197 | Ritson (SS), I, 154 |
| Houseman, 134 | Sedley, 196-197 |
| Johnson (SMM), No. 525 | Thomson (OC), II, 34-39 |

Rare Willie Drowned in Yarrow

My Willie's rare, my Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
And Willie said he'd marry me,
If ever he married any.

O marry James, or marry George,
Or marry bonny Billy;
I won't object to either one,
If you will forsake my Willie.

O what care I for James or George,
Or even bonny Billy?
Not one of them was meant for me,
And I won't forsake my Willie.

For Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
There's none with him that can compare,
And I love him more than any.

She heard her brother John, who said:
O Peg, I speak in sorrow;
The stream was strong, so very strong,
Young Willie's drowned in Yarrow.

She put her hand up to her head,
And ribbons tore with sorrow;
She loosed them all and let them fall,
And straightway ran to Yarrow.

She searched it up, she searched it down,
Till she was wet and weary;
And in the middle part of it,
She finally found her deary.

She kissed his lips so deathly pale,
And tears fell down in sorrow:
"Let both our mothers sorry be,
When they find us here in Yarrow."

No. 1426

A REAL TOUGH HOMBRE
also known as

The Boozer

The Desperado

The two songs given below as version A and version B

are, in reality, many songs, all made-up of various "bragging" statements common to 19th century frontiersmen. There are dozens of such combinations in circulation, but only a few come with music.

Version A is one of the few with a singable air, and it was put together by someone who knew what they were doing. For a similar text without a tune, see Lomax (CS-1919), 304 or (CS-1938), 137-138.

Version B is from Kansas Cowboy, Dodge City, July 12, 1884. The text was reprinted as A Texas Idol in Fife, 102-107 B.

Early variations on the theme appear in Thorp (SC), 9, and in From College to Cowboy by Melville D. Landon, 295-296 which is part of Eli Perkins' Thirty Years of Wit, and Reminiscences of Witty, Wise and Eloquent Men, Cassell Publishing Company, New York, 1891.

Later versions may be seen in Best, 123; Botkin (AFL), 65-66; and Mody Boatright's Folk Laughter on the American Frontier, 38-39.

A Real Tough Hombre (Version A)

I'm a howler from the prairies of the West,
And I'm faster than chain-lightning when I'm pressed;
I'm a hater and a killer—everyone's afraid of me:
I'm a terror from the mountains to the sea!

He's a killer and a hater,
He's the great annihilater,
He's a terror from the mountains to the sea!

I'm a double-jawed hyena way out West,
A high-flyin' eagle, wilder than the rest;
I'm a devastatin' blizzard, and among my other traits
I can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits!

He's a double-jawed hyena,

And there's no one living meaner—
He can snatch a man bald-headed while
he waits.

I'm an old rip-snorter and I'm trouble-bent!
I'm a celebrated one, two-fisted gent!
I've been known to slap a grizzly, and to kick a
mountain cat—
I'm a real tough hombre, you can bet on that!

He's a genuine rip-snorter,
He's a rough and tough cavorter—
He's a real tough hombre, take his word
for that!

VERSION B

I'm a buzzard from the Brazos on a tare,
Hear me toot!
I'm a lifter of the flowing locks of hair,
Hear me toot!
I'm a racker from the Rockies,
And throughout the town the talk is
"He's a pirate from the Pampas, on a shoot!"

Sometimes I strike an unprotected town,
Paint it red!
Choke the sheriff, turn the marshal upside down,
On his head!
Call for drinks for all the party,
And if chinned by any party, pay in lead!
I'm a coyote of the sunset, Pirate dude,
Hear me zip!
In the company of gentlemen I'm rude,
With my lip!
Down in front remove that chigger—
I am fly, I am fighter, I am flip!

No. 1427

THE RED LIGHT SALOON

Whoever wrote this bawdy old song created a classic, even though it belongs to that bulk of folk material classified as "dirty songs." Like one or two others of the type, this one has been frequently "cleaned up" for print. The song is far more popular than its few appearances in print would indicate. The tune is a variation of Sweet Betsy From Pike (see in this Master Book).

REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 136-139
Doerflinger, 249-250

Holbrook, 134
Silverman, II, 173

The Red Light Saloon

It was early one morning I strolled into town,
For sweet recreation, my friends, I was bound.
I spied a hotel in the mid-afternoon,
And a mighty big sign said: The Red Light Saloon.

I boldly walked in and strolled up to the bar.
A pretty young damsel said, "Have a cigar."
I took that cigar with all thanks for the boon,
But she said, "That's our way in the Red Light Saloon."

Well, she mussed up my hair and sat down on my knee,
Saying, "You are a lumberjack, that we can see;
You are a lumberjack, that we all know,
For your muscle is hard from your head to your toe."

She proceeded to feel if my muscle was right,
And I smoke that cigar without striking a light;
My head it was rising just like a balloon
From the treatment I got at the Red Light Saloon.

Early next morning I told her goodbye;
She waved from the floor with a tear in her eye.
And I did not discover till sometime in June
That I had a keepsake from the Red Light Saloon.
I cussed that young woman till the forest turned blue,
And with whiskey and women I swore I was through;
But I knew as I swore that I'd give a gold spoon
Just to be back once more in the Red Light Saloon.

No. 1428

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

also known as

The Bright Mohawk Valley

Laurel Valley

The Bright Sherman Valley

Sherman Valley

The Red River Valley is one of America's better known and most performed folk songs, but it did not begin with that title. This song made its debut in 1896 as The Bright Mohawk Valley, and with an almost identical text. As it traveled across the country, the inhabitants of various localities adapted the song as their own, changing the title to match the area. In the West, finally, cowboys gave the song a title that superseded all the others: The Red River Valley. The tune was borrowed for several well-known songs, including the following:

Hobo Song III in this Master Book;

Little Darling in Fife, 158 B;

The Lost River Desert in Fife, 159 C.

Tune was also used by Gene Autry and Jimmy Long for the country standard, That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine. The Red River Valley appears in hundreds of folios, song books, and folk collections.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 182	Leisy (LAS), 42
Allen (CL), 12	Leisy (SPS), 69
Arnett, 124	Lomax (CS-1938), 298-299
Best, 39	Lomax (USA), 220-221
Bulletin (TFS), III, 93	Luther, 197-198
Cambiaire, 82-83	Mackenzie (SH), 49-50
Carmer (SRA), 177-178	Memoirs (AFLS), XXIX, 74-75
Davis (FSV), 96	Moore (BFSS), 372-373
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Durlacher, 70	Randolph, IV, 204
Fife, 157-158	Sandburg (AS), 130-131
Hubbard, 124	Scott (BA), 81
Ives (SA), 218-220	Silverman, I, 31
Leisy, 276-278	Stout, 74-75

The Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going,
I shall miss your sweet face and bright smile;
You will carry away all the sunshine
That has brightened my life for awhile.

Come and sit by my side 'fore you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the one who has loved you so true.

I have waited a long time, my darling,
For the words that you never did say;
Now I know that I never will hear them,
For they tell me you're going away.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?
O how lonely and sad it will be!
Remember the fond heart you're breaking,
And the grief you are bringing to me.

I have promised you, darling, that never
Would words from my lips cause you pain;
My life will be yours forever,
If you only will love me again.

As you go to your home o'er the ocean,
May you never forget the sweet hours
You have spent in the Red River Valley,
And the love that might have been ours.

There never could be such a longing
In the heart of a poor cowboy's breast
As dwells in this heart you are breaking,
While I live all alone in the West.

When you think of the Red River Valley,
O remember I loved you so true,
And you'll know, O my darling, forever,
There is someone still thinking of you.

No. 1429

RED SEA

also known as

Oh, De Red Sea

The "Red Sea" theme appears to have been a favorite one in earlier times, and it sometimes shows up in a song merely as a repetitive expression. For examples, see Brown, III, 649, 666, and White & King, 350-354. For other versions of the song below, see Luther, 249 and Wheeler (SD), 70-71.

Red Sea

When Moses was leadin' the Israelites, Red Sea,
Pharaoh tried to catch them jus' for spite, Red Sea.

Ol' Pharaoh led his army down, Red Sea,
But when he got there they was drowned, Red Sea.

Chorus

Oh, Pharaoh he got drown-ded, drown-ded, drown-ded,
Oh, Pharaoh he got drown-ded in the Red Sea.

I never shall forget no more, Red Sea,
When Jesus preached among the poor, Red Sea.

I never shall forget the day, Red Sea,
That Jesus washed my sins away, Red Sea.

No. 1430

RED WING

This is one of those professional songs that was a
hit and then became a folk song. According to Fife, 142,
"Everyone in the West, in the '20's seemed to know
the tear-jerking bit of doggeral about Red Wing..."
In the South, where I was raised, one could say the same.

Red Wing

There once was an Indian maid,
A shy little prairie maid,
She sang away a love song gay,
As out on the prairie she whiled away the day.
She loved a warrior bold,
This shy little maid of old;
Brave and gay he rode one day
To a battle far away.

Chorus

Now the moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing,
The breezes sighning, the night birds crying,

So far beneath the stars her brave is sleeping,
While Red Wing's weeping her heart away.

She watched for him night and day,
And kept all the campfires bright;
Each night she would lie in under the sky
And dream of his coming bye and bye.
When all the braves returned,
The heart of Red Wing yearned;
Far, far away her warrior gay
Fell bravely in the fray.

No. 1431

THE REGULAR ARMY, OH!

This song, like Captain Jinks (elsewhere in this Master Book), did not originate in the army; it was one of the Harrigan and Hart songs, introduced by that comedy team shortly after the Civil War. It was published under a copyright in 1874.

REFERENCES

Botkin (WFL), 748-749	Lingenfelter, 279-281
Dean, 67	Loesser, 167-169
Dolph, 6-9	Lomax (FSNA), 340-341

The Regular Army, Oh!

Three years ago this very day I went to Governor's Isle
To stand ferninst the cannon in true military style;
Thirteen American dollars each month we surely get
To carry a gun and bayonet with a military step.

Chorus.

There's Sergeant John McCafferty and Corporal Donahue,
They make us march up to the crack in gallant Company Q.

The drums they roll, upon my soul, for that's the
way we go—
Forty miles a day on beans and hay, in the Regular
Army, Oh!

We had our choice of going to the army or to jail,
Or it's up the Hudson River with a copper take a sail;
So we puckered up our courage and with bravery we did go,
And we cursed the day we marched away with the Regular
Army, Oh!

There's corns upon me feet, me boy, and bunions on
me toes,
And lugging a gun in the red-hot sun puts freckles
on me nose.

And if you want a furlough to the captain you do go,
And he says, "Go to bed and wait till you're dead in
the Regular Army, Oh!"

We went to Arizona for to fight the Indians there;
We were nearly caught bald-headed but they didn't get
our hair;

We lay among the ditches in the dirty yellow mud,
And we never saw an onion, a turnip, or a spud.

We were captured by the Indians and brought ferninst
the chafe,
Says he, "We'll have an Irish stew," the dirty Indian
thafe.

On the telegraphic wire we skipped to Mexico,
And blessed the day we marched away from the Regular
Army, Oh!

No. 1432

REIGN, MASTER JESUS

also known as

Oh, Reign, Marse Jesus, Oh Reign Reign, Oh, Reign

This spiritual was originally a hymn-set "gospel" song. It was sung by white people at camp meetings and in churches and by black people in cabins and open-field places of worship.

The version below is one featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

For a parody, see Talley, 122.

REFERENCES

Dett, 49

Pike, 209, or 250

Jubilee (PS), 36-37

White, 101

Marsh (SJS), 253-254

Work (FSAN), 72

Reign, Master Jesus

I tell you now as I told you before,
Reign, Master Jesus, reign!
To the Promised Land I'm bound to go,
Reign, Master Jesus, reign!

Chorus

O reign, O reign, O reign, my Saviour!
Reign, Master Jesus, reign!
O reign! Salvation in my poor soul.
Reign, Master Jesus, reign!

I'll tell you how I sought the Lord, etc.
Pray'd a little by day, and all night long, etc.

I never shall forget that day, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away, etc.

I never felt such love before, etc.
I'll go in peace and sin no more, etc.

No. 1433

REILLY'S OWN

This is an Irish tune that is popular in America as a fiddle piece for square dancing. There are no known words and very little factual information to report. See under TUNES in Master Book.

No. 1434REMEMBER THE ALAMO! I

The words of this song were written by T. A. Durriage; he set the words to an ancient Socttish tune, Hey, Tuttie, Taitie, which was also used by Robert Burns for Bruce's Address. The tune was used again for yet another Scottish song, The Land O' The Leal. This song deals with the Americans living in Texas who occupied the Alamo in defiance of Mexican authority and law.

By the end of 1835 at least 20,000 Americans had settled in Texas, and most of them had become Mexican citizens. All of them were subject to the government of Mexico, which, under the dictatorship of General Santa Anna, had repudiated all liberal reforms where the Texans were concerned. Hostilities began on June 30, 1835, when Texans, led by William Travis, marched against and captured the Mexican fort at Anahuac. On Fed. 12, 1836, Santa Anna crossed the Rio Grande with an army of 4,000 men. Eleven days later the advance guard of that army came in sight of San Antonio, where Texans had taken over and then occupied the Alamo.

REFERENCES

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Luther, 93-94

Silber (SGAW), 47-48

Remember the Alamo!, I

When on the wind-spread battle plain,
The horseman's hand can scarce restrain
His pampered steed that spurns the rein,
Remember the Alamo!

When sounds the thrilling bugle blast,
And "charge" from rank to rank is past,
Then as your sabre strikes full fast,
Remember the Alamo!

Heed not the Spanish battle yell,
Let every stroke we give them tell;
And let them fall as Crockett fell,
Remember the Alamo!

For every wound and every thrust,
On prisoners dealt by hands accurst,
A Mexican shall bite the dust,
Remember the Alamo!

The cannons' peal shall ring their knell,
Each volly sound a passing bell,
Each cheer, Columbia's vengeance tell,
Remember the Alamo!

For if, disdaining flight, they stand,
And try the issue hand to hand,
Woe to each Mexican brigand!
Remember the Alamo!

Then boot and saddle! draw the sword!
Unfurl your banner bright and broad,
And as ye smite the murderous horde,
Remember the Alamo!

No. 1435

REMEMBER THE ALAMO II

This song is not related to the preceding one, except by subject matter and title.

Text and tune are from Dickson Hall's private Frontier Song collection.

Remember the Alamo II

Santy Ana and his army
Went to San Antonio,
Where a band of fighting Texans
Occupied the Alamo.
Yes, a band of fighting Texans
Occupied the Alamo.

Captain Travis and his Texans
Let ol' Santy Ana know,
They would fight and not surrender
An inch of the Alamo.
Yes, they'd fight and not surrender
An inch of the Alamo.

Santy Ana gave no quarter,
And the Fort was leveled low,
And one hundred eighty-four Texans
Met death at the Alamo.
Yes, one hundred eighty-four Texans
Met death at the Alamo.

Texas soon avenged its heroes,
And Sam Huston crushed the foe—
Hear the battle cry of freedom:
Remember the Alamo!
Yes, the battle cry of freedom:
Remember the Alamo!

No. 1436

RÉMON, RÉMON

A Creole song from Louisiana. For other versions, see Allen (SSUS), 110, or 167; Downes, 300, or 352; Krehbiel, 124; and Lomax (ABFS), 215.

Rémon, Rémon

Mo parlé Rémon, Rémon,
li parlé Simon, Simon,
li parlé Titine, Titine,
li tombé dans chagrin.

O femme Romulus, Ohé!
Belle femme Romulus, O!
O femme Romulus, O!
Belle femme, qui ça voulez mo fé.

ENGLISH VERSION

I spoke to Remon,
He spoke to Simon,
He spoke to Titine,
Who was stricken with grief.

O woman Romulus,
Beautiful woman Romulus,
You have done to me
What you wished.

No. 1437

THE RESTLESS GHOST

also known as

The Farmer's Daughter

The Holland Handkerchief

A Lady Near New York Town	The Richest Girl in Our Town
Lucy Bound	The Sad Courtin'
Lucy Fair	The Suffolk Miracle

The story told by this ballad is well-known in most European countries. Many stanzas were dropped and ignored in North America, but the story remain more or less the same.

American versions appear to be derivatives of 17th century broadsides, of which there were dozens in circulation. According to Cecil Sharp, in *Jour* (FSS), V, 7-11, the best known melody used for this ballad is a variation on the old carol, Christmas Now Is Drawing Near At Hand.

Several corrupt versions are known to exist, and many different songs with similar titles, such as The Farmer's Daughter, are also in circulation (see Brown, II, 438).

A few collectors have associated this ballad with The Broken Hearted Lover, an entirely different ballad with a somewhat similar theme.

See Broken Hearted Lover in this Master Book and compare Cold Falling Drops of Dew in Peacock, II, 412-413.

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| Bulletin (FSSN), V, 7-10 | Leach (BB), 645-649 |
| Bulletin (VFS), VII, 6 | Moore (BFSS), 117-119 |
| Campbell & Sharp, 130-133 | Morris, 315-316 |
| Child, V, 58-67 | Niles (BB), 300-301 |
| Coffin, 143-144 | Peacock, II, 407-408 |
| Cox (FSS), 152-153 | Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 162 |
| Creighton (TSNS), 88-90 | Quiller-Couch, 860-864 |
| Davis (TBV), 482-484, 594 | Randolph, I, 179-180 |
| Flanders, IV, 50-62 | Sharp, I, 261-266 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 145-147 | Wells, 217-219 |
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The Restless Ghost

There was a man lived in this town,
A man of very high renown;
He had a young daughter, a beauty fair and bright,
And in her ways he took delight.

Boys came to court her from far and near,
But none of them did she call dear,
Until the day she met a farmer's handsome son,—
She knew at once he'd be the one.

As soon as her father came to know,
He struck her heart a fatal blow;
He said, I will send you traveling far from home,
And he'll forget you when you're gone.

But the young man mourn'd, he wept, he sighed,
And with a broken heart he died.
When he'd been dead much longer than a year,
She'd think of him and shed a tear.

One night when she had dressed for sleep,
And night shadows had come to creep,
She heard a knock, and then a deadly sound:
"Come loose the bonds that we have bound!

"With your mother's cloak, your father's steed,
I've come for you with utmost speed."
She dressed herself in rich attire
And rode away with her heart's desire.

The journey home was started then,
And they rode faster than the wind;
And every mile the journey takes,
He said, O love, my head it aches.

A Holland handkerchief she then found
And tied his head with it around;
She kissed his lips and then did say:
My love, you're colder than the clay.

When they came to her father's gate,
He said, Come down, and do not wait.
Come down, my darling, and go to bed;
I'll stable the horse and see him fed.

Now when she came to her father's hall,
Who's there? Who's there? her father called.
It is I, dear father. Did you send for me
By such a messenger? -Naming he.

Knowing this young man to be dead,
It madé the hair rise on his head;
He wrung his hands and walked the floor,
And his daughter cried as never before.

The next day to his grave they went,
And dug his coffin with fair intent;
Though longer than a year he had been dead,
A handkerchief was around his head.

The father moaned and was heard to say:
In love let your children have their way;
In love let children have their way,
Or else their love might them decay.

No. 1438

RETOUR DU MARIN

also known as

Quand le Marin Revient de
Guerre

The Return of the Sailor
The Sailor's Return

This excellent and beautifully plaintive French folk
son, which was known and sung in ancient France, has

sailed the oceans as a favorite shanty for a great number of years. Its theme was borrowed by Tennyson for Enoch Arden and, if Colcord is correct, led to another famous folk song, Snapoo (see in Master Book). The sailor version given below is merely an adaptation of the French land song, Retour du Soldat, which follows it. For that reason only one stanza is given.

For other versions, see Colcord, 112 and Shekerjian, 73-75.

Retour du Marin

Madame, je reviens de guerre,
 tout doux,
 Madame, je reviens de guerre,
 tout doux,
 Qu'on m'apporte ici du vin blanc,
 Que le marin boive en passant,
 tout doux.

No. 1439

RETOUR DU SOLDAT

also known as

Le Retour du Mari Soldat	Song of the Warrior's
Le Retour du Voyageur	Return
The Soldier's Return	The Traveller's Return

This is the original of the preceding song and has come down to us in dozens of derivative versions. According to Tiersot, since the song's "birth place somewhere in northern France, it wandered through many provinces down to our time...." It has also been recovered in Switzerland, Italy, Canada and French area settlements in the United States.

See Bulletin 75, Anthropological Series No. 16,
National Museum of Canada, and Tiersot (SP), 74-75.

Retour du Soldat

Quand le soldat arrive en ville,
Quand le soldat arrive en ville,
Bien mal chausse, bien mal vetû:
-Pauvre soldat, d'où reviens-tu?

S'en fut loger à une auberge: (2)
-Hôtesse, avez-vous du vin blanc?
-Voyageur, a'vous de l'argent?

-Pour de l'argent, je n'en ai guère; (2)
J'engagerai mon vieux chapeau,
Ma ceinture, aussi mon manteau.

Quand le voyageur fut à table, (2)
Il se mit à boire, à chanter,
L'hôtess' ne fit plus que pleurer.

-Oh! qu'avez-vous, petite hôtesse? (2)
Regrettez-vous, votre vin blanc
Qu'un voyageur boit sans argent?

-N'est pas mon vin que je regrette; (2)
C'est la chanson que vous chantez:
Mon défunt mari la savait.

-J'ai un mari dans les voyages; (2)
Voilà sept ans qu'il est parti.
Je crois bien que vous êtes lui.

-Ah! taisez-vous, méchante femme. (2)
Je vous ai laissé deux engants,
En voila quatre ici présents!

-J'ai tant reçu de fausses lettres, (2)
Que vous étiez mort, enterré.
Et moi, je me suis r'marié.

-Dedans Paris, y a grand guerre, (2)
Grand guerre rempli' de tourments.
Adieu, ma femme et mes enfants!

ENGLISH VERSION

Home from the war the soldier has come, (2)
With clothes all torn and shoes outworn.
"Tell me, soldier, where are you from?"

Into the Inn he made his way: (2)
"O hostess, a tankard of your wine!"
"Soldier, have you a silver coin?"

"I cannot pay with silver coin, (2)
But hold this coat and hat of mine,
To pay you for your tasty wine."

Then at the table he sat him down, (2)
He drank his wine and sang a song,
And the hostess wept loud and long.

"What worries you? Why do you weep? (2)
Is it this wine that you regret,
Or is it that I'm in your debt?"

"It's not the glass of wine that you drank, (2)
It's the song you sang," she said.
"My husband sang it, who now is dead."

"My husband went to fight in the war, (2)
And he's been absent for many a year;
To him a likeness you do bear."

"Oh, dry your tears, you wicked woman: (2)
When I went away, my children were two,
But now I see four here with you."

"Oh, many false reports I received, (2)
And each one said you had been slain.
I cried, then I did wed again."

"They're back at war down there in Paris, (2)
A war that naught but blood can quell:
My wife and children, fare you well!"

No. 1440

REUBEN AND RACHEL

also known as

Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking

The words and music of this 19th century "source" song were written and composed by Harry Birch and William Gooch. The melody has been borrowed, altered, and used in a variety of ways by dozens of later songwriters. For example, see Song of the Rookie I in this Master Book.

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Levy, 109

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Oberndorfer, 84-85

Reuben and Rachel

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking,
What a strange world this would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern sea.

O! my goodness, gracious, Rachel,
 What a queer world this would be
 If the men were all transported
 Far beyond the Northern sea.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking,
 What a fine life girls would lead,
 If they had no men about them,
 None to tease them, none to heed.

Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking:
 Men would have a merry time
 If at once they were transported
 Far beyond the salty brine.

Reuben, Reuben, stop your teasing,
 If you've any love for me;
 You know I was only fooling,
 Which I thought of course you'd see.

Rachel, if you won't transport us,
 I will take you for my wife;
 We will live on milk and honey
 Wv'ry pay-day of my life!

No. 1441

REUBEN RENZO

also known as

Poor Old Reuben Ranza	Renzo
Ranzo	Reuben Ranzo
Ranzo, Boys, Ranzo	Roving Reuben Ranzo

An old halyard shanty with a long and seemingly never-ending popularity. Reuben Ranzo, or Renzo, may have been a real person. According to some people his name

was probably Daniel Rantzau, a Danish national hero of the 16th century. Others dispute this claim. Smith (BOS), 46, says of the Rantzau claim, "To begin with, the worthy in question was not called Reuben; further, he was not a tailor: nor does there appear to be any historical evidence in support of the statement that he ever received lashes five-and-thirty to teach him the value of cleanliness." It has also been claimed that he was an Italian, a Jew, and a Russian. Maybe he was invented by some writer. Maybe he grew out of "Rube", the American term for "greenhorn." Or maybe, as Doerflinger speculated, "The name 'Ranzo' was probably suggested by 'Portugees' who shipped in American whalers..." Maybe. And it could be that Renzo is nothing more than a derivative of Lorenzo. For discussion of the matter, see J. Gray Jewell's Among Our Sailors, New York, 1874, p. 188, and Captain Charles Henry Robbins' The Gam, New Bedford, 1899, 140. Also see and compare: Baltzer, I, 88; Robinson, 40; and Terry, II, 44.

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| Bullen & Arnold, 25 | Linscott, 144-146 |
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| Davis (SSC), 38-39 | Masefield (SG), 312, 355 |
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| Finger (SCCS), 11 | Sampson, 38 |
| Gilbert (100), 102-103 | Sharp (EFC-2), 37 |
| Grainger, No. 163 | Shay (ASSC), 50-53 |
| Harlow, 89-91 | Shay (IMWS), 100 |
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Whall (SS), 449

Terry, I xv, 46-47

Whall (SSS), 60

Trident, 104-105

Williams (SC), 78

Reuben Renzo

Roving Reuben Renzo,

Renzo, boys, Renzo!

Roving Reuben Renzo,

Renzo, boys, Renzo!

Renzo was no sailor, etc.Renzo was a tailor, etc.His skipper was a dandy, etc.And was too fond of brandy, etc.He called Renzo a lubber, etc.And made him eat whale blubber, etc.They set him holy-stoning, etc.But couldn't stand his groaning, etc.They gave him 'lashes twenty,' etc.Nineteen more than plenty, etc.Reuben Renzo fainted, etc.His back with oil was painted, etc.They gave him cake and whiskey, etc.Which made him kinda frisky, etc.They made him the best sailor, etc.Sailing on that whaler, etc.Renzo was a tailor, etc.Now he is a sailor, etc.And now he's Captain Renzo, etc.Hurrah for Captain Renzo!, etc.

No. 1442

REVOLUTIONARY TEA

also known as

The Old Lady Over the Sea The Rich Lady Over the Sea

This song obviously grew out of the colonial Stamp Act and the subsequent Boston Tea Party, but whether it was written then or at a later date I do not know.

According to Lloyd, "It was sung throughout the Colonies with great pride and gusto."

A version is in Emerson's The Golden Wreath, a singing-school manual published in 1857, which means that the song had to have been written prior to that date.

The "old lady" in the text is England and her "servants" refers to the nearly bankrupt East India Company.

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Whitman, 2

Revolutionary Tea

There was an old lady lived over the sea,
And she was an Island queen;
Her daughter lived off in a new country,
With an ocean of water between.

The old lady's pocket's were filled with gold,
Yet never contented was she;
So she ordered her daughter to pay her a tax
Of thruppence a pound on the tea.

"O mother, dear mother," the daughter replied,
"I'll not do the thing that you ask;

I'm willing to pay a fair price on the tea,
But never the thrupenny tax."

"You shall!" cried the mother, and reddened
with rage, .

"For you're my daughter, you see;
And it's only proper that daughter should pay
Her mother a tax on the tea."

She ordered her servant to be called up,
To wrap up a package of tea;
And eager for threepence a pound, she put in
Enough for a large family.

She ordered her servant to bring home the tax,
Declaring her child must obey,
Or, old as she was, and woman most grown,
She'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to her daughter's own door,
All down by the oceanside;
But the bouncing girl poured out every pound
On the dark and boiling tide.

And then she called out to the Island queen,
"O mother, dear mother," called she,
"Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough,
But never a tax from me."

No. 1443

REYNARD THE FOX

also known as

Bold Ranger (s)	The Foxes
Bold Reynard	The Fox Hunt
Come All Ye Jolly Sportsmen	The Ranger
Come All You Jolly Hunteres	The Three Huntsmen
The Fox Chase	Tom Redman

American versions of this old English-Irish hunting song are, generally, changed around somewhat. For example, the name "Reynard" is changed to "Ranger."

One of the oldest printed texts, if not the oldest, is in an early ballad book in the British Museum: The Woods' Chorister. That version was reprinted with two additional stanzas by Baring-Gould.

An American version may be seen in Eleanor Risley's The Road to Wild Cat, 1930, p. 250.

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Reynard the Fox

Now once there was a farmer,
Who went out to hunt the fox;
He swore he saw old Reynard
Far across yonder rocks.

Chorus

Run a-roodle hoo, and thro' the woods
We'll run, my boys,
And thro' the woods we'll run!

Now first he saw a maiden,
She was combin' out her locks;
She said she saw old Reynard
Among the hills and rocks.

Now next he saw a teamster
Who was comin' with his team;
He said he saw old Reynard
Wading in yonder stream.

And then he saw a black man,
Who was black as he could be;
He said he saw old Reynard
Climb up a tall pine tree.

And then he saw a shepherd
Attending to his small flock;
He said he saw old Reynard
Crawl in behind a rock.

And then he saw a hunter,
Who was comin' with his gun;
He said he saw old Reynard
And shot him as he run.

No. 1444

RICH GAL, POOR GAL
also known as

De Black Gal
The Rich Girl Wears the
Ten Dollar Shoes
Rich Man Rides On a Pull-
man Car

She Gets There Just the
Same
White Gal, Yaller Gal,
Black Gal

This song was really popular on the "country music"
circuit during the 1930s and 1940s. Occasionally it

is partially incorporated into other songs. One is more apt to find versions in commercial music folios than in recognized folk collections, but this detracts in no way from its traditional status.

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Best, 42	Lomax (ABFS), 246-247
Brown, III, 544; V, 315	White, 316-321

Rich Gal, Poor Gal

Rich gal she wears the best perfume,
Poor gal she'd like to do the same;
My gal she don't wear a single thing,
But I love her just the same.

Chorus

I'm a-goin' cross the sea, Molly darling,
I'm a-goin' cross the ocean, Molly Lee,
And if I never see you again,
Sweetheart, remember me.

Rich gal she lives in a big white house,
Poor gal she lives in a frame;
My gal she lives in the county jail,
But it's a brick house just the same.

Rich gal she rides in a great big car,
Poor gal she'd like to do the same;
My gal ain't got nothin' but her feet,
But she gets there just the same.

No. 1445

RICKETT'S HORNPIPE

Instrumental tune that is used as a square dance piece by old-time fiddlers and string bands.

For other vers, see: Ford (OTFM), 33 & (TMA), 50;

Thede, 118; and Thomas (DD), 156.

No words available. See melody under TUNES in MB.

No. 1446RIDDLE SONG I

also known as

As the Dew Flies Over the	A Noble Riddle Wisely
Mulberry Tree	Expounded
The Devil and His Questions	Riddles Wisely Expounded
The Devil and the Nine	A Riddle Wittily Expounded
Questions	The Riddling Night
The Devil's Nine Questions	Sing All Around the County
The Devil's Questions	There Was a Lady, <u>or</u> Man
Jennifer, Gentle, and Rose-	Lived in the West
marie	The Three Sisters
Lay the Bank With the Bonny	The Unco Knight's Vowing
Broom	Weaver's Bonnie
The Maid's Answer to the	
Knight's Three Questions	

This British ballad dates back to the 15th century. The earliest known text describes a battle of wits between a young woman and the Devil. In later versions the Devil became secularized: he becomes a knight or a rich amorous gentleman. In the United States the supernatural elements disappeared entirely.

The earliest known recorded version (estimated to be "in a hand of about 1450") is in the Rawlinson MS. D., 328, or 566, fol. 193, Bodleian Library, England. The text has been reprinted in America by Child, Leach, and others.

Translations of this ballad appear in the folk literature of many nations, including Russia.

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| Barry (BBM), 429-430 | Gilbert (SACC), 65 |
| Botkin (SFL), 717-718 | Ives (SB), 40-41 |
| Brown, IV, 331-333 | Jamieson, II, 155-158 |
| Broadwood (ECS), 6-7 | Jones, 300 |
| Bulletin (FSSN), X, 8-10; | Jour (AFL), XII, 129 |
| XII, 8-9 | Langstaff (1), 85-87 |
| Bulletin (VFS), X, 5 | Leach (BB), 47-51 |
| Chase (AFTS), 110-111 | Lomax (FSNA), 180 |
| Child, I, 1-6 | Mason, 31 |
| Coffin, 29-30 | Moore (BFSS), 5-6 |
| Davis (MTBV), 3-7 | Niles (BB), 1-19 |
| Davis (TBV), 59-60, 549 | Pepys, III, 19, No. 17 |
| Dean-Smith, 84 | Quiller-Couch, 46-47 |
| D'Urfey (1719), IV, 129 | Robert (IP), 1-3 |
| Euing, No. 253 | Sanders, 94-97 |
| Flanders, I, 45-50 | Silverman, I, 191 |
| Friedman, 3-7 | |

Riddle Song I

Unless you answer me true and well,
Sing all around the county,
You'll go with me for to live in hell,
And you shall be my bounty.

O what is higher than the trees? etc.
And what is deeper than the seas?
Or be my earthly bounty!

O what is whiter than pure milk?, etc
 And what is softer than pure silk?
 Or be my earthly bounty!

O what is longer than the way?, etc.
 And what is colder than the clay?
 Or be my earthly bounty.

O what is greener than the grass?, etc
 What is worse than a jealous lass?
 Or be my earthly bounty.

REPLY

O heaven's higher than the trees!
 Sing all around the county!
 And hell is deeper than the seas!
 And I won't be your bounty!

Pure snow is whiter than pure milk! etc.
 Pure love is softer than pure silk! etc.

The wind is longer than the way! etc.
 And death is colder than the clay! etc.

O poison's greener than the grass! etc.
 The Devil is worse than any lass! etc.

No. 1447

RIDDLE SONG II

also known as

Bold Robbington	The Laird of Roslin's
Captain Walker's Courtship	Daughter
Captain Washburn's Court-	Lie Next to Wall
ship	Mr. Woodburn's Courtship
Captain Wedderburn's Court-	An Old Man's Courtship
ship	Perry Merry Dictum Domini
A Gentle Lady	The Six Questions
	A Strange Proposal

In this form of the riddle ballad we have a song that is related to the story of the suitor who must answer riddles to obtain the favors of the woman he loves. The situation was a popular one during the Middle Ages. Even then the riddles used were quite old. The situation and the riddles came together sometime around the middle of the 16th century. From their fusion came many versions of the same riddle-situation story in ballad form.

This song is one of many, but it is distinctly different from the others. Actually, the tune to which it is sung tends to vary more often than the text. Bronson gives 26 tunes in his book, a situation that should convince everyone of the variability principle in the folk music process.

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| Bronson, I, 362-375 | Herd, I, 161 |
| Brown, II, 48-49; IV, 25-26 | Hudson (SC), 5 |
| Cazden, II, 20-21 | Jamieson, II, 154-165 |
| Child, I, 414-425; V, 414 | Jour (AFL), XXIII, 377; XXIV, 335, 355-356; XXIX, 157; XXX, 243 |
| Coffin, 59-60 | Jour (EFDSS), VII, 243 |
| Creighton (MFS), 6 | Karpeles, 39-41 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 6-8 | Korson (PSL), 35-36 |
| Creighton (TSNS), 21-25 | Leach, No. 3 |
| Dean-Smith, 100 | Leach (BB), 158-162 |
| Eddy, 25 | Linscott, 27 |
| Flanders, I, 299-315 | Mackenzie, 14-15, 391 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 43-46 | Mackenzie (QB), 108-110 |
| Friedman, 137-140 | Moore (BFSS), 35-38 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 139-142 | Muir, 37-39, 41-42 |
| | Scarborough (SC), 230-231 |

Sedley, 37-38

Silverman, I, 98

Sidgwick, II, 162-169

Whitelaw, 70-72

Whiting (TBB), 1-4

Riddle Song II

The Lord of Rosslyn's daughter
Went walking down the shady lane,
And there she met with Captain Wedderburn,
A servant of the king.
He said unto his liv'ryman
"Were it not again the law
I'd have that maid in bed with me,
To lie her next to wall."

"I walk along this lane," she says,
"Among my father's trees,
And you should let me walk my lane
And mind your business, please.
The supper bell will soon be rung,
And I must heed its call;
So I'll not lie in your bed,
At neither stock nor wall."

He said to her, "My pretty one,
I pray lend me your hand,
And you'll have wealth and happiness
Always at your command.
And you shall have a dozen maids
To heed your beck and call,
And we shall share but one bed,
And you'll lie next to wall."

Then he leapt off his milk-white steed
And sat the maiden on,
And all the way he walked on foot,
Although the way was long.

He held her by the middle jimp,
For fear that she should fall,—
"I'll take you to my bed," said he,
"And you'll lie next to wall."

"O stay away from me, kind sire;
I pray you let me be.
I'll never lie upon your bed,
Till I get dishes three.
The dishes must be set for me,
And I must eat them all
Before I lie in your bed
At either stock or wall.

"Now I must have for my supper
A chicken with no bone;
And I must have a cherry, too,
And one without a stone.
And for my supper I must have
A bird without a gall,
And then I'll lie in your bed
At either stock or wall."

"Now when the chicken's in the shell,
I'm sure it has no bone;
And when the cherry is in bloom,
I'm sure it has no stone.
The dove she is a gentle bird,
And she does flee without gall,—
So we shall share but one bed,
And you'll lie next to wall."

O little did this maiden think,
That morning she would gaze
Upon the last and final hour
Of all her maiden days.

There's none more happy in the land,
 As is well known by all,—
 For now she's Missus Wedderburn,
 And she lies next to wall!

No. 1448

RIDDLE SONG III

also known as

The Brothers	I Had Four Brothers Over the
The Four Brothers	Sea
Gifts From Over the	Perrie Merrie Dixi Domini
Sea	Perry Merry Dictum Domini

This version of the riddle story is derived from the preceding ballad, Riddle Song II. I don't know how old this song is, but the "perrie merrie dixi domini" line is thought to be a remnant of Latin that mixed into English stanzas as a result of the Roman invasion and conquest of Britain.

The earliest printed version in the United States that I have seen is the one in The Franklin Square Song Collection, p. 66, published in 1881.

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Coffin, 54	Niles (MSHF), 12-13
Eddy, 25	Oberndorfer, 85
Gardner (BSSM), 453-454	Pound (SFSN), XXVII, No. 12
Halliwell (PRNT), 150	Randolph, I, 432-433
Jour (AFL), XXIX, 157	Reeves, 169
Linscott, 267-269	Roberts (IP), 28-29
McCaskey, I, 66	Scarborough (SC), 230
	Sharp, II, 190-191

Riddle Song III

I had four brothers over the sea;
Perri, merrie, dixi, Domini,
They each sent a present unto me,
Petrum, partrum, paradisi, tempore,
Perri, merrie, dixi, Domini.

The first sent a chicken without any bone, etc.
The second sent a cherry without any stone, etc.

The third sent a blanket without any thread, etc.
The fourth sent a book that couldn't be read, etc.

When the chicken's in the eggshell, there is
no bone, etc.

When the cherry's in the blossom, there is
no stone, etc.

When the wool's on the sheep, there is no thread, etc.
When the book's in the press, it can't be read, etc.

No. 1449

RIDDLE SONG IV

also known as

Captain Walker's Courtship	I'll Give My Love an Apple
I Gave My Love a Cherry	I Will Give My Love a Cher-
I'll Give My Love a Cherry	ry, <u>or</u> an Apple

This is by far the more popular of the riddle songs, at least in the United States. It had been a staple item in the repertoires of so-called "country" singers since the early days of radio. Its relationship to the preceding three riddle songs is obvious and undeniable.

Two well-known popular songwriters, Jerry Livingston and

Paul Francis Webster, borrowed the tune in 1956 for the commercially successful, The Twelfth of Never.

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| Arnett, 41 | Leisy, 279-281 |
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| Barry (BBM), 99 | Leisy (SPS), 61 |
| Best, 44 | Lomax (FSNA), 27 |
| Brown, II, 48-49; IV,
26-27 | McCaskey, I, 66 |
| Cazden (MD), 20 | Okun, 45-46 |
| Chase (AFTS), 156-157 | Reeves (EC), 161 |
| Creighton (SBNS), 21 | Roberts (IP), 27-28 |
| Creighton (TSNS), 163 | Scott (BA), 9-10 |
| Emrich (CBF), 2 | Scott (SA), 55 |
| Friedman, 140 | Seeger (6), 72 |
| Gainer, 29 | Sharp, II, 190-191 |
| Halliwell (NRNT), 79 | Sharp (AEFS), 44-47 |
| Henry (FSSH), 140-142 | Shay (PF-2), 126-127 |
| Ives (SB), 38-39 | Shay (PF-3), 194 |
| Jour (AFL), XXIX, 157-158 | Silverman, I, 141 |
| Jour (FSS), III, 114 | Warner, 105 |
| | Wells, 175 |

Riddle Song IV

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone,
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone,
I gave my love a ring that had no end,
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

How can there be a cherry without a stone?
How can there be a chicken without a bone?
How can there be a ring without an end?
How can there be a baby with no cryin'?

A cherry when it's blooming will have no stone,
A chicken when it's hatching will have no bone,
A ring when it's rolling will have no end,
A baby when it's sleeping does no cryin'!

No. 1450

RIGBY JOHNSON CHANDLER

also known as

Old Man Hitched Up His
Hogs to Plow

An Old Man Went Out to
Plough

This is an American re-arrangement of two or three old Irish-English songs, put together with a dash of originality. Lines in this song have been lifted from The Devil and the Farmer's Wife (see in MB).

For a version almost identical to the one given here, see Fife, 26-27.

Rigby Johnson Chandler

Old Farmer Brown went out to plow,
Rigby Johnson Chandler;
Old Farmer Brown went out to plow,
And he hitched up a hog with a brindle cow,
Rigby Johnson Chandler—wait a minute now!

Chorus

There's dew upon the flowers
And there's frost upon the ground;
There's thunder in the mountains,
And it's raining all around.

I had a hen that learned to fly, etc.
And she laid her eggs up in the sky, etc.

I took my woman down to town, etc.
And she left me alone for a circus clown, etc.

Two old maids sittin' in the sand, etc.
Each of 'em wished the other was a man, etc.

Old man died on the railroad track, etc.
And they carried him home in a gunny sack, etc.

I wish I had a dollar bill, etc.
But the way things are goin', I never will, etc.

No. 1451

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

This song appeared in the Philadelphia Minerva, Oct. 17, 1795, where it was ascribed to "A Lady"—which is all the information we have concerning its author. The tune is, of course, God Save the King, or, as it is known in America, God Save America.

For a more recent and lighter song on the same subject, see I'll Be No Submissive Wife in this Master Book. Another text is in Lawrence, 130.

The Rights of Woman

Tune: God Save America, or the King.

God save each female's right,
Show to her ravish'd sight
Woman is free.
Let Freedom's voice prevail,
And draw aside the vail,
Supreme Effulgence hail,
Sweet Liberty.

Man boasts the noble cause,
Nor yields supine to laws
Tyrants ordain.

Let woman have a share,
Nor yield to slavish fear,
Her equal rights declare,
And well maintain.

O let the sacred fire
Of Freedom's voice inspire
A Female too—

Man makes the cause his own,
And Fame his acts renown,
Woman thy fears disown,
Assert thy due.

Think of the cruel chain,
Endure no more the pain
Of slavery.

Why should a tyrant bind
A cultivated mind
By reason well refin'd
Ordained Free.

Why should a woman lie
In base obscurity,
Her talents hid?
Has providence assign'd
Her soul to be confin'd?
Is not her gentle mind
By virtue led?

Let snarling cynics frown.
Their maxims I disown,
Their ways detest,—
By man, your tyrant Lord,
Females no more be aw'd.
Let Freedom's sacred word
Inspire your breast.

No. 1452

RING AROUND THE ROSIE

also known as

All Fall Down

Ring Around o' Rosies

Ring a Ring o' Roses

Ring Around the Roses

Ring Around A-Rosy

Squat Down, Josey

This is a game song known by children everywhere in the English-speaking world. "Rosie" is an abbreviation or corruption of "Rose-Tree," which is from the French Rosier. The game which gave birth to the song originated in Europe.

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Linscott, 49-50

Brown, I, 150-151; V,
536

Newell, 127-128

Northall, 360

Burne, 511, 571

Opie, 364-365

Forbush, 88

Quarterly (SFL), VI,
205

Ford (TMA), 254-255

Warner, 19

Gardner (FSH), 232

Whitney & Bullock, 144

Gomme, II, 108-111

Wier (YAM), I, 134

Hornby, 87

Jour (AFL), XXVI, 139;

XXXI, 57; XXXIII,

119; XXXIV, 38; XL,

25; LIX, 461; LX, 32

Ring Around the Rosie

Ring around the rosie,
A pocket full of posies,
One, two, three, four,
All fall down!

OR:

Ring around a rosy, a pot full of posies;
Three times around, then squat!

No. 1453

RINORDINE

also known as

The Mountains High	Renaldine
The Mountains of Pomeroy	Reynard Dine, <u>or</u> Reynardine
Randall Rhine	Reynard on the Mountain High
Randordine, <u>or</u> Ranordine	Rinor, <u>or</u> Rynerdine

This is an Irish song; an old Irish song. Several theories regarding its origin have been offered by various folklorists, but thus far the mystery remains. "Reynardine" is the name of a fairy in Ireland that changes into the form of a fox, and it has been suggested that Rinordine derived therefrom (see Eddy, 193). According to Belden, "In its main outline...this piece seems to belong with the ballads of wayside seduction that have come down from the the old French pastourelle tradition..." Nevertheless, Belden recognized that certain expressions in the song indicated a supernatural lover.

J. S. Crone, in Notes and Queries, Series 10, IX, 12, thought the story represented a love affair between a Whig (an English planter's daughter) and a Tory (an Irish outlaw) in the early 17th century.

The theme, as well as lines, of this ballad are found in other songs, namely: Burnwell in Christie, II, 77 and Williams (FSUT), 158-159, and The Shannon Side in Ord, 200-202.

Since the song was brought to America by Irish immigrants it has gone through many reshapings. One such reshaping may be seen in The Mountains of Pomeroy in Graves' The Irish Song Book, New York, 1895, 104-105.

Another is Ranordine, a broadside issued at Boston by Nathaniel Coverly, Jr., about 1813. For a copy of this broadside, see Ford (BB), No. 3318, or The Isaiah Thomas Collection, I, 218.

We know that the ballad was known in Kentucky prior to 1832, because Washington Irving mentions it in his MS notes (see Leisy and Williams in Southwest Review, XIX, 449-454).

Broadsides of the ballad were also issued by Catnach, Pitts, Such, and others.

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| Belden (BS), 286-288 | Jour (FSS), I, 271-272 |
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| Combs (FSMEU), 165-166 | Laws, P 15 |
| Combs (FSUS), 143-144 | Mackenzie, 102-103 |
| Creighton (MFS), 112-113 | Petrie, 642-644 |
| Eddy, 192-193 | Quarterly (SFL), V, 171-172 |
| Flanders (NGMS), 64-66 | Randolph, I, 379-380 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 96-97 | Sedley, 88-89 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 333 | Songster (8) & (9), 191-193 |
| Howe (100), 266 | Songster (61) & (126), 199-200 |
| Hughes, I, 4-6 | Thomas (DD), 108-109 |

Rinordine

One evening in my rambles,
Two miles below Pomroy,
I met a farmer's daughter
Who filled my heart with joy.

I said, My comely fair maid,
Your beauty shines so clear;
And on this lonesome mountain side,
I'm glad to meet you here.

She said, Young man, be civil.
My company forsake,
For it's my best opinion
You are nothing but a rake.

If my dear parents knew it,
My life they would destroy
For keeping of your company
Or any other boy.

I am no rake but Caesar,
Brought up in Venus town;
I'm seeking of concealment
And do not dare go down.

Your beauty is clear to me,
I cannot pass you by;
So with my gun I'll guard you
All on this mountain high.

This charming little fair maid,
She stood there quite amazed,
With eyes as bright as diamonds
As on me she did gaze.

Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips
Revealed no sign of dye,
Soon she fell into my arms
All on the mountain high.

I kissed her once, I kissed her twice,
And then kissed her again;
She smiled and said, Come tell me,
For I should know your name.

Go down to yonder forest,
My castle there you'll find;
I will be in the castle,—
Just ask for Rinordine.

Come, all you pretty fair maids,
A warning take by me:
Don't ever go night walking,
And shun bad company.

For if you don't, you'll rue it
 Until the day you die;
 Beware of meeting Rinordine
 All on the mountain high!

No. 1454

THE ROBBER

also known as

Captain Kelly	On Gilgary Mountain
Captain Neville	Patrick Fleming
Gilgary Mountain	Peter Fleming
The Irish Robber	The Sporting Hero
Kilgary Mountain	There's whiskey in the Jar
Lovel, the Robber	Whiskey in the Bar
McCollister	Whiskey in the Jar

This is an Americanized version of an old Irish street ballad. We know that the song dates back to at least Feb. 19, 1821, because on that date Sir Walter Scott told his son, in a letter, "I wish you would pick me up the Irish lilt of a tune to 'Patrick Fleming,' which is one of the known titles of this ballad.

Scott included in his letter two stanzas for his son, both of which clearly identify the piece. (see Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, by J. G. Lockhart). Versions vary greatly, and the version below is only one form of the song.

It may be of interest to know, however, that there is no mountain in Ireland by the name of either Gilgary or Kilgary.

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Creighton (SBNS), 192-193	Flanders (NGMS), 245-247

Flanders (VFSB), 139-140	Leisy, 355-356
Henry, No. 792	Lomax (FSNA), 16-17
Holloway, No. 90	MacColl & Seeger, 280-282
Jour (AFL), XXV, 152	O'Lochlainn, 24-25
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 686	Ord, 368-369
Laws, 13 A & B	Sharpe (BB), 163-164
Leach, 288-289	Shekerjian, 25-26
	Silverman, I, 64

The Robber

As I was a-riding 'round Kilgarry Mountain,
I met Colonel Pepper and his money he was countin';
I pulled out my pistol and made him a believer,
Saying, "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver!"

Chorus

Mush-a rig um du rum dar, whack fol the daddy-o,
Whack fol the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

The shinin' golden coins did look so bright and jolly,
I took 'em home with me and I gave 'em to my Molly;
She promised and she vowed that she never would deceive
me,

But the devil's in the women and they never can be easy.

Twass early in the morning at the barracks of Killarney,
My brother took his leave but forgot to tell the army.
Together we'll go roaming o'er the mountains and be
jolly,

And I know he'd treat me better than my darlin' Sportin'
Molly.

Now when I was awakened between six or seven,
The guards were all around me in numbers odd and even;
I rushed to my pistols, but alas! I was mistaken,
For Molly hid my pistols and a prisoner I was taken!

They locked me in jail without judge or writin'
For robbing Colonel Pepper on Kilgary Mountain.
But they didn't take my fists so I knocked the sentry
down

And bid a fond farewell to the jail in Slaigo town!

Now some take delight in fishin' and bowlin',
And other's take delight in their carriages a-rollin',
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courtin' pretty girls in the morning's early.

No. 1455

ROBERTA

also known as

Alberta, or Alberto,
Let Your Hair Hang Low

Corena, or Corinna
Corrine, Corrina
Little Maggie

An old Negro song from the Deep South that exists in many versions. It has been a commercial Tin Pan Alley success at least twice during the past fifty years. It was rewritten as Corrine, Corrina in 1932, by J. M. Williams and Bo Chatman, with additional lyrics by Mitchell Parrish. It was copyrighted and published in sheet music form that same year by Mills Music, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Two versions are given below. The first (A) is one sung by Blacks and the second (B) is the "country music" version sung by Whites.

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Botkin (MRF), 576
Edwards (CHSB), 21
Leisy, 66-67

Lomax (FSNA), 588
Silverman (FB), 219-220
Wheeler (SD), 86-87

Roberta(Version A)

Roberta, let your hair hang low,
Roberta, let your hair hang low;
I'll give you more gold than your apron can hold,
If you'll jus' let your hair hang low.

Roberta, say what's on your mind, (2)
I'm fellin' so sad cause you treat me so bad,—
And you don't say what's on your mind.

Roberta, don't be so unkind, (2)
Jus' love me or no. If you don't jus' say so;
If you do, don't be so unkind.

Roberta, where'd you stay las' night? (2)
You came home at sunrise, an' I don't want no lies:
Where the hell did you stay las' night?

VERSION B

I love Roberta! tell the world I do (2)
But she don't know nothin' 'bout bein' true!
Roberta, tell me: What's the matter now? (2)
Don't give me no lovin', don't care no-how.

I met Roberta far across the sea, (2)
Right from the start made a fool out-a me!

Roberta darlin', where'd you stay last night? (2)
Come home this mornin', clothes don't fit you
right!

I left Roberta on the mountain top! (2)
She keeps on cheatin'! don't know how to stop!

No. 1456

ROBIN HOOD I

also known as

Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale,
or Allin of Dale

Robin Hood in the Green-
wood Stood

The Robin Hood ballads are rarely encountered today, but they were extremely popular in North America prior to and for a quarter century after the American Revolution. Then Americans found new heroes and subjects to sing about. Nevertheless, when the subject was an outlaw, the folk-accepted character of Robin Hood was generally bestowed upon him. For an example, see JESSE JAMES in this Master Book. Jesse James was an outlaw frequently referred to in our literature as "The American Robin Hood."

American ideas concerning Robin Hood are more in accord with characterizations presented in stories and plays than with those given in the old ballads., where it is generally taken for granted that he was a real person. But was there, in fact, such a person as Robin Hood? If so, who was he? The questions are debatable, and the debate still goes on.

A large number of scholars, principally in England, have spent a great deal of time and money in an effort to answer those questions. Even those who finally concluded that Robin Hood actually did exist at one time have not been able to agree as to when that time was. But if they were all correct in their claims, Robin Hood would have been alive for an impossible 173 years.

According to Ritson, the outlaw was born during the reign of Henry II (1154-1189); that his real name was Robert Fitzooth, "which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into Robin Hood."

According to Major, an English historian, Robin Hood flourished during the reign of Richard I (1189-1199). Matthew Parker perpetuated Major's conjecture in his True Tales of Robin Hood. Wyntoun, in Chronicle of Scotland (circa 1420) places him under the reign of Edward I (1272-1307). Hunter, in The Ballad Hero, Robin Hood, has him living during the reign of Edward II and indicates that the outlaw was, in all likelihood, one of the Contrariantes, supporters of the Earl of Lancaster, who was defeated at the battle of Borough-bridge, in March, 1322.

Sir Walter Scott, and others, depicts Robin Hood as being the chief of a troop of Saxon bandits resisting their Norman oppressors, while Bower, and others, depict him as a member of the Exheredati, adherents of Simon de Montfort, who were reduced to poverty and the greatest extremities after the battle of Evesham.

All these claims and theories are interesting, but—since all of them get their only support from the ancient ballad texts—none have any historical validity. Without acceptable historical support, one is forced to agree with Francis Child, that "Robin Hood is absolutely a creation of the ballad-muse."

Robin Hood's celebrity has never been in doubt. All the evidence necessary is still with us; it exists in the association of Robin Hood's name with a "variety of natural objects and archaic remains scattered over a wide extent of the English countryside." Such association is not, of course, proof that such a person ever existed. We could use the same sort of evidence in the United States to prove that Paul Bunyan was a real person; his name is also connected with natural objects and a wide variety of other things throughout the land. We know, however, that Paul Bunyan was a fictional character created by a lumber company's advertising writer.

The Robin Hood ballads seem to have faded in the United States. They are absent from most traditional collections of American song. Most of the ballads we have today are from broadsides and garlands issued in the 17th century. For a wider and far more varied selection, see Child, III, 39-233 (Nos. 117 through 154). Child gives a total of 38 ballads, all of which were previously collected and printed by others.

What we know of Robin Hood comes down to us from the old ballads, some of which were known for a century before the first one was printed. In these older ballads we see exactly what Robin Hood is: He is a yeoman and an outlaw. We do not know why he was outlawed, because the reasons are never precisely stated, but we are led to believe that it wasn't his fault. He is, in Child's words, "Courteous and free, religious in sentiment, and above all reverent of the Virgin, for the love of whom he is respectful to all women." He dearly loves his king but does not hesitate to live by illegally killing and feeding on the king's deer and by robbing well-to-do people. He is a friend to the poor, and, generally, shares with them the loot he steals from the wealthy.

So much for the older ballads. In later ballads his primary attributes are debased in many ways.

To reach an understanding of Robin Hood's folk appeal, however, we must also understand what he was not. He was not a politician. None of the ballads bestow on him any political character whatsoever. He believed in truth, justice, charity and the purity of women. As a result of this folk conception of his character, Robin Hood possesses a literature of his own, making him a popular hero.

The music of the ballads is seldom original, and one tune is used for several texts. Chappell discovered

years ago that "Many of the ballads were sung to one air; and some to airs which have already been printed in this collection under other names."

The most often used tune is a form of Hey Down, A Down. Among the ballad texts sung to it are: Robin Hood and Arthur-a-Bland, Robin Hood and Maid Marian, Robin Hood and the Beggar, Robin Hood and the Butcher, Robin Hood and the Four Beggars, Robin Hood and the Bishop (not The Bishop of Hereford), Robin Hood and Little John, Robin Hood and the Ranger, Robin Hood and the Stranger, Robin Hood Revived, and Robin Hood's Chase.

Other Robin Hood ballads are sung to tunes borrowed from: The Abbot of Canterbury, The Bailiff's Daughter, Drive the Cold Winter Away, Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor, and The Three Ravens.

The ballad below, Robin Hood I, was, according to Child, "First found in broadside copies of the latter half of the seventeenth century."

The tune to which the ballad below is sung was taken from Robin Hood in the Greenwood Stood, which is not given in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Child, III, 172-175
Collection (O), 44
Evans (1777, I, 126
Kinloch MSS, V, 183
Leach (BB), 397-400
Malcolmson, 42-46

Pepys, II, No. 97
Quiller-Couch, 616-620
Ritson (RH), II, 46
Roberts (IP), 65-66
Roxburghe, II, 394
Sanders, 44-47

Robin Hood I

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
He became aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And nick the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When he did see them come.

"Stand off! Stand off!" the young man cried,
"What is your will with me?"

"You must come before our master, sir,
Under yon greewood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept for seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
Today my love's all in vain;
They force her to be an old knight's delight,
And now my poor heart's slain."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true-love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," the young man replied,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"What is thy name?" asks bold Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," the young man replied,
"My name it is Allen a Dale."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What dost thou do here?" the bishop he said,
"I prethee now tell to me."
"I am a bold harper," said Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"O welcome, welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," said Robin Hood,
"Until bride and bridegroom I do see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both brave and old,
And after him a beautiful lass,
With hair like glistening gold.

"This is no fit match," said bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come unto the church,
The bride she shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts one, two, three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

When they came into the old churchyard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"Here is thy true-love," bold Robin said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;

And you shall be married here and now,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in church,
'Tis the law throughout the land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
Then put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," said Robin Hood,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began for to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times be noth enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John.
"I do," bold Robin did reply.
"And he who takes her away from Allen a Dale
Full dearly he shall her buy!"

Thus having ended the merry wedding,
The bride looked as fresh as a queen,
They all returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

No. 1457

ROBIN HOOD II

also known as

Robin and John

Robin Hood and Little John

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,

Said Little John

There are several ballads known as Robin Hood and Little John, and each is different from the others. Two of the ballads are given below as versions A and B. In England, the first version is known as The Hal-An-Tow, or Helston

Furry Dance, and may be seen in Baring-Gould (SW), No. 24. Both ballads are dance pieces associated in tradition with the May-Day celebration. The B version is set to a Morris Dance tune and is given by Child as No. 125.

There is another Robin Hood ballad associated with May-Day, which begins:

Robin Hood, Robin Hood, said Little John,
Come dance before the Queen a:
In a redde Petticote and a greene Jacket,
A white hose and.....a greene a.

The above stanza, with tune, is in Chappell (OEPM), I, 273 and (PMOT), II, 397-398.

Another ballad on the same subject, Robin Hood, or Bold Robin Hood, is in Cox (FSS), 174 and Williams (FSUT), 237, and it contains the following stanza:

Little John with his arms so long,
He conquered them all with high ding dong,
And the bugles did echo, did echo.

A broadside called Bold Robin Hood, issued by W. Carbutt, Tadcaster; J. Harkness, Preston, No. 242; and George Walker, Jr., Durham, No. 12, begins:

O Robin Hood was a forrester good
As ever drew brow in a merry greenwood,
And the wild deer will follow, will follow.

Each of the above is like the other, but neither is like the two ballads of that title given below.

It is perhaps worth noting, too, that a piece bearing the title Robin and Little John is entered to Edward White in the Stationers' Registers, in England, dated May 14, 1594. The identical title is entered again to a Master Oulton, April 22, 1640. I don't know, and have no way of finding out, which of these registered titles represent which of the ballads of like title given below, or if any of them do.

Since the two ballads, A and B, are different pieces,

the references for each have been separated.

REFERENCES

Version A:

Amer (10), II, 75
Baring-Gould (SW), 50-51
Friedman, 339-341
Houseman, 149-154
Tobitt, 131

Creighton (MFS), 19-20
Creighton (TSNS), 67
Evans, I, 204
Jour (AFL), XXIII, 432
Leach (BB), 247-249
Niles (BB), 247-249
Ritson (RH), II, 138
Williams (FSUT), 296

Version B:

Child, III, 133-136
Collection (O), I, 75

Robin Hood II (Ballad A)

O Robin Hood and Little John
They both are gone to the Fair O!
And we will to the merry green-wood,
To see what they do there O.

Chorus

All for to chase O,
To chase the buck and doe O,
With hal-an-tow, jolly ramble O,
To chase the buck and doe O!

Where are those gay Spaniards,
Who make so great a boast O?
They shall eat the grey goose feathers,
And we shall eat the roast O!

O we were up as soon as day,
For to fetch the summer home O;
And we'll fetch summer home with May,
For winter it is gone O!

As for that good Knight Saint George,
Saint George he was a Kinght O!

Of all Knights in Christendom,
Saint George he is the right O!

BALLAD B

When Robin Hood was some twenty years old,
With a hey down down, and a down,
'Twas then he first met Little John,
A steady young blade well fit for his trade,
For he was a handsome young man.

I haven't been sporting for two whole weeks, etc.
So now abroad I will go,
And if I get beat, and cannot retreat,
I will give my horn a loud blow.

And then taking leave of his merry men all, etc.
He bid them a pleasant good-by;
And down to the brook a journey he took,
Where a stranger he happened to spy.

These two fellows met on a long, narrow bridge, etc.
And neither one would give way;
The stranger he said, "I'll lather your hide,
And show you fine Nottingham play."

So Robin Hood gave the stranger a bang, etc.
So hard that it made his bones ring;
The stranger then said, "This must be repaid!
I'll give you as good as you bring."

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown, etc.
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin, enraged, more fiercely engaged,
And followed with blows more severe.

O then into fury the stranger he grew, etc.
And gave him a damnable look;

And with it a blow that laid Robin low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

Then unto the bank he did presently wade, etc.
And pulled himself out by a thorn;
With that, at the last, he blow'd a loud blast
Straightway on his fine bugle-horn.

The echo of which through the valley did fly, etc.
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
All clothed in green, most gay to be seen,
And to their master they steer'd.

"O what's the matter?" asked Will Stutely, etc.
"Good master, you are wet to the skin."
"No matter," said he, "the lad which you see,
In fighting, hath tumbled me in."

"He shall not go scot-free," the others replied, etc.
And strait they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,
"He is a stout fellow, forbear!"

"O here is my hand," the stranger replied,
"I'll serve you with all my whole heart.
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle—
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part."

The music and dancing did finish the day;
At length, when the sun waxed low;
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And ever thereafter, as long as he lived,
Although he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
'Twas Little John he was to them all.

No. 1458

ROBIN HOOD III

also known as

Robin Hood and the Bishop

This ballad is extremely rare in American tradition. Flanders, III, 117, gives only one line of the text, and remarks that the ballad "is rare in Britain and America, to say the least." In fact, it seems to be susceptible to mixing-in with other Robin Hood ballads, particularly with the theme of Robin Hood IV (see in this Master Book). Child points up the similarities between this ballad and other old outlaw stories, such as Eustace the Monk (Michel, p. 43), Blind Harry's Wallace (ed. Moir, Book I, 239 and Book IV, 764, pp. 9, 72), and Robin Hood and Queen Katherine (Child, No. 145).

For a combination of this ballad and Robin Hood Rescuing Three Squires, see Robin Hood and the Old Woman in Niles (BB), 257-259.

Also see Robin Hood IX in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Child, III, 191-193	Malcolmson, 52-56
Ebsworth (RB), II, 448	Pepys, II, No. 107, 122
Evans (1777), I, 102	Ritson (RH), II, 19
Jour (AFL), LXIV, 131	Rollins (PB), II, 109
Leach (BB), 408-411	Wells, 39-40

Robin Hood III Tunes: Robin Hood II, or: Queen Eleanor's Confession

Come Gentlemen all, and listen awhile,
Hey down down, and a down,
And a story to you I'll unfold:
I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,
When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a sun-shining day, etc.
When Phebus was in his prime,
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time.

As he walked the forest along, etc.
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishop,
And his company near by.

"O what shall I do," said Robin Hood then, etc.
"If the Bishop he doth take me?
No mercy he'll show unto me, I know,
But hanged I'll surely be."

Then Robin was tout, and turned him about, etc.
And a little house there he did spy;
And to an old wife, for to save his life,
He loud began for to cry.

"Why, who art thous?" said the old woman, etc.
"Come tell it to me for good."
"I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

"And yonder's the Bishop and all his men, etc.
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work me spight,
And hanged I shall be."

"If thou be Robin Hood," said the old wife, etc.
"As thou dost seem to be,
I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide
From the Bishop and his company."

"Then give to me thy coat of gray, etc.
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen."

The Bishop he came to the old woman's house, etc.
And he called and furious stood,
"Come let me soon see, and bring unto me,
That traitor called Robin Hood!"

The old woman she set on a milk-white steed, etc.
Himself on a dapple gray,
And thinking he had captured Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

As they were riding the forest along, etc.
The Bishop he chanced for to see
A hundred brave bowmen bold
There under a greenwood tree.

"O who is yonder," the Bishop he said, etc.
"That's ranging within yonder wood?"
"I see," says the old woman, "and think it to be
A man called Robin Hood."

"Then who art thou," the Bishop inquired, etc.
"Which I have here with me?"
"I am an old woman, you foolish old Bishop,—
Lift up my leg and see."

Then Robin Hood took hold of the Bishop's horse, etc.
And tied him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smiled and danced around,
For the joy of that company.

Then Robin Hood took his mantle all off, etc.
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the Bishop's portmantle took
The sum of five hundred pound.

And then they brought him thro the wood, etc.
And set him on his dapple gray,
And gave him the tail to hold in his hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

No. 1459

ROBIN HOOD IV

also known as

Robin Hood and the Monk Robin Hood and the Twenty
Pounds of Gold

This is one of the older Robin Hood ballads. A manuscript copy in the Cambridge University Library dates from about 1450.

REFERENCES

Child, III, 94-101	Leach (BB), 340-349
Friedman, 327-329	Niles (BB), 234-237
Houseman, 154-156	Quiller-Couch, 585-600
Jamieson (PB-1806), II, 54	Ritson (RH-1832), 221
Kinsley, 405-419	Wells, 25-34
	Whiting (TBB), 100-111

Robin Hood IV

Don't trust a monk though he be mild
And wears a skirt of black;
He'll turn you to the sheriff,
And all behind your back.

The summer came, the skies were blue,
The green leaves fine and long,
And all the forests were quite filled
With birds and merry song.

Then Robin Hood to Little John,
Said, "I must go and pray.
For I have never said a prayer
For many a night and day."

Though Robin should have taken men,
To aid him should he fall

Into the sheriff's jail-house
And not get out at all.

But Little John was all he took,
And they did part quite soon;
For Robin went to pray alone,
When church bell rang at noon.

He entered in the saintly church,
And it was very fair;
And not a soul who prayed within
Knew Robin Hood was there.

A monk who knew young Robin Hood,
He raised a hue and cry;
He called the sheriff and his men,
To capture him. Or try.

Bold Robin Hood then drew his sword,
And soon he had slain three;
And many more lay wounded there,
And many more would be.

Then Robin broke his two-hand sword
Upon the sheriff's head,
And soon they had him tightly bound,
A prisoner near dead.

Now Little John had seen it all
From where he quietly stood;
And quietly too, he led his horse
Into the deep greenwood.

"Good news, good news," the king did cry;
"The felon's in the keep.
I'll give you twenty pounds of gold,
To guard him while we sleep."

The sheriff said to Little John,
"Come drink and sup with me."
But late that night, when all did sleep,
He set bold Robin free.

Then said the king, "I gave him gold,
And pardon did decree,
But Little John loves Robin more
Than ever he loves me."

No. 1460

ROBIN HOOD V
also known as

Bold Peddler	Bold Robin Hood and the
Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood	Pedlar
Bold Robin Hood	Pedlar Bold

The story told in this ballad is, according to Child, a folk "variation of Robin Hood Revived" (see Child, No. 128). Flanders says that both Robin and the Pedlar and Robin Hood Newly Revived "appear to be based on The Tale of Gamelyn (c. 1340), and the names Gamble Gold, Gamell, Gammell, etc., accentuate that relationship."

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 457-461	Flanders, III, 101-106
Bulletin (FSSN), IX, 8	Flanders (BMNE), 67-69
Child, III, 154-155	Flanders (VFSB), 217-218
Coffin, 107-108	Leach (BB), 383-385
Creighton (SBNS), 12-14	Malcolmson, 64-66
Creighton (TSNS), 67-69	Niles (BB), 251-253
Dean-Smith, 101	Wells, 37-38
Dixon (APBS), 71	Williams (EFS), 88

Robin Hood V

There chanced to be a pedlar bold,
A pedlar bold he chanced to be;

He rolled his pack all on his back,
And came a-tripping o'er the Lea.

Tag Line for Verses

Down, down a down, down, down, a down.

He chanced to meet two handsome blades,
And they did bother him anon,
And one of them was Robin Hood,
And the other one was Little John.

"O what is in thy pretty bag?
O come and tell me speedily."

"It's only silken suits of green,
And silken bow-strings two or three."

"If you have silken suits of green,
And silken bow-strings two or three,
Then," cried Little John, "I here declare,
One half your pack shall belong to me!"

The pedlar then pulled off his pack
And put it just below his knee,

"If you move me one perch from this,
My pack and all shall go with thee."

Then Little John did draw his sword,
The pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought until they both did sweat,
Till he cried, "Pedlar, pray hold your hand!"

Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartily:

"I could find a man, of smaller scale,
Could thrash the pedlar and also thee."

Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
The pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cried, "Pedlar, pray hold your hand!"

"O pedlar, pedlar, what is thy name?

Come, speedily, and tell to me."

"My name, my name I ne'er will tell,

Till both your names you've told to me."

"The one of us is bold Robin Hood,

The other Little John so free."

"It's now my good will," the pedlar said,

"If my name I choose to tell to thee.

"I'm Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,

I've travelled far beyond the sea;

I killed a man in my homeland,

And from my country I had to flee."

"If it be true you are Gamble Gold,

And travelled far beyond the sea,

You are my mother's sister's son—

What nearer cousin can we be?"

They sheathed their swords with friendly words,

So merrily they did agree;

They went to a tavern, where they dined,

And bottles cracked most merrily.

No. 1461

ROBIN HOOD VI

also known as

The Potter and Robin Hood Robin Hood and the Potter

This is another of the many ballads in which Robin Hood is bested in a fight with a man who refuses to be robbed, pay tribute, or even recognize the outlaw's superiority. The original ballad is quite long and quite old. Child reports a manuscript from about 1500, and prints a portion as The Playe of Robin Hode (see Child, III, 114-115).

The version below is an Americanized extraction, i. e. traditional fragment, collected by John Jacob Niles in Madison County, Kentucky.

REFERENCES

Child, III, 108-115

Niles (BB), 243-245

Leach (BB), 352-360

Ritson (RH-1798), I, 81

Robin Hood VI

It's of a potter bold,
Who came one sunny day,
And said unto bold Robin Hood:
"No tribute will I pay."

And so they fought with hand and stick,
And Robin dropped to the ground,
And then the potter, tongue* in hand,
Did strike bold Robin sound.

Then Robin took the potter's pots
And made a little stall
Against the sheriff's jail-house,
And sold the pots and all.

Next morn they left the sheriff's wife,
Said, "Thank you" gratefully;
The sheriff was delighted then
The greenwood for to see.

"Take to your wife this horse of white
And give her, too, this ring."
He thought they'd kill him very soon,
But she had done a kind thing.

"How fared you in the forest green
When you brought Robin home?"

"That man is in the devil's skin,"
Said the sheriff with a moan.

*Tongue of a two-horse wagon.

"And we shall pay you for your pots,
And with our gold make free;
And if you to the greenwood come,
Welcome, my potter, from me."

No. 1462

ROBIN HOOD VII

also known as

Arthur Bland

Robin Hood and the

Robin Hood and Arthur O'Bland

Tanner

A blackletter broadside of this old ballad is in Ritson's Robin Hood, with directions that the text be sung to the air of Robin Hood and the Stranger. I have seen only one version of this ballad in an American collection, and that is in Davis (TBV), where the Hey down down a down down line is missing. That line is missing in our version too, replaced by the age-old folk practice of repeating the last line of each stanza.

REFERENCES

Chappell (PMOT), II, 392	Malcolmson, 22-26
Child, III, 137-140	Pepys, II, No. 98
Collection (O), I, 83	Ritson (RH-1795), II, 30
Davis (TBV), 393-396	Sharp (EFSC), 21
Evans (1777), I, 112	Sharp (100), 8-12
Leach (BB), 372-376	Wells, 35-36

Robin Hood VII

In Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner,
His name is Arthur a Bland;
There is ne'er a squire in Nottinghamshire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand. (2)

With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he makes them to flee,
For he hath no list to stay. (2)

Now as he went forth in a summer's morning,
Into the forrest of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range far and near,
There met he with bold Robin Hood. (2)

As soon as bold Robin Hood did him espy,
He thought some sport for to make;
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
And thus to him he spake:

"Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow,
That ranges so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, perhpas you're a thief
That comes to steal our king's deer."

"If you be the king's keeper in this forest,
And hast such a great command,
Yet thou must have more partakers in store
Before thou make me to stand."

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt
And laid down his bow so long;
He took up a staff of another oke graff,
That was both stiff and strong.

"Now let me measure," said jolly Robin,
"Before we begin our fray;
For I'll not have mine to be longer than thine,
As that would be called foul play."

"I pass not for length," bold Arthur replied,
"My staff is of oke so free;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I think it will knock down thee."

Then Robin Hood could no longer forbear,
And he gave him such a knock,
That quickly and soon the blood did stream down,
And before it was ten o'clock.

But Arthur he soon recovered himself,
And gave him such a knock on the crown,
That on ev'ry hair of bold Robin Hood's head
The blood came trickling down.

O, about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild boars in a chase,
Striving to aim each other to maim—
Leg, arm, or any other place.

"Hold thy hand, hold thy hand," said Robin Hood,
"And let our quarrel fall;
For here we may thresh our bones into mesh,
And get no coin ever at all.

"And in the forest of merry Sherwood
Hereafter thou shalt be free."

"God-a-mercy for naught, my freedom I bought,
I may thank my good staff, and not thee."

"If you will forsake your tanner's trade,
And live in the greenwood with me,
My name's Robin Hood—I swear by the rood
I will give thee both gold and fee."

"If thou be Robin Hood," bold Arthur replied,
"As I think now thou art,
Then here's my hand; my name's Arthur a Bland,
And we two will never depart.

"But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?
Of him fain would I hear;
For we are allied on our mothers' side,
And he is my kinsman near."

Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
 He blew full loud and shrill,
 And quickly appear'd the big Little John,
 All tripping down a green hill.

"Hold thy hand, hold thy hand," said Robin Hood,
 "For as I do understand,
 He's a yeoman good, and of thine own blood,
 For his name is Arthur a Bland."

Then Little John threw his staff away,
 As far as he could it fling,
 And ran out of hand to Arthur a Bland,
 And about his neck did cling.

Then Robin Hood took them both by the hand
 And danced round about the oak tree;
 "For three merry men, and three merry men,
 And three merry men we be.

"And ever hereafter, as long as I live,
 We three will be all one;
 The wood shall ring, and the old wife sing
 Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John."

No. 1463

ROBIN HOOD VIII

also known as

Bold Robing, <u>or</u> Robin	Robin Hood and the Three
Bold Robin Hood Rescuing	Squires
the Three Squires	Robin Hood and the Widow's
Robin Hood and the Old Maid	Three Sons
Robin Hood and the Old Woman	Robin Hood Rescuing the
Robin Hood and the Sheriff	Widow's Three Sons
	Robin Hood Rescuing Three
	Squires

According to Barry, this ballad dates back to at least 1753. There is a copy in Kinloch's handwriting which

was printed by Child. Flanders reports that a version appears in The American Songster (New York, pre-1850), but I wasn't able to locate that edition. There is a version in the English Archer (York, circa 1790), p. 65 and Robin Hood's Garland, III, p. 177 (circa 1773).

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Barry (BBM), 240-241 | Greig & Duncan, No. 243 |
| Brown, II, 152-155; IV, 81-82 | Grieg & Keith, 98-100 |
| Child, III, No. 140 | Hales, I, 13 |
| Coffin, 109 | Jamieson, II, 49 |
| Evans (1777), I, 215 | Malcolmson, 104-108 |
| Flanders, III, 107-116 | Niles (BB), 255-259 |
| Flanders (BMNE), 69-72 | Quiller-Couch, 621-625 |
| Friedman, 341-345 | Ritson (RH-1795), II, 151 |
| | Sanders, 70-74 |

Robin Hood VIII

There are twelve months in all of the year,
As I have heard many men say;
But the merriest month in all of the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman
Who wept along the way.

"What news? What news, then silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "Three squires in Nottingham town,
And today they'll hang all three."

"O what have they done?" said Bold Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
The sheriff is to hang all three."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
While rushing upon his way.

"Come, change thy apparell with me, old man,
Come, change thy apparell for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Go spend it on beer or wine."

Then he put on the old man's clothes,
All patched with thread that ran;
And Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff
Out walking around the town.

"O save, O save, O sheriff," he cried,
"O save, and you may see!
O what will you give to a silly old man
Who will your own hangman be?"

"Some suits of clothes," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits of clothes, and pence thirteen,
And that's a hangman's fee."

"I have a horn in my pocket here,
I got it from bold Robin Hood;
And when I set that horn to my mouth,
For thee it will blow little good."

"O wind thy horn, my proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt;
I wish that thou give such a blast
Till both my eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

"O who are you," the proud sheriff said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did say,
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen;
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Then released their own three men.

No. 1464

ROBIN HOOD IX
also known as

The Death of Robin Hood
Robber Hood's Dyin'

Robin Hood's Death and
Burial

This ballad, which concludes the series, gives a conventional account of Robin Hood's death. One other such account is partially lost. The Percy MS. is incomplete because the missing pages were inadvertently used by maids to light the fires in Humphrey Pitt's house where the MS. was discovered.

The version below is obviously a fragment of a much longer ballad, and it is derived from later broadside versions.

REFERENCES

Child, III, 102-107

Friedman, 345-347

Davis (TBV), 388-392, 586

Hales, I, 53

Edwards, 119

Houseman, 167-171

Leach (BB), 349-352

Quiller-Couch, 635-639

Malcolmson, 110-114

Ritson (RH-1795), II, 183

Niles (BB), 239-241

Sanders, 77-81

Robin Hood IX

When Robin Hood and Little John
Went o'er yon bank of Broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound.

"And since the day that we did meet,
Much mirth and joy we saw;
To poor men we have given much
Since we did become outlaw.

"But now, alas! these days are O'er,
For I am taken ill;
I must away to Kirkley Hall,
To try a physician's skill."

"O fare thee well," said Little John,
"O master dear, farewell;
And when I see your face once more,
It's good news I hope you'll tell."

Now when he came to Kirkley Hall,
He knocked and did rejoice;
His cousin flew to let him in,—
For full well she knew his voice.

She said, "Sit down with me, cousin,
And drink some wine with me."

"I'll neither eat nor drink," he said,
"Before that I blooded be."

She took him by his weaken'd hand
And led him to a room,
And there she bled ill Robin Hood
As long as his blood would run.

He thought then of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down his knee;
He raised the bugle to his mouth,
And weakly blew one, two, three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
Outisde, beneath the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
So weakly he blows for me."

But Little John to Kirkley went
As fast as he could run;
And there he struck the locks full hard,
And broke them all one by one.

When Little John saw Robin Hood,
He fell upon his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cried Little John,
"O master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," said Robin Hood,
"That you do ask of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley Hall,
So nothing is left to see."

"I've harmed no maid in all my time,
And now it shall not be;
But give to me my bow in hand,
And I'll set an arrow free.

"And where that arrow it does fall,
I wish my grave to be;
And make my grave of gravel green,
That those who come may see."

These things they promised him to do,
Which did bold Robin Hood please;
And there they buried Robin Hood,
Beneath the flowers and trees.

No. 1465ROBINSON CRUSOE I

also known as

O! Poor Robinson Crusoe

O! Robinson Crusoe

Poor Robinson Crusoe

This is an old vaudeville song, written, says Johnson (FS), by "Jack Cussans, a singer...who lived in the early part of" the 19th century. The air was taken from a pantomime called Harlequin Friday, acted in "Drury Lane Theatre, in 1781, and was said to have been devised by Sheridan."

According to Armitage, the words were written by Stephen Fay—but she probably meant the text in her book was composed by Fay.

The version below is from Johnson (FS), and it was written by Jack Cussans.

REFERENCES

Armitage, I, 93

Greig & Duncan, No. 25

Ford (TMA), 311-312

Johnson (FS), 444-446

McCaskey, I, 59

Robinson Crusoe I

When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad,
My grandfather I did lose O!
I'll bet you a can, you have heard of the man:
His name it was Robinson Crusoe!

Chorus

O! Robinson Crusoe! O poor Robinson Crusoe!
Tink a tink tang, tink a tink a tang,
O! poor Robinson Crusoe!

P'raps you've read in a book of a voyage he took,
And how the raging whirl-wind blew so,
That ship with a shock drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe!

Poor soul! none but he remain'd on the sea;
Ah! fate, fate, how could you do so?
Till ashore he was thrown, on an island unknown,—
O! poor Robinson Crusoe!

He wanted something to eat, and he sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so,
That, but for his gun, he'd been surely undone—
O! poor Robinson Crusoe!

He got all the wood that ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so
That he made him a hut, in which he might put
The carcass of Robinson Crusoe!

He used to wear an old cap, and a coat with flap,
With a beard as long as a Jew, so
That, by all that is civil, he look'd like a devil,
More than like Robinson Crusoe!

And then his man Friday kept the house nice and tidy,
To be sure, 'twas his business to do so—
They liv'd friendly together, less like servant than
neighbor,
Were Friday and Robinson Crusoe.

At last, an English sail came near within hail,
And he took to his little canoe, so
That, on reaching the ship, the captain gave him a
trip
Back to the country of Robinson Crucoe.

No. 1466

ROBINSON CRUSOE II

also known as

Poor Old Robinson Crusoe

This is used primarily as a fiddle tune for square dancing, which probably accounts for the one stanza text. The version here is from Ford (TMA), 79.

Robinson Crusoe II

Poor old Robinson Crusoe was lost,
On an island they say, O!
He stole him a coat from an old billy-goat,—
I don't see how he could do so.

No. 1467

ROCK A MY SOUL

also known as

In the Bosom of
Abraham

Rock o' My Soul
Oh! Rock a My Soul

Spiritual from the American slave era, this song is still popular throughout the country.

For an interesting variation, in which the refrain of this song is combined with verse lines from All My Trials (see in MB), see Good Lordy, Rocky My Soul in Brown, III, 623. Also see and compare Johnson (RAS), 60-61.

This spiritual is frequently sung to the air of the Irish Washerwoman (see in MB).

For other versions, see Agay (1), 11; Allen (SSUS), 73, or 124; and Jackson (WNS), 227.

Rock A My Soul

O, a rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 A rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 A rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 O rock a my soul.

So high, you can't get over it;
 So low, you can't get under it;
 So wide, you can't get around it,—
 You must go in at the door.

O, a rock a my soul, etc.

No. 1468

ROCK OF AGES
 also known as

Hide-a-Me	Rock of Ages, Pray for Me
Oh, My Lovin' Brothuh	Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee
O, My Loving Mother	When the World's on Fire

This is a spiritual, not the Protestant hymn of like title, which begins:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

Neither the spiritual nor the hymn is related to Mo'oz Tsur, a hymn of the Jewish faith, which translates Rock of Ages (see Whitman, 59).

Two versions of the spiritual Rock of Ages are given below. The first, version A, has a tune that is far better known than the texts; it has been used for at least two widely popular secular songs, A. P. Carter's Little Darling, Pal of Mine and Woody Guthrie's This Land is My Land.

There is a parody of the spiritual that begins:

What you gwina do when the world's on fire?

I'm gonna jump in a hole o' water!

What you gwina do when the water gets to boillin'?

I'm a gonna kick and squeal and hollo'!

For a full text of this parody, see Brown, III, 541 and White, 282.

Also see and compare When the World is On Fire in Brown, III, 682 and Jackson (WNS), 164-165 and the Hide Thou Me in Fuson, 204.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 73

Arnold, 137

Brown, III, 605; V,
342

Grissom, 66-67

Jackson (WNS), 225

Jour (AFL), XLIV, 423

Owens (TFS), 174

White, 89-90

Work (ANSS), 60

Rock of Ages (Version A)

My lovin' brother, when the world's on fire,

Don't you want Christ's bosom for to be your pillow?

O hide me over in the Rock of Ages,

O Rock of Ages cleft for me.

My lovin' sister, when the world's on fire, etc.

O my good neighbor, when the world's on fire, etc.

O my good friends, when the world's on fire, etc.

O hear me, Sinner, when the world's on fire, etc.

VERSION B

When the world is all on fire, Hide-a-me,

When the world is all on fire, Hide-a-me,

When the world is all on fire,

Let God's bosom be my pillow, Hide-a-me
O'er the Roch of Ages, safe in thee.

When the stars in heaven are fallin', etc.

When the trumpet sounds ofr Judgment, etc.

When my name is called up yonder, etc.

No. 1469

THE ROCKS AND THE MOUNTAINS

also known as

Sinner, Sinner Sinners Will Call for the Rocks and
 the Mountains

This form of "the sinner with no hiding place" offers, in many versions, "a new hiding place." This form also resulted in several secular songs of the work type, such as Swannanoa Tunnel (see John Henry and the Hammer IV in this Master Book) and My Old Hammah in Sandburg (AS), 457.

For an adaptation, see the shanty Rocks in de Mountens in Colcord, 186. Also see Sinner Man I in Master Book.

REFERENCES

Dett, 161

Marsh (SJS), 141

Pike, 181, or 223

Roberts (SBS), 140-141

Work (ANSS), 54

The Rocks and the Mountains

Seeker, seeker, let Jesus show the way,
And you shall have a new hiding place that day.

Chorus

For the rocks and the mountains will all melt away,
And there will be no use hiding on that day.

Doubter, doubter, let Jesus show the way, etc.

Children, children, let Jesus show the way, etc.

Mourner, mourner, let Jesus show the way, etc.

Sinner, sinner, let Jesus show the way, etc.

No. 1470

ROCK THE CRADLE O!

also known as

Down By a (the) Riverside	A Gentleman's Meeting
Down By Yon Riverside	Good Morning, My Pretty
Down Yon Riverside	Little Miss
	I Am Too Young

This is an old "courting-seduction" and "warning to others" ballad. It dates back to at least 1818, because it appeared that year in William Garret's Right Choice Merrie Book of Garlands. Only a few versions have been collected in the United States, the most important is probably the one recovered in Appalachia by Cecil Sharp.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), No. 23.	Karpeles (EFS), I, 656-660
Cambiaire, 57-58	Laws P 18, 257
Jour (FSS), III, 296; IV,	Reeves, 106-107
281	Sharp, II, 90-92
Karpeles, 208-209	Sharp (ECFS), 100

Rock the Cradle O!

As Jack stroll'd down by the river-side,
He met a fair young girl;
He said to her, "My pretty fair Miss,
Come, and let's give love a whirl."

"O no, kind sir," she answered him,
"For I am far too young."

"The younger, Miss, the better for me,
For I want a wife and son."

He took her arm and he held her close;
He kissed her cheek and hand;
He took her to his private bed-room,
And the trouble there began.

"It's rock the cradle, my darlin' dear,
And sing a lullaby;
The way of love is easy to learn,
But the price of love is high!

Around midnight, while the moon was bright,
And stars were shining clear,
Young Jack arose and put on his clothes,
And he said, "Farewell, my dear."

"You promised me that you would stay
When you lay on my breast,
But now it's rock the cradle, my dear,
While you travel to the West."

"When you go home to your father's house,
Sit down and cry your fill;
And when you think of what you've done,
You can blame your own free will!"

"The other girls of my own age,
To dances they can go,
While I alone must stay at home,
And rock the cradle O!

"And rock the cradle, O, my dear,
And sing the baby bye;
I wonder if the other young girls
Were so easy won as I.

"Come all you young and handsome girls,
And warning take by me:
Don't ever trust a new found love
An inch above your knee.

"He'll hold and hug and kiss you,
And roll you all about,
Then he'll leave you as I was left,
To roll the baby out!"

No. 1471

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

This humorous Irish song did not become a folk song in the true sense of the term, but its tune rapidly became a part of American traditional music through its general use by fiddlers at square dances. Only a part of the text is give here. For a more complete version, see O'Lochlainn, 102-103.

The Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June, when first from home I
started,
And left the girls alone, sad and broken-hearted,
Shook hands with father dear, kissed my darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer my tears and grief to smother;
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born.
I cut a stout black-thorn to banish ghost or goblins;
With a pair of brand new brogues, I rattled o'er the
bogs—

Sure I frightened all the dogs on the Rocky Road to
Dublin.

In Dublin I arrived. I thought it was a pity
To be so soon deprived of a view of that fine city.
'Twas then I took my stroll all among the quality.
My bundle then was stile in a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, thinks I, I'll look behind.
No bundle could I find upon my stick a-wobbling.
Inquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue,
It wasn't much in vogue on the Rocky Road to Dublin.

No. 1472

ROLL, ALABAMA, ROLL

also known as

Alabama

The Alabama was a Confederate cruiser that harassed
Union ships on the Atlantic. Built in Britain, the
Alabama roamed the sea for two years, taking prize
ships and sinking those flying the Stars and Stripes.
The Kearsarge, a Union cruiser, ran her down and sank
her on June 19, 1864 off the port of Cherbourg in
Normandy. Hundreds were killed during the engagement,
which lasted nearly two hours. The following shanty
celebrates the murderous career of the Alabama and
her fate.

REFERENCES

Colcord, 65

Hugill (1), 159

Doerflinger, 35-37

Scott (BA), 245-247

Emrich (FAL), 458-459

Silverman, II, 305

Roll, Alabama, Roll

When the Alabama's keel was laid,
Roll, Alabama, roll!
They laid it o'er at Birkenhead,
Oh! roll, Alabama, roll!

Oh, she was built in Birkenhead, etc.
Built in the yard of Johnny Laird, etc.

Down the Mersey she rolled one day, etc.
Across the Western ploughed her way, etc.

From the Western Isles she made her way, etc.
All set to fight by night or day, etc.

At the Cherbourg port she anchored down, etc.
To take repairs and see the town, etc.

Many sailors saw their coming doom, etc.
In view they saw the Kearsarge loom, etc.

Off the three mile line in 'sixty-four, etc.
She sank, to rise and fight no more, etc.

No. 1473

ROLLING HOME

also known as

Rolling Home to Merry England

Depending upon the collection in which it is found, this piece is both a straight song and a shanty. Smith (BOS), prints it as a "capstan shanty," and says it was "well-known right up to the end of the windjammer period." According to Harlow, it began as a land song and was later adapted as a sea shanty.

REFERENCES

Baltzer, I, 8; II, 68	King, 26
Boughton, 186	Luce, 47
Clements, 33, 100	Patterson, 224
Doerflinger, 155-157	Sampson, 60
Emrich (FAL), 449-450	Shay (ASSC), 141-143
Harlow, 133, 135	Shay (PF-1), 132
Hugill (1), 180-181	Shay (PF-3), 72
Hugill (2), 148	Smith (BOS), 79
Ives (SA), 68	Terry (SSB), 22
Ives (SB), 144	Trevine, 10
	Whall (SSS), 9-11

Rolling Home

Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cable run down clear,
Heave away, and with a will, boys,
For old England we will steer.
And we'll sing in joyful chorus,
In the watches of the night,
And we'll sight the shores of England
When the gray dawn brings the light.

Chorus

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to merrie England,
Rolling home, dear land, to thee.

No. 1474

ROLL IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS

This is one of the old country "blues" not found in

collections of the traditional-type folk song. Nevertheless, this is an American traditional song. For another version, see Silverman, II, 145.

Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms

Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Roll in my sweet baby's arms,
Lay 'round this shack
Till the noon train comes back,
And roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Oh, where were you last Sunday night
While I was locked in jail?
You was walking the street
With another man,—
Wouldn't even go my bail.

Roll in my sweet baby's arms, etc.

I rode the train to New Orleans,
Gambled my money away;
Got no money for booze,
Can't get back home,—
Reckon I will make it some day.

Roll in my sweet baby's arms, etc.

No. 1475

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL I

also known as

Roll On, Jordan, Roll

To Hear Sweet Jordan Roll

This is an old and popular spiritual; it has been adapted, rewritten, and parodied many times. It came down from an

older revivalist hymn by Charles Wesley, which begins:

He comes, He comes, the Judge severe,
Roll, Jordan, roll;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near,
Roll, Jordan, roll.

For a full version of Wesley's hymn, see Davisson (SKH), 23; Jackson (WSSU), 227, 263; James, 501; and McCurry (1855), 145.

The spiritual is ascribed to J. G. and A. W. McCurry in James, 247, but it is highly unlikely that either of the McCurry's had any part in the composition of the original. The James version is reproduced in Lomax (FSNA), 458.

Lines and stanzas from Roll, Jordan, Roll I are found in several other spirituals. For examples, see Baptist, Baptist Is My Name in Brown, III, 612, V, 350-351 and The Trouble of the World in Allen (SSUS), 8, or 35.

For a modern adaptation, see You Should Have Been There, written by Virginia Davis and Amanda Bowers for the Freedom Movement of the 1950s-60s, in Carawan, 44-45. According to J. J. Niles (SS), 153, WWI soldiers sang the following parody:

Roll, Jordan, roll!
Soldier, you'll be called on
To shake that hing you're sittin' on.
There's a battle bein' fought in the
Argonne!
Roll, Jordan, roll!

For a different parody, see Winn (2), 96-97.

We give two versions below (A & B). The first is the spiritual as sung by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers; the second is a parody as sung on the minstrel-show stages and elsewhere.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 1-2, <u>or</u> 19-20	Johnson (BANS), 105-107
Brown, III, 667-668; V, 390-391	Jour (AFL), XLI, 583
Chambers (TNS), 70-71	Jubilee (PS), 21
Dett, 52 & (App. 1)	Leisy (IAS), 150
Diton, 51	Lomax (FSNA), 457-459
Fenner (RFSN), 165	Mackenzie (SH), 107
Jackson (DES), 127	Marsh (SJS), 131
Jackson (SFS), 193	Pike, 171, <u>or</u> 213
Jackson (WNS), 180-181	Randolph, II, 388-389
Jackson (WSSU), 264	Scott (BA), 195-196
	Waite, 73
	White, 87-88
	Work (ANSS), 199

Roll, Jordan, Roll I (Version A)

O brothers, you should have been there,
Yes, my Lord!
A sitting in the kingdom
To hear Jordan roll.

Chorus

Roll, Jordan, roll! Roll, Jordan, roll!
I want to go to heaven when I die,
To hear Jordan roll.

O preachers, you should have been there, etc.

O sinners, you should have been there, etc.

O mourners, you should have been there, etc.

O seekers, you should have been there, etc.

VERSION B

Away down South on Cedar street,
Roll, sweet Jordan, roll;

Where men and women grow ten feet,
Roll, sweet Jordan, roll.

Chorus

Roll, Jordan, roll! Roll, Jordan, roll!
I want to go to heaven when I die,
To hear sweet Jordan roll.

The Monkey climbed the telegraph pole, etc.
He couldn't get down to save his soul, etc.

Kate went a-fishin' the other night, etc.
Broke eleven hooks and never got a bite, etc.

She gave her hook a right quick flip, etc.
She caught her husband by the under lip, etc.

Behind the chicken coop on my knees, etc.
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze, etc.

The devil's a liar and a conjurer too, etc.
If you don't watch out he'll conjure you, etc.

No. 1476

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL II

also known as

Done Wid Driber's Dribin'

This song was first printed by H. G. Spaulding in an essay (Under the Palmette) in the Continental Monthly, August, 1863. The piece was reprinted by Krehbiel, 19. Obviously the song was fashioned on Roll, Jordan, Roll I (above).

Roll, Jordan, Roll II

Done wid driber's dribin',
Done wid driber's dribin',
Done wid driber's dribin',
Roll, Jordan, roll.

Done wid Massa's hollerin', (3)
Roll, Jordan, roll.

Done wid Missus' scoldin', (3)
Roll, Jordan, roll.

Done wid pickin' cotten, (3)
Roll, Jordan, roll.

No. 1477

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

This traditional bawdy song was considered too immoral for inclusion in published collections of folk material, but it is an American folk song. In cleaned-up versions, the song is found in some song books and folios of the commercial kind as well as on a few old phonograph records. It gained its greatest popularity among soldiers and sailors during World War I.

Roll Me Over in the Clover

Oh, I tried it once or twice,
And I found it rather nice,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again!

Chorus

Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again!

Oh, this is number one,
And the fun has just begun, etc.

Oh, this is number two,
And my hand is on her shoe, etc.

Oh, this is number three,
And my hand is on her knee, etc.

Oh, this is number four,
And we're rolling on the floor, etc.

Oh, this is number five,
And the bee is in the hive, etc.

Oh, this is number six,
And she says she likes my tricks, etc.

Oh, this is number seven,
And we're on our way to heaven, etc.

Oh, this is number eight,
And the doctor's at the gate, etc.

Oh, this is number nine,
And the baby's doing fine, etc.

Oh, this is number ten,
And we're doing it again, etc.

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No. 1478

ROLL ON, BUDDY

This is a song apparently created by Black folk, somewhere, sometime, and it exists today in many versions. Modern writers have made use of its lines and refrain for their own creations. For example, Merle Travis used the refrain lines in his Nine Pound Hammer. Lomax relates Roll On, Buddy to another Negro song, East Colorado Blues. For a similar song, see Roll On, Boys in Shellans, 47.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 267

Lomax (OSC), 264

Edwards (CHSB), 104

Odum (NWS), 252

Lomax (FSNA), 284-285

White, 258

Roll On, Buddy

Roll on, buddy! Pull a load of coal!
 How can I roll when the wheels won't go?
 Oh, roll on, buddy! Pull a load of coal!
 How can I roll when the wheels won't go?

It's a long way to Memphis,
 It's a long way to go through
 Just to get a little brew,
 Just to get a little brew.

Roll on, buddy! etc

Wish I had me a nickle,
 Know exactly what I'd do:
 I'd spend it all on you,
 I'd spend it all on you.

Roll on, buddy! etc.

No. 1479

ROLL THE CHARIOT

also known as

The Chariot Song

We'll Roll the Chariot

Roll the Chariot Along

Along

Roll the Old Chariot

We'll Roll the Old Chariot

Along

Along

This is an early American hymn that was taken over by
 black slaves and turned into a spiritual. No one sings

the hymn these days, but the spiritual is going strong. When Duke University was Trinity College, the baseball team used part of Roll the Chariot as a pep-song at all their games, replacing the "devil" with the name of the opposing team.

Adapted by seamen, the song sailed the seas as a shanty, and was sometimes sung to the tune of The Drunken Sailor. Given below are four versions, with A and D being the religious versions, with B being a shanty parody and C being a minstrel-type humorous song. See and compare The Holy Ghost in Lomax (OSC), 48-49.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 680-681
Dett, 192-193
Gardner (BSSM), 287
Hugill (1), 151
Jackson (WSSU), 247

Johnson (BANS), 110-111
Sandburg (AS), 196-197
Thomas (BMMK), 215
White, 97, 408
Wood (OSB), 68

Roll the Chariot (Version A)

If my mudder will go, she shall wear a starry crown,
If my mudder will go, she shall wear a starry crown,
If my mudder will go, she shall wear a starry crown,
If you don't hang on behind.

Oh, we'll roll the chariot, roll the old chariot along, (3)
And we won't hang on behind.

If my father will go, etc.
If you sinners will go, etc.

VERSION B

also known as

We'll Roll the Golden Chariot Along

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm! (3)
An' we'll all hang on behind!

Chorus

So we'll roll the ol' chariot along!
So we'll roll the golden chariot along!
So we'll roll the ol' chariot along,
An' we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm, etc.

Oh, a night out with the gals wouldn't do us any
harm, etc.

Oh, a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm, etc.

Oh, a job back on the farm wouldn't do us any harm, etc.

VERSION C

also known as

If We Had A Keg Of Whiskey

If we had a keg of whiskey we'd roll it along! (3)
And we'll all tag on behind.

Chorus

Roll the old Chariot along, (3)
And we'll all tag on behind.

If we had a barrel of beer we'd roll it along, (3)
And we'll all tag on behind.

If you want to be a Methodist, we'll roll you along, (3)
And we'll all tag on behind.

VERSION D

We'll roll, we'll roll the chariot along! (3)
And we won't hang on behind!

O, sinner, you are free to come along, etc.

O, preacher, don't you want to come along, etc.

We'll keep right on a-rolling along, etc.

No. 1480

ROLL THE COTTON DOWN

This has been identified as both a halyard and a Negro stevedore shanty. It dates back to the American Civil War and was popular for a long time.

Later, it was adapted and that became known as Roll, Alabama, Roll (see in MB). According to Colcord it is a distant relative of Long Time Ago IV (also in MB). Doerflinger relates it to Haul De Wood Pile Down, a song written by Edward Harrigan, c. 1887, which can be seen in Delaney's Song Book, No. 3, p. 15. But he may have been thinking of another shanty called Roll the Wood Pile Down, which is in Whitehead, pp. iii, 14.

The shanty was translated into German as De Runer Von Hamborg, a version of which is in Hugill (1), 152-158 C.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| Baltzer, I, 70 | Harlow, 144-145 |
| Beckett, 4 | Hugill (2), 182-183 |
| Bone, 84-86 | King, 9 |
| Bullen & Arnold, 24 | Masefield (SG), 354 |
| Colcord, 62 | Meloney, 12 |
| Doerflinger, 32-34 | Patterson (SA), 224 |
| Glass (SS-1), 56-57 | Sampson, 46 |
| Gordon (OSMS 11-10-23),
191 | Shay (MWS), 55 |
| Greig & Duncan, No. 3 | Smith (BOS), 54-55 |
| | Terry, II, 40 |
| | Whitehead, 6 |
-

Roll the Cotton Down

Oh, away down South where I was born,
Roll the cotton down!

Oh, away down South around Cape Horn,
We'll roll the cotton down!

Oh, away down South around Cape Horn, etc.
Oh, we wish to Christ we'd never been born, etc.

Oh, we're outward bound at break o' day, etc.
Oh, we're outward bound for Mobile Bay, etc.

Oh, Frisco town is far behind, etc.
Oh, the gals down South are free an' kind, etc.

Oh, when we get to Mobile town, etc.
All of us will roll the cotton down, etc.

Oh, Mobile Bay's no place for me, etc.
Oh, I'll go back home and quit the sea, etc.

No. 1481

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

also known as

Roll Your Leg Over the Man in the Moon

This is another of those genuine folk songs, meaning,
one that survives orally because the words were con-
sidered too bawdy for print.

The version here is what we call a "cleaned up" song.

Roll Your Leg Over

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits,
And I were a hare, I would teach 'em bad habits.

Chorus

Roll your leg over! Roll your leg over!

Roll your leg over the man in the moon!

If all the young ladies were cows in a pasture,
And I were a bull, I would make 'em run faster.

If all the young ladies were fish in the ocean,
And I were a shark, I would show 'em some motion.

If all the young ladies were rushes a-growing,
And I were a scythe, I would start in a-mowing.

If all the young ladies were sheep in the clover,
And I were a ram, I would ram them all over!

No. 1482

THE ROMAN SOLDIERS

also known as

Have You Any Bread and Wine?	We Are the Romans
The Roman	We Are the Rovers
The Rover, <u>or</u> Rovers	Yankee Soldiers

This is a game song from England. It has a question and answer format and is quite long in some versions. The players stand in parallel lines, facing each other. The children in each line join hands and act out the words of the song. In North Carolina, when I was in grade school, the song was known as The Yankee Soldiers.

REFERENCES

Brown, I, 43; V, 507	Gomme, II, 343-360
Burchenal (FDOH), 68-69	Hornby, 46
Burne, 518	Muir, 23-24
Farnsworth, 92-93	Reeves, 185
Forbush, 83-84	Whitman, 128

The Roman Soldiers

Have you any bread and wine?

For we are the Romans.

Have you any bread and wine?

For we are the Roman soldiers.

Yes, we have some bread and wine,

For we are the English;

Yes, we have some bread and wine,

For we are the English soldiers.

Then we will have one cupful, etc.

No! you won't have one cupful, etc.

We will tell the king of you, etc.

We don't care for king or you, etc.

We will tell the Pope of you, etc.

We don't care for Pope or you, etc.

We will send our dogs to bite, etc.

We don't care for dogs or you, etc.

Are you ready for a fight?, etc.

Yes! we're ready for a fight, etc.

(At this point, Romans and English shout together:

"AIM! FIRE! BANG! and sing together):

Now we only have one leg,

For we are the Romans,

For we are the English, etc.

Now we only have one arm, etc.

Now we only have one eye, etc.

No. 1483

THE ROMISH LADY

also known as

An Account of a Little Girl	A Lady's Daughter of
Who Was Burnt for Her	Paris
Religion	The Roman Lady
The Death of a Romish Lady	There Was a Romish Lady

This is an American version of a 16th century English ballad, which, in turn, was apparently translated from a German version. The ballad was mentioned in Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle (1613), Act IV, Scene III. The song is rarely encountered in the United States these days, but it was extremely popular here throughout the 19th century. It is a musical example of the religious prejudices which have always plagued a country founded upon religious as well as political freedom.

Sandburg (AS), 11, gives a song called Moanish Lady that contains lines obviously borrowed from this one, but he describes it as an "offshoot of the spiritual, Mourner, You Shall Be Free."

The version below is from the Hesperian Harp, Philadelphia, 1848.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Arnold, 19-20 | Gardner (BSSM), 363-364 |
| Benziger, 110-111 | Hudson (FSM), 137-139 |
| Belden (BS), 450-455 | Jackson (SFS), 27-28 |
| Belden (PLSB), No. 39 | Jackson (WSSU), 141, 148 |
| Brewster (BSI), 257-259 | Jour (AFL), LII, 40-41; |
| Brown, II, 212-215; IV, | LIX, 207-208 |
| 133-134 | Lair (SLL), 9 |
| Davis (FSV), 37-38 | Lomax (OSC), 40-43 |
| Eddy, 220-222 | Lomax (SBS), 41 |

Moore (BFSS), 236-237	Quarterly (SFL), V, 147-149
Morris, 388-391	Queries (6-18-39), 23
Owens (TFS), 168-169	Randolph, IV, 32-34
Pound, 63-66	Scarborough (SC), 175-178,
Pound (POB), 246	404
Pound (SFSN), II, 11	Walker (SH), 82

The Romish Lady

There was a Romish lady, brought up in popery;
Her mother always taught her the priest she must obey.
"O pardon me, dear mother, I humbly pray thee now,
But unto these false idols I can no longer bow."

Assisted by her handmaid, a bible she concealed,
And there she gained instruction, till God his love
revealed.

No more she prostrates herself to pictures decked
with gold,
But soon she was betrayed and her bible from her stole.

"I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen,
I'll live by faith forever—the works of men are vain.
I cannot worship angels nor pictures made by men:
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can."

With grief and great vexation her mother straight did
go,

To inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her woe..
The priests were soon assembled, and for the maid did
call,

And forced her in the dungeon to fright her soul withal.

The more they strove to fright her, the more she did
endure;

Altho her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.

The chains of gold so costly, they from the lady too,
And she, with all her spirits, the pride of life for-
sook.

Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her re-
turn,

And there she was condemned in horrid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily;
With lifted hands to heaven she then agreed to die.

There being many ladies assembled at the place,
She raised her eyes to heaven and begged supplying
grace;

"Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me,
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord shall
see.

"Yourselves you need to pity, and Zion's deep decay;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus—no longer make delay."
In comes her raving mother, her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her the pictures decked
with gold.

"O take from me these idols, remove them from my sight;
Restore to me my Bible, wherein I take delight!
Alas, my aged mother, why on my ruin bent?
'Twas you that did betray me, but I am innocent.

"Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best;
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest."
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man of
death,

And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal breath.
Instead of golden bracelets, with chains they bound
her fast;

She cried, "My God, give power. Now I must die at last!
With Jesus and his angels forever I shall dwell;
God pardon priest and people, and so I bid farewell."

No. 1484

ROOM ENOUGH

also known as

Don't Stay Away

There's Room Enough

I Can't Stay Behind

This is another 19th century hymn that was taken over by slaves and turned into a spiritual.

The version below is from the repertoire of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 6, or 32

Marsh (SJS), 127

Arnold, 177

Pike, 167, or 209

Work (ANSS), 207

Room Enough

Oh, brothers, don't stay away!

Brothers, don't stay away!

Brothers, don't stay away!

Don't stay away!

Chorus

For my Lord says there's room enough,

Room enough in His heaven for you.

My Lord says there's room enough,

Don't stay away!

Oh, children, don't stay away, etc.

Oh, mourners, don't stay away, etc.

Oh, sinners, don't stay away, etc.

Oh, fathers, don't stay away, etc.

Oh, mothers, don't stay away, etc.

No. 1485

ROOT HOG OR DIE

also known as

The Bull-Whacker	Philosophical Cowboy
I'm Chief Cook and Bottle	Root, Abe, or Die
Washer	The Thrifty Slave
The Nashville Ladies	

Root Hog or Die is an American expression that became the title of a song, and that song become one of the 19th century's most popular. One collector dated it back to the American Revolution, another to the War of 1812, and a third attributed both words and music to Dan Emmett, the author and composer of Dixie and other well known songs.

I have placed the minstrel version attributed to Emmett first, as version A. But I do not know for certain that Emmett wrote the song. In fact, I have seen a broadside published by J. Andrew, New York, which carries this notice: Composed and Sung with Unbounded Applause by Richard J. McGowan, the World Renowned Champion Banjoist.

Some collectors are of the opinion that version B, below, is the original song. According to Belden, it was "printed in The Dime Song Book (Boston, 1859) along with extensions or parodies of it in the nigger minstrel lingo, and there is a British stall print of it (without imprint) in the Harvard Library."

According to Nathan, the original music was written by Dan Emmett in the late 1840s and was registered in his name April 1st, 1853, That manuscript was without words, so it is possible that someone else took Emmett's tune and wrote words to it. It is this combination given below as version A.

Two sheet music editions were published in 1856, one by Horace Waters in New York and the other by Oliver Ditson in Boston. Neither of these music sheets mention Emmett or any other composer. By then, however, there were several versions in circulation, and the number rose steadily during the 1860s. There were frontier "freight hauling" versions, cowboy versions, and so on. Some of these later versions were also sung to other tunes. For example, version D (below) is set to the tune of Son of a Gambolier, or, as it is known today, Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech. Version I (below) is set to the tune of The Bonnie Blue Flag, which, in turn, got it from The Irish Jaunting Car (see in MB). In her book, Time Out of Mind (1935, p. 54, Rachel Field says Root Hog or Die was popular as a sea song on the coast of Maine during the 1880s (see version F below).

Parodies sprang up everywhere. From The Arkansas Traveller's Songster (New York, c. 1864), p. 48, comes a Confederate satire on Abraham Lincoln (see version C below).

From Out West, April 1911, p. 336, comes a cowboy's description of his life and work (see version E below). Version G expresses Confederate opinions of the German soldiers in the Union Army. Version H is one man's lament and warning about hard times in California for those seeking adventure and wealth at the gambling tables and in the gold fields. Version I is a Confederate patriotic approach to victory in battle.

Lomax (CS-1919), 254-257 gives a song under the title Root Hog or Die which is in no way related to this song or any of its variations. In fact, the title line does not even appear in the Lomax text. The same song is given again as The Bad Boy in Lomax (CS-1938), 161. References given below contain one or the other of the versions given here.

Beck (FILM), 215-217	Kennedy (TAB), 44-45
Belden (BS), 334, 361	Lingenfelter, 58-59
Botkin (WFL), 750-751	Lomax (ABFS), 430-432
Brown, III, 441-442; V, 250	Lomax (CS-1919), 69-71
Charters, 19	Lomax (CS-1938), 396-398
Cheney, 61-63	Lomax (FSNA), 333-334
Davidson (SRMF), 99-101	Minstrel, 100-101
Eckstorm, 328-330	Nathan, 335-339, 347
Fife, 30-31	Randolph, II, 318-319; III, 162-165
Finger (FB), 88	Silber (SGAW), 142-144
Ford (OTFM), 7	Silverman, II, 350
Ford (TMA), 60, 424	Staton, 85
Hubbard, 295-296	Talley, 94, 106
Kennedy (AB), 137-138	Wier (SSS), 251-252

Root Hog or Die (Version A)

I'm right from old Virginia with my pocket full of news;
I'm worth twenty shillings right square in my shoes.
It doesn't make a bit of dif'rence to neither you or I—
Big pig, little pig, it's root, hog, or die!

Chorus

I'm chief cook and bottle washer, captain of the waiters;
I stand upon my head when I peel them scrawny 'taters.

I go to work ev'ry day, then go huntin' in the wood;
If you don't catch nothin', then you ain't no good.
I never bother Massa's chickens, because they roost too
high,—

Big pig, or little pig, it's root, hog, or die!

Now all them hightone ladies, they all sure do dress
up fine;

Got them longpail hoopskirts hangin' down behind.

They got their bonnets to their shoulders, their
noses in the sky,—

Big pig, or little pig, it's root, hog, or die!

Now I'm a happy bozo, no happier on this earth,
I get fat as a 'possum in a time of dearth;
Jus' like a pig in a 'tater patch, I let the world
go by,—

Big pig, or little pig, it's root, hog, or die!

VERSION B

I'll tell you a story that happened long ago,
When the English came to America, I s'pose you all know,
They couldn't whip the Yankees, and this is the reason
why:

Uncle Sam made 'em sing Root, Hog, or Die!

John Bull sent to Boston, as you shall plainly see,
Forty large ships sailing, loaded up with tea;
They couldn't get the taxes—I'll tell you the reason
why:

Yankee boys made 'em sing Root, Hog, or Die!

They first met our armies on top of Bunker Hill;
When it came to fighting, well, I guess they got their
fill.

The Yankee boys chased 'em off—I'll tell you the reason
why:

Yankee boys made 'em sing Root, Hog, or Die!

Then they met our Washington over at Yorktown;
There the Yankees cut 'em down like grass on the ground.
Old Cornwallis gave up his sword,—I'll tell you the
reason why:

Washington made 'em sing Root, Hog, or Die!

Then they came to Baltimore forty years ago,
And they tried to take North Point, but found it
wouldn't go.

The Baltimoreans chased 'em off—I'll tell you the
reason why:

Yankee boys made 'em sing Root, Hog, or Die!

Then they marched their armies down to New Orleans.
That was the place, you know, that Jackson gave 'em
Beans.

They couldn't take our cotton bales—I'll tell you the
reason why:

Old Andy made 'em sing Root, Hog, or Die!

VERSION C

I'm just from the South for to tell you all the news:
It's with a half a dollar right square in my shoes.
There isn't much difference betwixt you and I—
Little pig, big pig, root, hog or die.

Chorus

Chief cook and bottle washer, captain of the waiters,
Stand upon your head till you pee a bag of 'taters,
And do jog along.

Old Abe Lincoln keeps a-kickin' up a fuss,
And if he don't stop it he'll only make it worse.
We'll have our Independence—tell you the reason why:
Jeff Davis'll make em sing Root, Hog, or Die!

When Lincoln sent to re-inforce Sumpter for the fight,
He told the Yanks to pass thro' the harbor in the night;
He said to them, Be careful—I'll tell you the reason
why:

Our boys are mighty bad on Root, Hog, or Die!

Then Beauregard he called a halt accordin' to his
style;

The Yankees they faced about and looked mighty wild.
They couldn't give the password—I'll tell you the
reason why:

Beauregard's countersign was Root, Hog, or Die.

They anchored out a battery upon the waters free,
The queerest lookin' thing that ever you did see;
It was the fall of Sumpter—and here is the reason why:
'Twas the Southern alphabet of Root, Hog, or Die!

They telegraphed ol' Abraham they'd took her like a
flirt,

And underscored another line, "There was nobody hurt."
We're bound to have the Capital, and here is the reason
why:

We want to teach Abe to sing Root, Hog, or Die!

VERSION D

I am the best freight hauler on the Colorado line,
I can whup the damn fool who would yoke an ox of mine.
If ever I find out, you bet your life I'd try
To split his skull with an ox-bow, root hog or die.

I'll tell you how it is when you first get on the road:
You got an awkward team and a mighty heavy load;
You cut and you slash, and you swear, but on the sly.
Push along your team, boys, root hog or die.

There's many strange sights to see all along the road,
Antelopes and deers and big sand toads,
Buffalo and elk and the rabbits jumping high,
Where all those blood redskins are—root hog or die.

O, times on Bitter Creek they're very hard to beat,
With root hog or die on ev'ry wagon seat;

The sand's all in my throat, the dust is in my eyes,
So bend your back and bear it, boys, root hog or die.

Well, I suppose you'd like to know the kind of food
we eat;

It's a little piece of bread and some old dirty meat,
A dab of old molasses, with some sugar on the sly,
Potatoes when you get 'em, boys, root hog or die.

When we arrived in Santa Fe the twenty-first of June,
All the folks were sure surprised to see us come co
soon.

We are the bold bull-whackers on whom you can rely;
We're tough and we can stand it, boys, root hog or die.

VERSION E

On the Double Curcle range, where the grass grows green,
The cattle get wild and the broncs get mean;
And the calves get bigger as the days go by,
So we got to keep a-rimmin', boys, it's root hog or die.

If you ride about on horses you've got to keep 'em
shod.

If you can't shoe 'em standing, lay on the sod.
You can tack the iron on 'em, if you're a mind to try,
So come on, and get busy, boys, it's root hog or die.

In the morning after breakfast about daylight,
Its saddle your horse, pull the cinches tight;
Now he may jump crooked or he may jump high,
But we got to keep a-ridin', boys, it's root hog or die.

O, the hills are rough and rocky, but we got to make
the drive;

When you start a bunch of cattle you'd better come alibe.
If you get a mav'rick, you do it on the fly,
So you better take to 'em, boys, it's root hog or die.

In the middle of the night you will find it hard
To leave your blankets and go standing guard.
All you have for company is the stars on high,
When you're humming to the cattle, boys, it's root
hog or die.

Oft it's dreadful stormy and oft it's pretty clear;
You may work a month, or you may work a year,
But you can make a winning if you'll only try,
For the whole world over, boys, it's root hog or die.

VERSION F

'Twas on the twenty-fourth of March we got under way,
Bound to the Western Bank on a bright and sunny day;
The wind was off the land and clear was the sky:
That night we shot in Portland Dock, root hog or die.

Now, boys, bring up your water-casks and carry them
ashore,

Fill them up with water till they won't hold no more;
Then hoist up the boat, boys, we'll have one more try
At getting up the Western Bank—root hog or die.

When we got her close fore and aft, we all went below;
The wind was to the eastward, like the devil it did
blow;

We beat about and banged about and never saw the sky,
And then we shot in Port La Tour—root hog or die.

Now I says unto the cook, "Make haste and bear a hand,
And we'll take a walk on this Nova Scotia land."

As we were going up the road, two girls we chanced to
spy,

Sitting down upon a log—root hog or die.

Well, I wish you'd seen the cook, I'm sure 'twould-a
made you stare;
For I thought he was as bashful as Timothy, I declare!
But if these rocks could speak as well as you and I,
Someone back home would be jealous—root hog or die.

VERSION G

The Dutch came to Missouri, as well you all do know,
To subjugate the rebel boys but couldn't make it go.
They can't whip the rebel boys, I'll tell you the
reason why:
The Southern boys mean to win—root hog or die!
General Sigel came to Carthage to whip the rebel crew,
To feed us to the buzzards, and hang the governor, too.
But they couldn't make the riffle,—I'll tell you the
reason why:
The Southern boys made them git—root hog or die.
Upon the tenth of August we heard the Lyon roar;
The grape-shot and cannon-ball around us, like rain,
began to pour.
Our shot-guns did the work for them—I'll tell you the
reason why:
The Southern boys made them git—root hog or die.

VERSION H

Oh, I went to Californy in the spring of 'fifty-six,
And when I landed there I was in a terrible fix;
I didn't have no money, and vittles could not buy—
The only thing for me was to root hog or die.
I went out in the country, commenced to makin' hay;
All the wages that I got was a dollar an' a half a day.

Two suppers late at night, an' there's no use to cry;
Ain't no use in whinin'—it's root hog or die.

Now I left from there an' I went on down to Bellew;
I met up with a stranger who helped to put me through.
It was in a game of poker, an' he gave the cards a sly;
He soon got my money, then it's root hog or die.

Now I got mad and began to yell, an' cuss, an' swear;
I forced down the corn juice till I got on a snare.
The marshal of the city, who was standing near by,
He took me to the calaboose to root hog or die.

He took me into court next morning right at ten,
There sat the judge and a dozen other men
They fined me twenty dollars, and that was kinda high,
But there's no use a-whinin'—it's root hog or die.

Come listen, all you young men, and pay heed to my
advice:

Don't ever play poker or go to throwin' dice!
For if you do, you'll go too much awry
And lad in the calaboose to root hog or die.

=====

VERSION I

Tune: Irish Jaunting Car

We are a band of brothers, natives of our soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil.
And all along the ranks they all did cry,
Tomorrow, boys, we make the Dutch root hog or die.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah! we rangers know our rights,
And if they trample on our toes we'll make them see
sights.

The Lion* ceased to, and old Segal's* on the shy,
Big Abe, little Abe, root hog or die.

*Captain Nathaniel Lyon and Gen. Franz Sigel, Union Army.

If Abe isn't satisfied and wants to fight again,
All he has to do is just muster up his men.
To whip old Ben McCulloch he can always get to try,
But he'll find the Southern boys won't root hog or die!

No. 1486

ROSALINA

also known as

Lead Her Up and Down	Rosa-Becka-Lina
Old Betsy Lina	Rosa Becky Diner
	Rosa Betsy Lina

This is a play-party song and square dance tune.
Versions vary from area to area, but there is not
very much originality in the words.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 299	McDowell (FDT), 46-49
Douthitt (PPK), 36-37	McIntosh (FSSG), 56-58
Dudley & Payne, 17	Randolph, III, 362-364
Duncan (PPHC), 8-9	Randolph (Ozarks), 163-164
	Thomas (SG), 18-19

Rosalina

Lead her up and down the line,
Rosalina.
Lead her up and down the line,
Rosalina.
Lead her up and down the line,
Rosalina,
Oh, won't you be mine?

No. 1487

THE ROSEWOOD CASKET

also known as

Little Rosebud Casket A Package of Old Letters
The Little Rosewood Casket Rose-Bud Casket

This 19th century love lament was still popular and being recorded by various record labels in the 1940s. According to Belden, the song was published and numbered 972 and marked 'Copyright 1870, by White & Goullaud.' According to Lawless there are at least 37 versions in print.

REFERENCES

Allsopp, II, 206	Perrow, XXVIII, 172-173
Arnold, 67	Pound (SFSN), VI, No. 3
Belden (BS), 220	Pub (TFLS), VI, 221
Brown, II, 631-635; IV, 305-307	Quarterly (SFL), IV, 197-198
Cox (FSWV), 73-74 B	Queries (9-1-1940), 19
Cox (TBFS), 195, 196	Randolph, IV, 269-272
Henry (BMFS), 32-33	Richardson (AMS), 54
Henry (FSSH), 243-250	Roberts (IP), 202-203
Henry (SSSA), 182-183	Shellans, 40
Jour (AFL), XLII, 293; XLV, 90-96	Silber (HSB), 87
Kincaid, No. 3, 34	Silverman, I, 134
Memiors (AFL), XXIX, 83-85	Spaeth (WSM), 35
Neely, 230-231	Stout, 83-85
	Thomas (DD), 100-101
	Wetmore (MSNC), 24
	Wilson (SHP), 62

The Rosewood Casket

In a little Rosewood casket
Lying on a marble stand,
Is a package of old letters
Written by my true love's hand.

Come and sit beside me, brother,
 Come and sit upon my bed,
 Lay your head upon my pillow,
 For my aching heart feels dead.

Last Sunday I saw him walking
 With a lady by his side,
 And I think I heard him tell her
 She could never be his bride.

When I'm dead and in my coffin,
 And my shroud's around me bound,
 And my narrow grave is ready
 In yon lonesome churchyard ground.

Take his letters and his locket,
 Place together o'er my heart,
 But the golden ring he gave me,
 From my finger never part.

No. 1488

ROSIN THE BOW

also known as

Old Rosin T. Beau

Rosen the Bow

Old Rosin the Beau, or Bow

Rosin the Beau

Origin of this song is unknown. Most collectors think it came from Ireland, particularly the tune. Irish songs with similar airs are Men of the West and Yougall Harbor. After the tune's introduction to America, however, at least thirty songs were sung to it. According to Leisy, "the melody was first introduced in America in 1838," when Rosin the Bow was its title. The tune was widely used and widely popular throughout the 19th century. For songs set to the tune, in this Master Book, see Abraham Lincoln V, Acres of Clams, Harrison vs Cleveland, Harrison vs Van Buren, He's the Man For Me,

Polk vs Clay IV, and Sherman's March to the Sea.

For an early variation, see Rowen the Bow in McCaskey, II, 48. For a parody, see Paddy's Curiosity Shop in Ford (TMA), 432-433. Also see Hulbert, 187-188.

Christians borrowed the tune, too, and we find it used for Sawyer's Exit in the Sacred Harp (1859) and the Original Sacred Harp (1911), p. 338. For modern reprints of the hymn, see Jackson (SFSO, 148-149 and (WSSU), 167.

Rosin the Bow was issued as a stall ballad by Ryles of Seven Dials. Damon reproduced a Ditson (undated) print and Joyce (OIFMS), No. 352 gives the tune without the words.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Agay (2), 74-75 | Joyce (OIFMS), 162 |
| Barrett, No. 53 | Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 230 |
| Belden (BS), 255-258 | Leisy, 3-6 |
| Brown, III, 61-62; V, 32-34 | Lloyd, 50-51 |
| Chappell (FSRA), 9 | Lomax (CS-1919), 280-281 |
| Chapple (HS), 210-211 | Lomax (CS-1938), 278-279 |
| Davis (FSV), 132-133 | Pound, 209-211 |
| Fife, 11-12 | Pound (SFSN), II, 13 |
| Ford (OTFM), 8 | Randolph, IV, 371-373 |
| Ford (TMA), 56-57, 127, 392-393 | Scott (BA), 248-249 |
| Hudson (FSM), 203-205 | Shearin (SKFS), 19-20 |
| Ives (SB), 270-271 | Shoemaker (NPM), 115-116 |
| | Silverman, I, 275 |
| | Spaeth (REW), 41-42 |
| | Williams (FSUT), 93-94 |

Rosin the Bow

I've traveled this wide world over
 And now to another I'll go;
 I know that good quarters are waiting
 To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you'll hear from below
Singing out, "Whiskey and water,
To sprinkle on Rosin the Bow.
To sprinkle on Rosin the Bow, etc.

And when I am dead, I reckon,
The ladies will all want a show,
And they'll lift up the lid of my coffin,
Saying, "Here lies old Rosin the Bow!"
Saying, "Here lies old Rosin the Bow, etc.

Oh, pick me out six trusty fellows,
And let them stand 'round in a row,
And dig a deep hole in a circle,
And in it toss Rosin the Bow.
And in it toss Rosin the Bow, etc.

Then shape me two mugs for drinking,
Place one at my head and my toe,
And do not forget to write on them
The name of old Rosin the Bow.
The name of old Rosin the Bow, etc.

Then let those six trusty good fellows
All come and stand 'round in a row,
And hold high a big whiskey bottle,
And drink to old Rosin the Bow.
And drink to old Rosin the Bow, etc.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel, implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Nor even old Rosin the Bow.

Nor even Old Rosin the Bow, etc.

No. 1489

ROUND AND ROUND, IN AND OUT, MARCHING, WALKING
also known as

Go In and Out the	Marching Round the Valley,
Window(s)	<u>or</u> Village
Go Out and Meet Your	Round and Round the Levee,
Lover	<u>or</u> Levy
Go Round and Round the	Round and Round the Valley,
Levee, <u>or</u> Valley <u>or</u>	<u>or</u> Village
Village	Till the Moon No longer
The Highland Gates Are Free	Shines
In and Out the Window(s)	Walking on the Levee, <u>or</u>
Marching Round the Levee,	Levy
<u>or</u> Levy	Walking Round the Valley,
Marching Round the Love	<u>or</u> Village
Ring	We're Marching Round the
	Levee, <u>or</u> Levy

This is a game song from England, where it is known in a wide variety of versions. Many of the stanzas circulating in England have been recovered in this country, and several of them have been presented as songs in their right. Such stanzas as "Follow me to London," "In and out the window," "Marching round the ladies," "Stand and face your lover," and "Up and down the valley" have all been given as individual and distinct pieces, which results in troublesome references in America.

The meaning of terms is not always clear in old songs, and this one is no exception. For example, take the term "levee" or "levy." According to Gomme, the term "here has no connection with flood control! It must mean a morning party or reception (See Webster). Such levees were held during the War Between the States to celebrate victories... 'For we have gained the day.' " In America, as is usual, the song became fused on occasion with other songs. Botkin found a version of Marching Round the Levy that had been crossed with Coffee Grows on a White Oak Tree, and describes it as "A striking instance of the grafting of a swinging-game upon a ring-game..." According to Newell, "'Levy' is plainly a substitute for 'valley'; making the change, we have 'Walking in the Valley'; the theme, therefore, is the same as that of 'Walking on the Green Grass'." (See Green Grass in this Master Book).

According to Gomme, Linscott, and others, All versions of the song appear to be a survival of an ancient and periodical village festival at which marriage took place. If true, that was far away and long ago. For more than a century the song has belonged to children, who neither understand nor care about its original idea and purpose.

Although versions vary considerably here and there, and collectors tend, generally, to isolate and present them as individual pieces, it is obvious that all of them derive from a common source. Therefore, it was decided that representations of the group should be given together as A, B, C, D, and E.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 306-307
Armitage, I, 69
Balfour, 16
Bancroft, 375-377

Beckwith (FGJ), 67-68
Bertail, 140
Botkin (APPS), 34
Brown, I, 119-122; III,
108-109; V, 524-525

Brown & Boyd, 29	Kit, J, 11
Chase (AFTS), 191-193	Lair, 19
Collins, 15	Linscott, 9-10
Cox (SG), 194-196	Maclagen, 65
Davis (FSV), 228	McDowell (FDT), 60-61
Douglas, 41	Neely, 204
Forbush, 68-69-82-83	Newell, 128-129, 249-230
Ford (TMA), 260-261	Notes (8th Series), I, 249
Fuson, 175	Owens (ST), 3
Gomme, II, 122-143	Perrow, XXVI, 138
Heck, 26	Price, 38
Hofer (SG), 16	Randolph, III, 336-338
Hornby, 39	Rayburn, 120-121
Hudson (FSM), 287-288	Shearin (SKFS), 38
Hudson (FTM), 35	Warnick, 165
Jour (AFL), VIII, 253;	Wier (YAM), I, 130
XV, 194; XXXI, 132;	Wolford, 47-48
XXXIII, 120; XLIV, 12;	
XLVII, 338; XLIX, 243;	
LIX, 438	

Round and Round, In and Out, Marching, Walking

VERSION A

Go in and out the windows,
Go in and out the windows,
Go in and out the windows,
Till the moon no longer shines.

Go forth and greet your lover, etc.

Go up and down the valley, etc.

Now hold and kiss your lover, etc.

Go round and round the dwelling, etc.

Now go salute your lover, etc.

He kneels because he loves you, etc.

It breaks his heart to leave you, etc.

One kiss before he leaves you, etc.

VERSION B

Go round and round the valley, (3)
For we are all so gay.

Go in and out the windows, etc.

Go back, and face your lover, etc.

Such love have I to show you, etc.

VERSION C

Round and round the village, (3)
As we have done before.

Stand and face your lover, etc.

Follow her to Boston, etc.

In and out the windows, etc.

Hug and kiss your lover, etc.

VERSION D

I'm walking on the levee, (3)
For you have gained the day.

Go in and out the windows, etc.

Stand up and face your lover, etc.

I measure my love to show you, etc.

I kneel because I love you, etc.

It breaks my heart to leave you, etc.

VERSION E

We're marching round the village, (3)
The Highland gates are free.

Go thro' and thro' the windows, etc

Go forth and face your lover, etc.

I'll kneel and say I love you, etc.

So long, for I must leave you, etc.

No. 1490

ROUND UP FOUR IN LONDON

also known as

Circle Four in London
London
Rally, Boys, Rally

Round that Lady
Twenty-Five Miles to
London

This is one of those floating game songs. Versions do not differ greatly, though the words are sometimes changed beyond recognition. There are also a few songs that are quite similar, and some of these may be seen in Hudson (FSM), 298; Hudson (SMFL), 125; and Jour (AFL), XXIV, 315.

Also see and compare Weden in Owens (ST), 84-85.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 305

Hamilton, 302

Douthitt, 34

Hudson (SMFL), 127

Randolph, III, 370

Round Up Four In London

Round up four in London,
I thought I heard them say;
Right and left in London,
And I have heard them say.

Do-se-do in London, etc.

Rally, boys, rally, etc.

Nineteen miles to supper, etc.

Change and swing in London, etc.

Promenade home in London, etc.

No. 1491

THE ROVING LOVER

also known as

Broomfield Town	The Roving Gambler
Gambler's Sweetheart	Roving Jack the Journeyman
The Gambling Man	The Roving Journeyman
Gamboling Man	The Roving Shanty-man
The Guerilla Boy, <u>or</u> Man	The Roving Soldier
I'm a Roving Gambler	Yonder Comes My Little Girl
The Journeyman	Yonder Comes My Pretty
The Roaming Gambler	Little Girl

This song comes in many variated versions, with the more popular one being version A below.

In various areas of America the Gambler is replaced

by another character, generally a guerilla, a soldier or a shanty-boy. However, all of them, including the gambler, are descendants of the Irish journeyman of the original song: The Roving Journeyman (see version C below).

A persistent situation in all American versions is the mother-daughter dialogue. Another persistent feature is the line: "She asked me in her parlor, she cooled me with her fan." Many versions also contain floating stanzas and lines, usually from such songs as I Wouldn't Marry, A Railroader for Me, and The Forsaken Girl.

During the American Civil War the Journeyman or Gambler became a Guerilla. Both Belden and Randolph give versions featuring the "guerilla man." The A, B and C versions below are representative of the genre, but are by no means all-inclusive.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Baring-Gould (SW), No. 8 | Leisy, 286-288 |
| Belden (BS), 374-376 | Lomax (ABFS), 150-151 |
| Botkin (AFL), 889 | Lomax (PB), 113 |
| Brewster (BSI), 342-344 | Odum (NHS), 258-259 |
| Brown, III, 78-80; V, 43 | Owens (TFS), 85-86 |
| Cazden, II, 98 | Randolph, IV, 356-360 |
| Creighton (FSNB), 43 | Reeves, 196 |
| Davis (FSV), 125-126 | Rickaby, 81 |
| Downes (1940), 293 | Roberts (IP), 156-158 |
| Fuson, 131 | Roberts (SBS), 108-109 |
| Gardner (BSSM), 200 | Sandburg (AS), 312-313 |
| Henry (SSSA), 98-99 | Shay (PF-2), 22-25 |
| Jour (AFL), XXIV, 398; | Shay (PF-3), 120-121 |
| XXVIII, 137; XXIX, | Silverman, II, 330 |
| 134-135 | White, 33-38 |

I am a roving gambler,
I've gambled all around,
Whenever I meet with a deck of cards
I lay my money down.

I lay my money down!
I lay my money down!

I've gambled down in Washington,
Gambled over in Spain;
I'm going back to Georgia,
To gamble my last game. (3)

Hadn't been in Washington
Many more days than three,
When I fell in love with a pretty girl,
Who fell in love with me. (3)

She took me in her parlor,
She cooled me with her fan;
She whispered low in her mother's ear:
"I love this gambling man." (3)

"O daughter, O dear daughter,
Why do you treat me so?
How can you leave your mother here
And with this gambler go?" (3)

"O mother, O dear mother,
You know I love you well,
But the love I feel for this gambling man
Is more than words can tell.. (3)

"Don't you hear that train a-coming?
It's coming round the curve!
O don't you hear the whistle blow?
It's straining every nerve!

"O mother, O dear mother,
Please listen while you can:
If ever you see my face again,
I'll be with this gambling man."

VERSION B

I am a roving soldier, I go from town to town,
And when I see a pretty girl I invite her to sit down.

I eat when I am hungry, I drink when I am dry,
And if some war don't kill me, I'll live until I die.

I took a trip to Richmond, some pleasure for to see;
I fell in love with a Richmond girl and asked her to
marry me.

She asked me in her parlor, she cooled me with her fan;
Then whispered in her mother's ear, "I love this soldier
man."

"O daughter, dearest daughter, how can you treat me so?
How can you leave your mother and with this soldier go?"

"I'll pack up all my clothing, with my true love at my
side,
I'll roam this wide world over and be a soldier's bride.

"And when I see him coming I'll clasp my hands with
joy
And say to my old mother: Here comes my soldier boy!"

VERSION C

Young Jack he was a journeyman,
That rov'd from town to town;
And when he'd done a job of work,
He lightly sat him down.

With his kit upon his shoulder
And a grafting knife in hand,
He rov'd the country round about,
A merry journeyman.

Now when he came to Exeter,
The maidens leaped for joy;
Said one and all, both short and tall,
Here comes a gallant boy.
The lady dropt her needle, and
The maid her frying-pan,
Each plainly told her mother that
She loved the journey-man.

He had not been in Exeter,
The days were barely three,
Before the Mayor's own daughter said
She loved him desparately.
She bid him to her mother's house,
She took him by the hand,
Said she, "My dearest mother, see
I love the journey-man!

"He need no more to trudge afoot,
He'll travel coach and pair;
My wealth with me— or poverty
With him, content I'll share."
Now filled the horn with barleycorn,
And flowing fill the can:
Here let us toast the Mayor's daughter
And the roving journeyman.

No. 1492

THE ROWDY

This is one of those California "gold-rush" era songs, written by John A. "Old Put" Stone and, as usual, set to a well known melody of the time. Stone's text, in The Golden Songster, was reprinted in Dwyer, 122.

The RowdyTune: Coming Through the Rye

If a rowdy meet a rowdy going down the street,
If a rowdy ask a rowdy, what a rowdy treat?

Chorus

If a rowdy sees a rowdy take a glass of grog,
Should a rowdy call a rowdy damned infernal hog?

If a rowdy meet a rowdy anywhere in town,
Should a rowdy curse a rowdy, knock a rowdy down?

If a rowdy will be rowdy, ride him on a rial!
Tar the rowdy, feather rowdy, take him off to jail!

No. 1493

THE ROWDY SOUL

also known as

Damn My Rowdy Soul

Gad Damn my Rowdy Soul

Dang My Rowdy Soul

God Dang my Rowdy Soul

This is what used to be called a "saloon song" or "rounder." I learned it (see version A below) from a blind country singer named Riley Puckett in the early 1930s. The only other version I have seen in print is considerably different, but is, I think, a variation of the same song. Version B is from

Wheeler (SD), 94.

The Rowdy Soul (Version A)

God damn my rowdy soul!
God damn my rowdy soul!
Stagger'd down to Joe's saloon,
Sipped rye whiskey with a spoon.
God damn my rowdy soul!

God damn my rowdy soul! (2)
Well, I headed for the door
And I landed on the floor.
God damn my rowdy soul!

I left my gal down town, (2)
Found me lying on my bed,
And she pounded on my head!
God damn my rowdy soul!

God damn my rowdy soul! (2)
Gonna head on down the line,
And I'll leave that gal of mine.
God damn my rowdy soul!

VERSION B

I'm a rowdy soul, I'm a rowdy soul,
Don't care whether I work or not.
Las' year I didn't raise no crop at all,
Didn't raise no corn an' tomatoes.
The groun' wuz so po the corn wouldn't grow,
But damn the Irish potatoes!

I'm a rowdy soul, I'm a rowdy soul,
Don't care whether I work or not.
When I git my new house done,

I'll build the chimney higher,
So the dirt dobbers* will quit flyin' round,
An' put me out my fire.

I took my gal to the party, Oh,
An' I didn't say nothin' 'bout it;
I ain't no hand to raise no row,
But I'm hell when I git started.

*Yellow jackets, or wasps.

No. 1494

ROY BEAN

also known as

Judge Roy Bean

The Law West of the Pecos

Roy Bean was born in Kentucky, where he was raised in a frontier environment. He wandered through the Western states as a jack-of-all-trades, getting more trade than jack, until he was nearly sixty years old. At Langtry, Texas, where he operated a saloon called the "Jersey Lily", which, like the town, was named in honor of the English actress, Lily Langtry, Bean was appointed Justic of the Peace. From the day of his appointment, August 2, 1882, until his death in 1903, he held court in his saloon.

According to Lomax (CS), Charles J. Finger "modestly confessed that he wrote this metrical story of some of the activities of Roy Bean."

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 134-135

Kennedy (TAB), 130-133

Finger (FB), 133-136

Lomax (ABFS), 413-415

Kennedy (AB), 108-110

Lomax (CS-1938), 147-150

Patterson (SRR), 44-45

Roy Bean

Roy Bean has gone to glory, but he lives in song and
story,

"All the law west of the Pecos" read his sign;
Let imagination take us, to a town down on the Pecos,
Where a high bridge spans the canyon, thin and fine.

He was born one day near Toyah, where he learn'd to
be a lawyer,

And a teacher and a barber and the mayor;
He was cook and old shoe mender, he was preacher and
bartender,

And it cost two-bits to have him cut your hair.

Roy Bean was quite a hustler, and some say he was a
rustler,

But at mixing up an eggnog he was grand;
He was clever, he was merry, he could drink a Tom and
Jerry,

On occasion at a roundup took a hand.

Tho' the story isn't funny, they say once he had no
money,

But for him this wasn't very strange or rare;
He just went to help Pap Wyndid, but he got so absent
minded,

That he branded ol' Pap's cattle ev'ry where.

Well, ol' Pap he got so angry, Roy Bean went down to
Langtry,

Where he opened up an office and a stroe;
He would sell you drink or buttons, or another rancher's
muttons,

Tho' this always made the other fellow sore.

Once there came from Austin city a greenhorn dude
 reported witty,
And from old Roy he sorta guessed he'd get a rise;
Well, he got unusual frisky, and he up and order'd
 whiskey,
Saying: Bean, now hurry-up, gol-durn your eyes.

On the bar he threw ten dollars, which ol' Roy he
 quickly collars,
Then ol' Roy takes out nine and hands back one.
Well, the stranger gave a holler, when he saw that
 single dollar,
And with that began the merriment and fun.

Then the dude he slammed the table, just hard as he
 was able,
Now the price of whiskey was too high, he swore;
Roy said, "For all that fussin', and your most out-
 rageous cussin',
You are fined the other dollar by the law."

One fine day they found a dead man, who in life had
 been a red man,
So doubtless he was nothin' else but bad.
They called Roy to view the body, but first he took a
 drink of toddy,
Then he listed all the things the dead man had.

For a red man he was tony, for he had a pretty pony,
And a dandy bit and saddle and a rope;
He had a fine Navajo rug and a quart within his jug,
And a bronc that was dandy on the lope.

So the find it was quite rare-oh, for he had been a
 "Cocinero,"
And his pay-day hadn't been so far away;

He had a brand-new white stetson and a silver Smith
and Wesson,

While a purse of forty dollars jingled gay.

Roy said, "You'll learn a lesson, for you have a Smith
and Wesson,

And to carry implements of war is very wrong;

Forty dollars I will fine you, for we can't very well
confine you,

As already you've been layin' round too long."

Now I've told you boys the story, of Roy Bean in all
his glory—

He's the man who was the justice and the law;

He was handy with his hooks, he was orn'ry in his
looks,

And just now I ain't a-telling anymore.

No. 1495

THE RULERS OF THE EARTH

also known as

The Lords of Creation

Obey

Lords of Creation Men We Call

Rulers of the World

Belden refers to this song as a "bit of feminine rail-
lery" and says that it "is perhaps not traditional
song" and added that he had "not seen it elsewhere."

Other collectors who print versions give no background
information, so we are left with the 1907 manuscript
dated "about the third quarter of the last century" that
was reported by Belden.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 432-433

Davis (FSV), 333

Brown, III, 363-364

Loesser, 134-135

The Rulers of the Earth

Ye lords of creation, men you are called,
You think you rule the whole;
You are much mistaken, after all,
For you are under woman's control.

For ever since the world began
It's always been the way—
For didn't Adam, the very first man,
The very first woman obey, obey, obey,
The very first woman obey?

Ye lords who are present, hear my call.
I know you will quickly say:
Our size much larger, our nerves more strong,
Shall the stronger the weaker obey?
Let us leave themselves to muse
Upon their fancied sway—
For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile
She will certainly have her own way, her way,
She will certainly have her own way.

Now ladies, since I've made it plain
That the thing is really so,
We'll not let them have their way,
But we'll show them the way to go.
For ever since the world began
It's always been the way,
And we'll manage it so that the very last man
Shall the very last woman obey, obey, obey,
Shall the very last woman obey!

No. 1496

RUN ALL THE WAY

also known as

Blow, Gabriel, Blow Listen to the Angels Shoutin'

Camp-ground revival song from America's frontier era that disappeared from hymn-books sometime during the first half of the 19th century. American slaves kept the song alive by turning it into a spiritual.

See and compare Paul and Silas II in this Master Book. The version below is from Marsh (SJS), 225. A slightly different version is in Work ANSS), 209-210.

Run All the Way

Where do you think I found my soul?
Listen to the angels shouting!
I found my soul at hell's dark door,
Listen to the angels shouting!
Before I lay in hell one day,
Listen to the angels shouting!
I sing and pray my soul away,
Listen to the angels shouting!

Chorus

Run all the way, run all the way,
Run all the way, my Lord,
Listen to the angels shouting.
Blow, Gabriel, blow! Blow, Gabriel, blow!
Tell us all the joyful news,
Listen to the angels shouting.
I don't know what sinners
Want to stay here for,
Listen to the angels shouting!
When he gets home he will sorrow no more,
Listen to the angels shouting!

No. 1497

RUN, MARY, RUN

also known as

I Know the Other World Is Not Like This

This spiritual was arranged and published under copyright in 1905. It is similar in some ways to Tell All the World, John (see in MB), but obviously an adaptation of O Run, Mary, Run, or The Resurrection Morn, an earlier version given below as version B.

See and compare Udder Worl' Is Not Lak Dis in Odum (NHS), 123.

REFERENCESAllen (SSUS), 54, or 101

Johnson (SBNS), 110-113

Dett, 18-19

Jubilee (PS), 23

Mackenzie (SH), 114-115

Run, Mary, Run (Version A)

Run, Mary, run! Run, Mary, run!

O, run, Mary, run!

I know the other world is not like this.

Let's hurry hom! Let's hurry home!

O, let's hurry home!

I know the other world is not like this.

VERSION B

O run, Mary, run! Hallelu, hallelu!

O run, Mary, run, hallelujah!

It was early in de mornin', etc.That she went to the Sepulchre, etc.

And de Lord He wasn't dare, etc.

But she saw a man a-comin', etc.

And he say, "O touch me not, etc.

"For I am not yet ascended, etc.

"But tell to my disciples, etc.

"That the Lord He is arisen, etc."

No. 1498

RUNNING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

also known as

Nancy Brown	She Came Running Down the
Rolling Down the Mountain	Mountain
	The West Virginia Hills

Origin of this old ribald song is unknown, but it was revived during the 1930s by a group known as The Prairie Ramblers.

The version below is from Wilbur Brown, Wilmington, N. C., 1933.

For a song sharing one title with this one, see West Virginia Hills in Fowke (SWF), 56.

Running Down the Mountain

In the hills of West Virginia
Liv'd a girl named Nancy Brown;
She was the fairest maiden
For many miles around.

Nancy met a deacon
Who was looking for some thrills,
And he invited Nancy
For a ride up in the hills.

She came running down the mountain,
Running down the mountain,
She came running down the mountain, by the damn;
But she didn't give the deacon
That thrill he went a-seekin',—
She came home as pure as West Virginia ham!

Then she met a cowboy,
Who was dressed in fancy frills,
And he invited Nancy
For a ride up in the hills.

She came running down the mountain,
Running down the mountain,
She came running down the mountain, by the shack;
But as I before have stated
She was not contaminated,—
She came home as pure as Pappy's apple-jack!

Henderson, the trapper,
With his phrases sweet and kind,
He took her to the mountains,
But when she read his mind—

She came running down the mountain,
Running down the mountain,
She came running down the mountain, down the line;
And in spite of all his urgin',
She remained a local virgin,—
She came home as pure as West Virginia pine!

Then a city slicker,
With his hundred dollar bills,
And his fancy new Mercedes,
Drove our Nancy to the hills.

And she stayed up in the mountains,
Stayed up in the mountains,
Yes, she stayed up in the mountains all that night!
She came home next morning early,
More a woman than a girlie,
And her Pappy chased the hussy out of sight!

Now she's living in the city,
Living in the city,
Now she's living in the city mighty swell!
She's all thro' with pots and kittles,
She's now eating fancy vittles,
Says the West Virginia Hills can go to hell!

No. 1499

RUN, RUN, RUN!

also known as

The City of Refuge

Run To the City of Refuge

You'd Better Run

An old spiritual that has been recorded by singing groups for many labels. Its origin is not known, but it reveals the general character of a campground hymn adapted by Southern slaves.

For a distinctly different version, see Brown, III, 615-616.

REFERENCES

Scarborough (NFS), 208-209

White, 90-91, 407

Work (ANSS), 93

Run, Run, Run!

God sent Jonah to Nineveh land;
He didn't obey his Lord's command.
You should-a seen the storm that the
good Lord made:
A whale swallowed Jonah 'cause he
disobeyed!

Chorus

You'd better run, run, run, run, run!
You'd better run, run, run, run, run!
You'd better run to the City of Refuge,
You'd better run, run, run!

God made Samson a man of worth;
He made him the strongest man on earth.
The good book says back in the ancient times,
He killed about a thousand ol' Philistines!
He had to run, etc.

No. 1500

RUSTY JIGGS AND SANDY SAM

also known as

Buster Jiggs and Sandy Sam	The Sierry Petes
Sandy Bob, <u>or</u> Sam and Rusty	Tyin' a Knot in the Devil's
Jiggs	Tail

Tying Knots in the Devil's Tail

This cowboy song has made the rounds of personally published folios and song books, and has been claimed as the original work of several different authors.

A version is in Powder River Jack Lee's The Stampede (n.d.), in which Lee claims to have written it. He

makes the same claim of authorship in Song Book, a folio published in 1931 and, again, in his folio Cowboy Song Book, 1936.

Gardner (OB), claims the song and says he got the idea in 1917. In George German's pamphlet, Cowboy Campfire Ballads, the text is credited to Gail I. Gardner; and German's pamphlet was published in 1929. Under the title, The Sierry Petes, text was copyrighted by Gardner in 1935. We find the song again in Cowboy Song Book No. 5, 1939, by George German. For two similar pieces, see The Glory Trail and High Chin Bob in Lomax (SCT), pp. 30 & 33.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| Fife, 201-203 | Loesser, 200-201 |
| Ford (TMA), 367-369 | Lomax (ABFS), 406-409 |
| Gardner (OB), 9-10 | Lomax (FSNA), 388-389 |
| Larkin (1931), 65-68 | Ohrlin, 69-72 |
| Larkin (1963), 75-78 | Sackett, 52-53 |
| Laws (NAB), 141 | Silverman, I, 48 |
| Lee (TTGC), 43-44, 225 | Toelken (NTB), 12-13 |
| Lingenfelter, 358-359 | White (GALD), 117-118, 122 |

Rusty Jiggs and Sandy Sam

Away out there in the Sierry Peaks,
Where the mountain pines grow tall,
Rusty Jiggs and Sandy Sam
Had made their camp last fall.

They had their ponies and their running irons,
And maybe a dog or two,
And they 'llowed they'd brand ev'ry slick-eared dogie
That came within their view.

Now ev'ry old dogie with long flop-ears
That didn't hole up by day,

Got his long ears trimmed and his old hide scratched
In a most artistic way.

Says Sandy Sam to Rusty Jiggs,
As he threw his seago down,
"I figures I'm tired of cowpography,
And reckons I'll go to town."

They saddled their ponies and struck a lope,
For it was quite a ride;
But them was the days when an old cowpoke
Could wet his dry inside.

Well, they started in at Kentucky bar,
Up at the head of the row,
And ended up at the Depot House,
Just seventy drinks below.

As they were a-ridin' back to camp,
A-carryin' that awful load,
Who should they meet but the Devil himself
A-walkin' down the road.

Says the Devil, "You cowpunchin' skunks,
You'd better hunt up your holes;
I've come from the rim-rocks of Hell
To gather in your souls!"

"The devil be damn," says Sandy Sam,
"Though I know that we are tight;
No devil ever killed an old cowpoke
Without one hell of a fight!"

He built him a hole in his old seago,
And he threw it straight and true;
And he caught the devil by both horns,
And he had it anchored, too.

Now Rusty Jiggs was a reata man
With his gut-line coiled neat;
He shook it out and built him a hole,
And he snared the devil's feet.

They stretched him out and tailed him down,
And they got their irons red hot;
They put a swallow-fork in each ear,
And they scorched him up a lot.

Then they left him there in the Sierry Peaks,
Necked up to a big black oak;
Left him there in the Sierry Peaks—
Tied knots in his tail for a joke.

If ever you're up in the Sierry Peaks,
And you hear one helluva wail,
You'll know it's the devil himself
Cryin' 'bout the knots in his tail!

**

No. 1501

SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND

also known as

The Hebrew Children	Where Now Are the Hebrew
The Promised Land	Children?
Safe At Home in the	Where, O Where is Old
Promised Land	Elijah?
Way Over in the Promised	Wonder Where is Good Old
Land	Daniel?

This spiritual dates back to at least the first half of the 19th century, and may be older. We know it has been in print since 1832, because that year it was published in The Sacred Harp. A version is in the 1835 edition of The Southern Harmony, the 1855 edition of The Social Harp and the 1911 edition of the Original Sacred Harp. In the latter hymn-book, words and music are ascribed to Peter Cartwright, "a minister of the gospel, (who) used this tune in his camp meetings long before it was ever placed in notation."

The same song is ascribed to David Walker in The Southern Harmony edition mentioned above.

A Negro parody was published in 1844 by C. Bradlee & Company, Boston, which begins:

O whar is de spot we wuz born on, (3)

Way down in Car'line state?

There is even an American Indian version, and it begins:

Clo me sal sal mit a Moses,

Hiclo piclo peace in-e-ay.

For the most popular parody, see Where, O Where? in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 164	Jour (AFL), XX, 236; XXVI,
Belden (BS), 457-459	148
Brown, III, 678	Kendall, 6-7
Cobb (SH), 203	Luther, 88
Dett, 73	Odum (NHS), 144-145
Fuson, 205-206	Owens (TFS), 163
Jackson (SFS), 201	Richardson (AMS), 67
Jackson (WNS), 202-203	Sandburg (AS), 92-93
Jackson (WSSU), 232,	Walker (SH), 266
262	White, 49-50, 429-430
Jones, 300	White & King, 78

Safe In The Promised Land

Where now are the Hebrew children?
Where now are the Hebrew children?
Where now are the Hebrew children?
Safe in the Promised land!

Tho' the furnace flamed around them,
In their troubles the Lord God found them,
And with love and mercy bound them
Safe in the Promised land.

Where now are the good old prophets? (3)
Safe in the Promised land.

God in heaven called upon them,
Let the Spirit of Heaven run them,
And the power of glory won them
Safe in the Promised land.

Where, O where is old Elijah? (3)
Safe in the Promised land.

He went up in a fiery chariot! (3)
Safe in the Promised land.

Where, O where is good old Daniel? (3)
Safe in the Promised land.

Someday soon we'll all go see him! (3)
Safe in the Promised land.

No. 1502

SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I

This is a parody of John Brown's Body. So far as I am aware, this is the first time the text has been published. I obtained it from the singing of three boys and two girls on a New York subway train in 1946.

Said I To Myself, Said I Tune: John Brown's Body

One grasshopper jumped upon another grasshopper's back!
One grasshopper jumped upon another grasshopper's back!
One grasshopper jumped upon another grasshopper's back!

As I was passing by.

They were only playing leap-frog, (3)

Said I to myself, said I.

One mosquito bit another mosquito on the neck! (3)

As I was passing by.

They were only being friendly, (3)

Said I to myself, said I.

A flea and a fly flew up a flu to pitch a little woo! (3)

As I was passing by.

Glory, glory, how peculiar! (3)

Said I to myself, said I.

No. 1503

THE SAILOR AND HIS BRIDE

also known as

Charlie and Mary
The Soldier Boy
The Sailor Boy

The Sailor Boy's Bride
The Sailor Lad
The Sailor's Bride

Of English origin, this song had wide circulation in the United States. According to Flanders (NGMS), the song "was first printed, without music, by H. DeMarsan, on a broadside, list 15, No. 90, at some time between 1860 and 1878."

In America, as might be expected, the song evolved into many differing versions. The husband is here a sailor, there a soldier, depending upon the area or the inclination of the singer. I have even heard a cowboy version in which the husband was Texas Ranger. The song is similar in content to A Young Woman's Sorrow (see in this Master Book).

Also see and compare My Lovely Sailor Boy in Randolph, IV, 268-269.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 344-345; IV,
200-201

Chappell (FSRA), 57-58

Cox (FSS), 364-365

Eddy, 104-106

Flanders (NGMS), 231-234

Henry (FSSH), 177-178

Pound (SFSN), XII, No. 5

Quarterly (HFL), 21-22

The Sailor and His Bride

I'm all alone and sad always;
I lost my love in younger days.
My sailor boy, whose heart was true,
Lies sleeping 'neath the ocean blue.

La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
My Sailor boy, whose heart was true,
Lies sleeping 'neath the ocean blue.

One happy year when spring was sprung
And flowers bloomed, and songs were sung,
My heart was filled with love and joy,
For I was with my sailor boy.

La la la la, etc.

The evening star was shining still,
And twilight crept o'er yonder hill;
I was the sailor boy's bride,
And we were walking side by side.

La la la la, etc.

About three months we had been wed,
But, oh! how fast the moments sped!
We had to part at break of day—
Aboard a ship he sailed away.

La la la la, etc.

Long months passed by, he came no more
To see his bride upon the shore.
His ship went down within the storm,
And death embraced his handsome form.

La la la la, etc.

My sailor sleeps beneath the wave;
The mermaids swim above his grave.
Would that I were resting too,
Beside him in the ocean blue.

La la la la, etc.

No. 1504

THE SAILOR AND THE CHEST

also known as

The Boatman, <u>or</u> Boatsman	The Jolly Boatman, <u>or</u>
and the Chest	Boatswain
The Boatman and the Tailor	The Old B's'n
The Boatswain and the Chest	The Sailor and the Tailor
The Boatswain and the Tailor	The Sailor Boy
	A Tailor in the Chest

This is a very old ballad with an even old theme. In fact, variations of the theme are found in many ballad texts throughout Europe.

See and compare The Bold Trooper in Peacock, I, 243-248 and The Trooper and the Tailor in Cazden, II, 12-15.

REFERENCES

Campbell & Sharp, No. 42	Johnson (BBLL), 47, 86
Cazden, II, 82-83	Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 189
Chappell (FSRA), 93-94	Laws, Q 8, 277
Eddy, 143-145	Morris, 371-372
Greenleaf, 112-113	Peacock, I, 306-311
Henry (FSSH), 191-192	Reeves, 83-84
Hubbard, 228-229	Sharp, I, 338-340
	Shearin (SKFS), 55

The Sailor and the Chest

The sailor he came home in the middle of the night;
Put the poor tailor in a hell of a fright.

"Hide me, O hide me!" the tailor he did cry.

"For it is your husband, and I don't want to die!"

"There is an old chest that is standing outside;
You may jump into that and so quietly there lie."

He ran real quick with his breeches and his hose,
While she followed after with the rest of his clothes.

She ran downstairs and she opened the door,
And saw her husband and her husband looked sore.
She caught him by the waist, then gave to him a kiss;
He says, "My loving woman, what do you mean by this?

"I'm sorry, loving wife, I've come for my chest;
I'm really very sorry to disturb your evening rest.
Our ship she weighs anchor already for to sail—
We're bounding away with a prospering gale."

Then in walked her husband with five sailors strong;
They picked up the chest and they carried it along.
They lugged it away to the end of the town,
And the weight of the chest caused the sweat to roll
down.

Says one to the other, "Let's put it down and rest."
"O, no," says another, "For the devil's in the chest!"
"No, no," cried the boatswain, "No need for you to
fear;

For it's only John the Tailor, and I've got him here."

They took the poor tailor and put him in the nook;
No one to touch him, in the longboat he shook.
He opened the cover in view of them all
And there was the tailor cornered in his stall.

"Well, now, Mister Tailor, what brought you here?
Never mind, my friend—no need for you to fear.
For I will press on you, and send you off to sea;
No more will you stay home and make a fool of me!"

No. 1505SAILOR'S HORNPIPE

Popular as a fiddle-tune throughout America, this song is a top-favorite with square dancers. Its omission from folk song collections is probably due to the fact that it is usually found in instrumental form. The text below was obtained from Fred Kirby, a professional country-type singer through the 1930s and 1940s at Charlotte, N.C.

For a different text set to this tune, see Drinking Song-X in this Master Book.

For an instrumental version for fiddle, see Ford (OTFM), 26.

Sailor's Hornpipe

A sailor likes to sail upon the ocean blue,
A sailor likes to sail upon the ocean blue;
Now and then he takes a notion,
Comes ashore and leaves the ocean,
And he goes to town to court the girls and
love 'em true.

A sailor likes to drink and dance upon the shore,
A sailor likes to drink and dance upon the shore;
Loves a girl from night till morning,
Says "goodbye" without a warning,
For now he's broke and goes to sail the sea
once more.

No. 1506

A SAILOR'S LIFE

also known as

The Gallant Seaman's When the Stormy Winds do blow
Suffering Ye (You) Gentlemen of England
Neptune's Raging Fury

This ballad is associated in several published collections with later ballads dealing with the same or similar subject matter. According to Chappell (OEPM), II, 48, this ballad "is an alteration of one by Martin Parker, a copy of which is in the Pepys Collection, i, 420; printed at London for C. Wright."

The tune was used for several old English ballads, most of which were not known in American tradition. The text was altered many times, resulting in a dozen or so related ballads on both sides of the Atlantic. For example, in his headnotes to Jolly Sailors Bold, Mackenzie, 253, says: "The source of this song, and of a great many similar ones, is the famous broadside, Ye Gentlemen of England, or When the Stormy Winds Do Blow, composed by Martin Parker, and first issued about 1635."

Other ballads said to be alterations of A Sailor's Life are: Neptune's Raging Fury; or The Gallant Seaman's Sufferings in Ashton (CB), 213-217 and Ebsworth (RB), VI, 432-433; The Jovial Mariner, or The Sea-Man's Renown in Ebsworth (RB), VI, 369-370; The Jovial Sailor's Crew in Halliwell's Yorkshire Anthology, 257-259; and versions of a ballad variously known as Nancy From London, Pretty Nancy of London, and Tall Grow the Rushes in Greenleaf, 73; Jour (FSS), III, 101-103; Karpeles, 180-181; Peacock, II, 568; Randolph, I, 329; and Sharp (FSE), I, 20.

For a ballad that begins the same and has other marked

similarities, see Bay of Biscay Oh in Creighton (SBNS), 105-106.

For versions of a later ballad known as Ye Gentlemen of England and You Gentlemen of England Fare, see Creighton (SBNS), 136-137 and Flanders (BMNE), 193-195.

The tune is subject to confusion because of the title Ye Gentlemen of England; a tune of that title was composed by John Wall Callcott in the 18th century, and it became widely known and exceedingly popular. A text was written to Callcott's tune by Thomas Campbell, who called it Ye Mariner's of England, but Callcott was not born until 1766 and, therefore, could not have had anything to do with a tune in circulation during the 17th century.

The tune to this ballad is almost identical to that of The Bay of Biscay O!, which is given elsewhere in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Bantock, 29-30

Colcord, 138

Chappell (OEPN), II,
47-49

Whitman, 58-59

Williams (FSUT), 201-202

A Sailor's Life

You gentlemen of England, that live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas!
Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plainly show,
All the cares and the fears when the stormy winds do
blow.

The sailor must have courage, no danger must he shun:
In every kind of weather his course he still must run!
Now mounted on the topmast how dreadful 'tis below!
Then we ride as the tide when the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us and England is at war
With any foreign nation, we fear not wound nor scar.
To humble them, come on lads, their flags we'll soon
lay low:

Clear the way for the fray tho' the stormy winds do
blow.

But when the danger's over and safe we come on shore,
The horrors of the tempest we think of then no more;
The flowing bowl invites us and joyfully we go,
All the day drink away, tho' the stormy winds do blow!

No. 1507

SAILORS, SHANTIES AND SHIPS

Land songs that go to sea aboard ships are sometimes called "shanties," but this is misleading. "Shanties" are tools used by sailors at work, and sailors do not call them "songs."

Modern sailors have no use for shanties. During World War II, for example, I sailed the Atlantic for four months and never once heard a sailor use a shanty. This would not have been the case seventy-five years ago, for until World War I working seamen were doing their work aboard ship to the rhythms of shanties.

Shanties, then, were "work" songs. Songs brought from land, such as ballads and other ditties, were sung in the forecastle, for entertainment, and it is these songs one sometimes find in collections as "fo'castle shanties."

The earliest collectors of shanties for publication were Laura Alexandrine Smith, Captain Frederick Davis, and Cecil J. Sharp. Richard Runciman Terry should also be mentioned. Both Sharp and Terry obtained many of the shanties they printed from the singing of an old

sailor, John Short, of Watchet, Somerset. Short had sailed in American as well as British sailing ships, and he had an extensive repertoire. He had been on the Yankee ship Levant, in 1866, as the Civil War was coming to a close. Yet the songs Sharp and Terry obtained from him varied considerably, which is not too surprising since non-professional folk singers seldom sing a song the same way twice. Terry, of course, approached the songs differently; he patiently sorted out the variations, writing down for publication what he decided was most likely the right melody for each shanty. Sharp, on the other hand, was not concerned with such determinations; he copied down exactly what he heard. It was Terry's collection that came into use by concert singers during the 1920s, but, later, as people became more folk conscious, Sharp's collection leaped to the fore, and it has remained there.

There are many kinds of shanties, and each kind were used for different jobs aboard ship. The two most numerable kinds of shanties are the "halyard", or halliard, and the "short-drag." Now the "short-drag" shanty was used for quick jobs, but it is not to be deduced that because the job was quick that it was also easy. Work that required more time was done to the rhythm of halyard shanties. The halyards were "haul yard" lines, or the ropes that hoisted the yards—the spars slung across the masts to support the sails. They were also used for such heavy work as "pumping ship" and swaying any heavy object aloft. These shanties, therefore, had a slow pulse combined with a hearty swing. Examples of these shanties are Whiskey, Johnny! and Blow, Boys, Blow! For an excellent example in this Master Book, see A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Skipper.

The oldest of the "short-drag" shanties in this as well as in other published collections, are probably Haul the

Howline, which was in use during the reign of England's Henry VII, and Haul Away, Joe.

After such shanties were taken over by American sailors, they underwent certain fundamental changes. American sailors had little or no interest in English politics, so political lines were replaced by something nearer and dearer to their hearts, namely, women.

Following the War of 1812, the fast American packet ships handled practically all of the communication between the United States and Europe. Naturally, these packets show-up in hundreds of shanties and songs.

The first and most famous packet ships belonged to the Black Ball Line, which made frequent and fast runs on a regular and, sometimes, grueling schedule. The most famous of the packet ship shanties, Blow the Man Down, describes life aboard the packets.

Along the New England coast, the whaling industry developed and made use of shanties. Reuben Ranzo is probably the most famous and most often changed shanty used by the whalers.

Port, "dockside," or Stevedore shanties were also used for work—unloading cargo as well as loading it. These are the shanties created and sung by black workers, and usually in Southern ports.

Stormalong, or Old Stormy, a capstan or pumping shanty, was the sailor's counterpart of the lumbermen's Paul Bunyan, and he is mentioned in many shanties. Another capstan shanty, Shenandoah, or Across the Wide Missouri, is as famous on land as it was at sea. Originally, of course, it was strictly an American land song; it went to sea and became a song of yearning for home.

Something important to know about sailor-singing is that they did not sing shanties in melodic harmony.

Shanties were sung in solo and choral response—in work-song style. Only after the black sailor entered

the sailing arena was harmony introduced to shanty singing. For additional information on this, see the article Negro Folk Songs in this Master Book. Also see the article Occupational and Work Songs.

No. 1508

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAG-ON

This is a traditional Mormon song about a piece of Mormon territory along U. S. highway 91. During the 1860s, a group of Mormon settlers journeyed to the arid Valley on the Virgin River and settled there, naming the place St. George.

REFERENCES

Cheney, 113-115

Fife, 78-79

Fife (SSS), 330-331

Lingenfelter, 252-253

Swan (MM), 244-245

Saint George and the Drag-On

Oh, what a dreary place this was
When first the Mormons found it!
They said no white men here could live,
And Indians prowled around it.
They said the land it was no good,
And the water was no gooder;
And the bare idea of living there
Was enough to make men shudder.

Chorus

Mesquite, soap root, prickly pear and briars—
Saint George ere long will be the place that
everyone admires.

Now green lucerne in verdant spots
Redeem our thriving city,
Whilst vines and fruit trees grace our lots
With flowers sweet and pretty.
Where once the grass in single blades
Grew a mile apart in distance,
And it kept the crickets on the hop,
To pick up their subsistence.

The sun it is so scorching hot
It makes the water sizz, sir;
And the reason that it is so hot
Is just because it is, sir.
The wind with fury here doth blow,
That when we plant or sow, sir,
We place one foot upon the seeds
And hold them till they grow, sir.

No. 1509

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

This song, written by M. J. Barry, is traditional but not genuine folk-song. The tune is popular as a fiddle piece and at square dances. Only one stanza is given below.

REFERENCES

Ford (OTFM), 18
Ford (TMA), 63

Piper (SPPG), 286-287
Songs (15), 238
Wilson (BA), 77-78

Saint Patrick's Day

Oh, blest be the days when the Green Banner floated
sublime
O'er the mountains of free Innisfall,

When her sons, to her glory and freedom devoted,
Defied the invader to tread her soil.
When back o'er the main they chas'd the Dane,
And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
When valor and mind, together combined;
But wherefore lament o'er the glories departed.
Her stars shall shine out with as vivid a ray,
For ne'er had she children more brave and true-hearted,
Than those she now sees on Saint Patrick's Day.

No. 1510

SALLY

also known as

A Song of Sally

This song proves that politicians in the days of American's founding fathers were as immoral, vicious and as disposed to "dirty tricks" as any of their modern descendants. Joseph Dennis, editor of the Federalist Port Folio, attacked Thomas Jefferson through a song, accusing him of having a slave woman, Sally Hemings, as a mistress. Dennis was later indicted for libel. Another journalist, James Thomson Callender, even tried to blackmail Jefferson about the Sally Hemings affair.

Sally Hemings, a quadroon, traveled to France in 1787, as companion-attendant to Jefferson's youngest daughter, Maria. Jefferson was then serving as United States Minister. Rumor said Sally's four children looked a lot like Jefferson. Her son, Madison Hemings, said that his mother became Jefferson's concubine in Paris, and "that she was pregnant when they returned to America in 1789." (See Lawrence, 174).

Federalists took up the rumors and insinuations, attacking Jefferson in print and in song at every

opportunity.

There is no documented proof to support the rumor that Sally Hemings ever had an affair with Thomas Jefferson, let alone an affair that lasted thirty years. It is true, however, that Sally was still a slave owned by Jefferson in 1826, when he died, and that she received her freedom "two years later from his daughter, Martha Randolph."

The song below came out in 1802 and was circulated with the rumor that it was written by Jefferson himself.

For another text, probably of earlier date, see A Philosophic Love Song: To Sally in Lawrence, 174.

Sally

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Of all the damsels on the green,
On mountain, or in valley,
A lass so luscious ne'er was seen
As Monticellean Sally.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, who's the noodle?
What wife were half so handy?
To breed a flock, of slaves for stock,
A blackamoor's the dandy.

Search every town and city through,
Search market, street and alley;
No dame at dusk shall meet your view
So yielding as my Sally.

When pressed by loads of State Affairs,
I seek to sport and dally;
The sweetest solace of my cares
Is in the lap of Sally.

Let Yankee parsons preach their worst—
Let Tory Witling's rally!
You men of morals! and be curst,
You'd snap like sharks for Sally.

She's black you tell me—grant she be—
Must colors always tally?
Black is love's proper hue for me—
And white's the hue for Sally.

You call her slave! And pray were slaves
Made only for the galley?
Try for yourselves, ye witless knaves—
Take each to bed your Sally.

No. 1511

SALLY ANN, or ANNE

also known as

I'm Going To Marry You, Sally Ann

Play-party song and dance tune. According to Lomax (FSNA), it is related to Sally Gooden (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Arnold, 38	Perrow, XXVIII, 183
Brown, V, 414-415	Seeger (6), 53
Jour (AFL), LIX, 462	Sharp, II, 351
Lomax (FSNA), 230-231	Silverman, II, 133
	Sullivan, 173

Sally Ann, or Anne

Where are you going, Sally Ann?
Where are you going, Sally Ann?
Where are you going, Sally Ann?
Gwine to the wedding, Sally Ann.

Chorus

Shake that lil' foot, Sally Ann!
Shake that lil' foot, Sally Ann!
You're a good dancer, Sally Ann!

I'll be your lover, Sally Ann! (3)
We'll soon be married, Sally Ann!

Sal's got a meatskin laid away! (3)
For her ol' wooden leg, they say.

Gwine on a journey, Sally Ann (3)
Like you to hurry, if you can.

No. 1512

SALLY BROWN

also known as

Sallie Brown	Walk Along, You Sally
Sallie, Won't You Have Some?	Brown
Roll and Go	Way, Ho, A-Rolling Go
	Wild Goose Nation

There are so many versions of this shanty in print that there is disagreement to what kind of shanty it is. Hugill thought "This windlass shanty probably came to life in the West Indies." He added that "in Jamaica as late as the 1930s Sally Brown helped logwood cutters to roll the logs down to the water's edge." Sharp refers to it as "a hauling shanty" and Smith said "it was usually sung when getting up anchor." Colcord, on the other hand, set it down as a capstan or windlass, agreeing with Hugill.

For a West Indies variation, see Tommy's on the Tops'l Yard in Hugill (1), 166.

REFERENCES

Adams, 65	Masefield (SG), 315-316
Anderson (WY), 131	Meloney, 20
Baltzer, I, 94	Niles (SMM), 160
Bone, 97-98	Patterson (SA), 225
Boughton, 90	Robinson, 68
Bradford, 6	Sampson, 16
Brown (JL), 45	Sharp (EFC-2), 12
Bullen & Arnold,	Shay (ASSC), 24-25
xiii, 6	Shay (IMWS), 85-86
Colcord, 32, <u>or</u> 82	Shay (PF-2), 146-147
Davis (SSC), 5	Shay (PF-3), 207
Doerflinger, 74-76	Silverman, II, 255
Greenleaf, 337	Smith (BOS), 20-21
Harlow, 122	Smith (MW), 48-49
Hugill (1), 162, 167	Terry, I, 16-17
Jour (FSS), V, 43	Thompson (BBB), 193
King, 18	Trevine, 12
Lomax (FSNA), 52-53	Trident, 109
Luce, 221	Whall (SSS), 40

Sally Brown (Version A)

I shipped aboard a Liverpool liner,
Way, ho, a-rollin' go!
And I slipped aboard a Liverpool liner,
For I spent my money on Sally Brown.

O seven years I courted Sally, etc.

But all she did was dilly-dally, etc.

O Sally Brown was a Creole lady, etc.

We're married now and livin' comfortable, etc.

VERSION B

Sally Brown is a bright mulatter,
Way, aye, roll and go!
She drinks booze and chews terbacker,
Spend my money on Sally Brown!

Sally Brown of New York City, etc.
Tall an' round, she is very pretty, etc.

Seven long years I courted Salley, etc.
Seven long years, but she wouldn' marry, etc.

Sally Brown is a Creole lady, etc.
She's the mother of a nigger baby, etc.

Now my troubles are all over, etc.
She's married to a nigger soldier, etc.

VERSION C

Way aye roll and go!
O Sally Brown she promised me,
A long time ago,
She promised for to marry me,
Way aye roll and go!
O she promised for to marry me,
A long time ago.

As I walked out one morning fair,
It's then I met her, I do declare.

She lives on the plantation,
She belongs to the Wild Goose Nation.

O Sally Brown is all I see,
O Sally Brown's the gal for me.

No. 1513

SALLY GOODEN

also known as

Had a Pie	The Jaybird and the Sparrow
Hunks of Pudding and	Ol' Sally Goodin
Pieces of Pie	Sallie Gooden, <u>or</u> Goodin

This is a play-party song and a dance tune; it exists in several variations. There is a Negro version, Miss Mary Jane, in Scarborough (NFS), 117.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 313-314	Fuson, 158
Brown, III, 126-127; V, 69-70	Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 168; XLII, 98
Cambiaire, 98	Lomax (FSNA), 236
Davis (FSV), 249	McDowell (FDT), 75
Emrich (FAL), 557	Randolph, III, 350-351
Ford (OTFM), 38	Silverman, I, 358
Ford (TMA), 64, 128, 209, 419-420	Thede, 32-33

Sally Gooden

I had a piece of pie, had a piece of puddin',
I'd give it all away to see Sally Gooden.

Chorus

Oh, Sally Gooden, you can't fool me!
Oh, Sally Gooden, you can't fool me!

I saw her dancin' round, saw her dance the polka,
She danced the night away thinkin' that I'd
note her!

No. 1514

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

This is one of the most popular songs ever produced in England. It was written by Henry Carey, who was born about 1663. On October 4, 1743, he committed suicide at his home "in a fit of despair." Carey's original tune remained popular for thirty years, then, for some reason, it was replaced by the tune of The Country Lass.

The song is traditional in America, where it is still in print.

A fiddle-dance version of the tune is given as version B under TUNES in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 16	Mackenzie (SH), 37-38
Chappell (OEPM), II, 117-119	Oberndorfer, 41
Chappell (PMOT), II, 645-648	Ramsay (TTM), 202-204
Chapple (HS), 402-403	Songs (15), 158
Johnson (FS), 369-371	Wier (SWWS), 41

Sally in Our Alley (version A)

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

VERSION B

Instrumental only. See under TUNES.

No. 1515

SALLY THE RICH SOUTHERN LADY

also known as

The Bold Soldier	Pretty Sarah
A Brave Irish Lady	Rich Irish Lady
The Brown Girl	The Rich Lady
The English Lady Gay	The Rich Lady from Dublin
Fair Damsel From London	The Rich Lady from London
Fair Lady of London	Rose of Ardeen
Fair Sally	Sallie
The Fine Lady Gay	Sally and Billy
The Irish Lady	Sally and Her True Love
An Irish Young Lady	Billy
New Ballad	Sally Dover
Pretty Sally	Sally From London
Pretty Sally of London	Sally Sailsworth
Pretty Sally the Fair	Sweet Sally
Damsel from London	There Was a Young Lady
Pretty Sally the Rich	The Young Sailor from
Irish Lady	Dover

This ballad fell victim to a scholastic inclination to associate every old ballad possible with the Child canon, in this instance with Child No. 295 (The Brown Girl). According to Belden (BS), 111, "It is related, certainly, to that ballad, but is sufficiently distinct to be ranked as a separate song." Cox (FSS), 366, says: "This is the English song usually known as 'Sally and her True-Love Billy' or 'Sally and Billy'; also as 'The Bold Sailor' and 'The (Young) Sailor from Dover'....The piece, as Barry has noted, is a variety of 'The Brown Girl'...."

Flanders, IV, 286, writes, the song "is also frequently found containing material in common with other ballads, such as 'Glenlogie' (Child No. 238);

'Barbara Allen' (Child No. 84); 'The Death of Queen Jane' (Child No. 170); 'Clerk Saunders' (Child No. 69); 'The Unquiet Grave' (Child No. 78); 'Sweet William's Ghost' (Child No. 77; and 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet' (Child No. 73)."

Sharp, who found a version in the Appalachians, called it The Brown Girl and related it to Child No. 295 in his notes.

In my opinion, this song has no more of a relationship with The Brown Girl (see in MB) than Barbara Allen has with Frankie and Johnny. To say it "is a variety of The Brown Girl" means about as much as saying "pork is a variety of meat." Nevertheless, most of the works referred to below, under "references," do associate this ballad with Child No. 295.

REFERENCES

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| Barry (BBM), 418-425 | Gainer, 100-101 |
| Belden (BS), 111-118 | Gardner (BSSM), 150-151 |
| Brewster (BSI), 164-165 | Greig, I, art. 79 |
| Brown, II, 299-302; IV, 166-168 | Hubbard, 46 |
| Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 5, 7, 8, 9 & 11. | Hudson (FSM), 128-130 |
| Cambiaire, 119-120 | Hudson (SMFL), 26-27 |
| Campbell & Sharp, No. 36 | Jour (AFL), XVIII, 295; XXVII, 73-74; XXIX, 178; XXXII, 502; XXXIX, 110; XLV, 53-54 |
| Chappell (FSRA), 74-75 | Jour (FSS), VIII, 5-6 |
| Christie, II, 241 | Joyce (OIFMS), No. 153 |
| Coffin, 159-161 | Karpeles, 108-110 |
| Cox (FSS), 366-370 | Kidson (GEFS), 20 |
| Davis (FSV), 44-45 | Kirkland, 79 |
| Davis (TBV), 537-543, 604 | Laws (AB), 252-253 |
| Dean-Smith, 56 | Lomax (OSC), 160-161 |
| Flanders, IV, 285-291 | Moore (BFSS), 130-141 |
| Flanders (VFSB), 244-246 | Morris, 330-331 |

Niles (BB), 336-340	Sharp, I, 295-304
Owens (TFS), 40-41	Sharp (100), 52
Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 37-38	Silverman, I, 180
Randdolph, I, 205-212	Smith (AA), 67
Scarborough (SC), 97-98,	Tolman, 178
389	Treat, 12-13

Sally the Rich Southern Lady

A fair Southern lady of fortune and fame,
And Sally, sweet Sally was her given name;
Her riches were more than ever so high,
And her beauty was more than her riches could buy.

There was a young farmer who lived rather near,
And he came a-courting this lady so dear;
But she was so grand, and her station so high,
Upon this young man she would scarce cast an eye.

"O Sally, O Sally, O Sally," said he,
"O Sally, I'm sorry that we can't agree;
Forever and ever my ruin you'll prove,
Unless that your hatred be turned into love."

"I do not feel hatred for any young man,
But to say I love you—No, I never can.
So drop your intention and end the discourse,
For I'll never marry you unless it's thro' force."

Now when they had parted and time had gone past,
The rich Southern lady she fell sick at last;
She sent for the young man she'd treated with scorn,
For pierced in the heart she did nothing but mourn.

"Good morning, Miss Sally—and how do you feel?
Is your pain in your head or in your heel?"

"O no, no, kind sir, the truth you've not guessed:
For the pain that I'm feeling is all in my breast."

"O Sally, O Sally, O Sally," said he,
 "O don't you remember how you slighted me?
 I asked you a question, you answered with scorn,
 And now I'll reward you for things past and torn."
 "For things past and gone, sir, I pray you forgive.
 May heaven permit me on day more to live."
 "I'll never forgive you, not while I have breath,
 And I'll dance on your grave and sing at your death."
 "Farewell to my parents, farewell to my friends,
 Farewell to you young man—God make you amends;
 For I can forgive you altho' you can't me,
 For ten thousand times o'er my folly I see."

No. 1516

SALLY WALKER

also known as

Arise, Sally Walker	Little Sally Waters
Little Polly Sanders	Rise, Sally, Rise
Little Sally Sander	Sally Walters
Little Sally Walker, <u>or</u>	Sally Water, <u>or</u> Waters
Walter	

Game an play-party song from England. Hudson was of the opinion that Sally Walker is a version of Poor Mary Sits A-Weeping (see in MB). Gomme, II, 167 reports a version of the game in which "one girl sits in the middle weeping," and Sharp (FSE) has a version entitled Poor Sally Sits A-Weeping. The game was widely distributed in late 19th century United States.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 147	Halliwell (PRNT), 229
Beckwith (FGJ), 78	Henderson, 26
Bertail, 132	Hornby, 23
Brown, I, 130-132; V, 529-530	Hudson (FSM), 290-291
Brown (OEAG), 42	Jour (AFL), VIII, 254; XXXI, 159; XXXIII, 122; XL, 12
Burne, 508-509	McIntosh (FSSG), 86
Courlander, 289	Morris, 215
Courlander (NSA), 107	Newell, 70
Folklore Journal, VII, 207	Northall, 374-378
Folklore Record, V, 84	Quarterly (SFL), VI, 253
Forbush, 85-86	Wier (YAM), I, 143
Gomme, II, 149-179, 453	Wolford, 86-88

Sally Walker

Little Sally Walker,
Sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping
For a handsome young man.

Rise, Sally, rise,
Wipe off your eyes;
Fly to the East,
Fly to the West,
Fly to the one you know
You love the best.

No. 1517

THE SALOON MUST GO

also known as

The Rum Saloon Shall Go

This is an anti-drinking "prohibitionist" song that

was written and copyrighted by Charles M. Fillmore in 1898. An older version, written by J. O. Foster and J. R. Sweeny (c. 1888), was recovered in the Ozarks by Vance Randolph. The Fillmore and Randolph versions are different, but are obviously the same song.

See Fillmore, 2-3 and Randolph, II, 430.

The Saloon Must Go

There's a plague upon our well-beloved land,
'Tis a curse of direst misery and woe,
And it's blighting blast is felt on every hand,—
It is time for the saloon to go.

Chorus

We stand for Prohibition, the utter demolition
Of all this curse of misery and woe;
Complete extermination, entire annihilation,—
The saloon must go!

It is robbing men of virtue and of health,
It is robbing them of soul as well as purse,
It is robbing those in poverty and wealth,—
It is time for us to stop the curse.

It is filling jails with criminals and bums,
And asylums with a motley pauper band,
It is crowding overfull the city slums,—
It is time that it should have an end.

No. 1518

SAM BASS I

also known as

Sam Bass and How His Career Was Short Young Sam Bass